

ATYANGAR COLLECTION

WAVERLEY NOVELS

Continued Series

VOL. X.



PUTTING ON THE MONK'S HABIT.

Now, for mine sister, it is as I suspected it.—My monk, my monk!—I will abide no longer here—well! that thou dost, dame, in placing in my hands this portion of mine.—*Exit, &c.*

THE MONASTERY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.



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*It would be difficult to assign any good reason why the Author of *Franklin*, after seeing, in that work, all the art he possessed to remove the personages, action, and manners of the tale, to a distance from his own country, should choose for the scene of his next attempt the celebrated ruins of Melrose, in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence. But the reason, or caprice, which dictated his change of scene, has entirely escaped his recollection; nor is it worth while to attempt recalling what must be a matter of very little consequence.*

The general plan of the story was, to compare two characters in that bustling and contentious age, who, thrown into situations which gave them different views on the subject of the Reformation, should, with the same sincerity and purity of intention, dedicate themselves, the one to the support of the existing fabric of the Catholic Church, the other to the establishment of the Reformed doctrine. It was supposed that some interesting subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing two such enthusiasts to each other in the path of life, and contrasting the real worth of both with their passions and prejudices. The locality of Melrose suited well the scenery of the proposed story; the ruins themselves form a splendid theatre for any tragic incident which might be brought forward; joined to the

vicinity of the great river, with all its tributary streams, flowing through a country which has been the scene of so much fierce fighting, and is rich with so many recollections of former times, and lying almost under the immediate eye of the Author, by whom they seem to be used in composition.

The situation possessed further recommendations. On the opposite bank of the Tamed might be seen the remains of ancient enclosures, surrounded by sycamores and ash-trees of considerable size. These had once formed the crops or noble ground of a village, now reduced to a single hut, the abode of a fisherman, who also manages a ferry. The cottages, even the church which once existed there, have sunk into nothing hardly to be traced without visiting the spot, the inhabitants having gradually withdrawn to the more prosperous town of Galesburgh, which has risen into consideration, within two miles of their neighbourhood. Superstitions old, however, has haunted the deserted groves with aerial beings, to supply the want of the martial trophies now here deserted it. The valiant and abundant chivalry of Middlemarch has been long believed to be haunted by the Fairies; and the deep broad current of the Tamed, whirling in moonlight round the foot of the steep bank, with the number of trees originally planted for shelter round the fields of the cottagers, had now presenting the effect of scattered and detached groves, fills up the idea which one would form in imagination for a scene that Chaucer and Spenser might have to read in. There are evenings when the spectator might believe, with Father Chaucer, that the

— Queen of Faery,
With harp, and pipe, and symphony,
Were dancing in the place.

Another and even a more familiar refuge of the often race (if tradition is to be trusted), is the gill of the river, or rather brook, named the Aiken, which falls into the Tamed from the northward, about a quarter of a mile above the present bridge. As the streamlet flows its way behind Lord Roussemore's hunting-seat, called the Pavilion, its valley has been popularly termed the Fairy Dene, or rather the Mermaid Dene, because of the supposed ill luck attended by the popular faith of ancient times to any one who might name or allude to the race, whose our fathers distinguished as the Good Neighbours, and the Neighbours called Doctore Skin, or Men of Faery; rather by way of compliment, than on account of any particular idea of friendship or pacific relation which either High-

leader or follower entertained towards the invisible beings whom they thus distinguished, or supposed them to bear to humanity.*

In evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even at this time, little pieces of unknown matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labours of those tiny artists, or the eddies of the brook among the stones, have formed into a fantastic resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in which children who gather there pretend to discern fairy utensils.

Besides these circumstances of romantic locality, two populous regions (as Captain Dalgetty denominates his territory of Drum-drumhet) are bounded by a small but deep lake, from which eyes that get lost on the height are said to have seen the waterfall descend, and shake the hills with his roar.

Indeed, the country around Malrae, if possessing less of romantic beauty than some other scenes in Scotland, is connected with so many associations of a fanciful nature, in which the imagination takes delight, as might well induce one even less attached to the spot than the Author, to accommodate, after a general manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the localities to which he was partial. But it would be a misapprehension to suppose, that, because Malrae may in general pass for *Kennymore*, or because it agrees with some of the Monastery in the circumstances of the dromedridge, the milldam, and other points of resemblance, that therefore an accurate or perfect local similitude is to be found in all the particulars of the picture. It was not the purpose of the Author to present a landscape copied from nature, but a piece of composition, in which a real scene, with which he is familiar, had afforded him some leading outlines. Thus the resemblance of the imaginary Glenhury with the real vale of the Allen, is far from being minute, nor did the Author aim at identifying them. This must appear plain to all who know the actual character of the Glen of Allen, and have taken the trouble to read the account of the imaginary Glenhury. The stream in the latter case is described as wandering down a romantic little valley, shifting itself, after the fashion of such a brook, from one side to the other, as it can most easily find its passage, and touching nothing in its progress that gives token of cultivation. It rises near a solitary tower, the shade of a supposed church wood, and the scene of several incidents in the Romance.

The real Allen, on the contrary, after traversing the romantic ravine called the *Monaster Glen*, flows off from side to side

* See Rob Roy, vol. i. p. 224.

alternately, like a billiard ball, repelled by the sides of the table on which it has been played, and in that part of the course resembling the stream which flows down *Glendurg*, may be traced squarings into a more open country, where the lands extend farther from each other, and the only exhibit is good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district. It occurs, too, at a sort of termination, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narrative of the *Romance*. Instead of a single post-house, or better tower of defence, such as *Dunm Glendurg* is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the *Allen*, about five miles above its junction with the *Tweed*, shows three ruins of *barbaric houses*, belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the chains of mutual support as natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal mansion. One of these is the ruinous mansion-house of *Hillside*, formerly the property of the *Cairncrosses*, and now of *Mr. James of Stone*; a second the tower of *Ordnale*, an ancient inheritance of the *Bartholomew* family, as is testified by their crest, the *Goat's Head*, which exists on the ruin; a third, the house of *Lampburn*, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, *Mr. Baillie of Farnham and Melrothian*, has built a small shooting box.

All these ruins, so strongly huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own, but none of them bear the most distant resemblance to the description in the *Romance* of the *Monastery*; and as the Author could hardly have erred so grossly regarding a spot within a morning's ride of his own house, the inference is, that no resemblance was intended. *Hillside* is remembered by the memory of the last inhabitants, two or three elderly ladies, of the class of *Miss Esplanade*, in the *Old Manor House*, though less important by birth and fortune. *Ordnale* is commemorated in song:—

*Ordnale stands on Ordnale hill,
The water is pure round Ordnale mill;
The mill and the hills gang handily,
And life's up with the solitaires of Ordnale!*

Lampburn, although larger than the other ruinous assemblies at the head of the supposed *Glendurg*, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprietor near his shooting lodge—*Udman bone olim, viris impudens antea*—a malapropism, which I have no one more capable of attending upon an

extended social, than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one.²

Having then shown that I could say something of these isolated towers, which the desire of social intercourse, or the facility of mutual defence, had drawn together at the head of this Glen, I need not add any further reason to show, that there is no resemblance between them and the solitary habitation of Dame Knapth Chiselmastap. Depend these dwellings are more remains of natural need, and a considerable portion of income and bag; but I would not advise any who may be curious in localities, to spend time in looking for the fountain and halliway of the White Lady.

While I was on the subject I may add, that Captain Chiselmastap, the imaginary editor of the *Mongastery*, has no real prototype in the village of Melrose or neighbourhood, that ever I saw or heard of. To give some individuality to this personage, he is described as a character which sometimes occurs in actual society—a person who, having spent his life within the necessary limits of a technical profession, from which he has been at length emancipated, finds himself without any occupation whatever, and is apt to become the prey of idleness, until he discovers some petty subject of investigation commensurate to his talents, the study of which gives him employment in solitude; while the cautious possession of information peculiar to himself, adds to his consequence in society. I have often observed, that the lighter and trivial branches of antiquarian study are singularly useful in relieving vacancy of such a kind, and have known them serve many a Captain Chiselmastap to retreat upon; I was therefore a good deal surprised, when I found the antiquarian Captain identified with a neighbour and friend of my own, who could never have been confounded with him by any one who had read the book and seen the party alluded to. This erroneous identification occurs in a work entitled, “*Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works, by Robert Chambers.*” This work was, of course, liable to many errors, as any one of the kind must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be only known to another person. Mistakes of place or dissiminate things referred to, are of very little moment; but the ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in the *Spectator* we read of a rustic boy, who, in a copy of *The Whale*

² Note A. *Melbury and Chiselmastap.*

Dray of Man, were opposite to every vice the name of virtue (admitted in the neighbourhood, and thus converted that conflict each into a duel on a whole parish.

The scenery being thus ready at the Author's hand, the beauties of the country were equally accessible. In a land where the houses remained almost constantly unaltered, and the worst actions quitted the warrior's side—where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and Jewish truces—there could be no want of the means to complicate and exaltate the incidents of his narrative or pleasure. There was a disadvantage, notwithstanding, in treating this Border district, for it had been already remarked by the Author himself, as well as others; and nature presented under a new light, was likely to afford ground to the objection of *Cræmde* his critic.

To obtain the indispensible quality of variety, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the vessels of the church with those of the dependents of the lay barons, by whom they were surrounded. But much advantage could not be derived from this. There were, indeed, differences between the two classes, but, like tribes in the mineral and vegetable world, which, resembling each other in common uses, can be sufficiently well discriminated by naturalists, they were yet too similar, upon the whole, to be placed in marked contrast with each other.

Machinery remained—the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous; the resort of distressed authors since the days of Homer, but whose principles as a secretary have been dispensed in the present age, and well-nigh exploded. The popular belief no longer allows the possibility of existence to the race of supernatural beings which hovered between this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight turf; the witch no longer holds her black cauldron in the haunted dell; and

*Even the last lingering phantom of the house,
The chimerical phant, is now at rest again.*

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the Author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of aerial spirits, or constructs of the elements, surpassing human beings in knowledge and power, but inferior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the premises made to

the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, or the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of *Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, and Fairies*, as they belong to the elements of *Air, Earth, Fire, or Water*. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits in the French book, entitled *Entretiens du Comte de Cagliosi*. The ingenious Comte de La Motte Fouquet composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain,* where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-spirit, who have the privilege of immortality by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and waiting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude.

In imitation of an example so successful, the *White Lady of Arundel* was introduced into the following drama. She is represented as connected with the family of *Arundel* by one of those magical ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognised in Ireland, in the real *Milesian families*, who are possessed of a *Banshee*; and they are known among the traditions of the *Highlands*, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to meddling with matters of importance, others, like the *May Mollach*, or *Maid of the Hairy Arms*, condescended to engage in ordinary sports, and even to direct the *Chief* how to play at draughts.

There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine the attributes and principles of action. *Shakspeare*, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted *Ariel*, that beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay felt for each other, as we learn from the expression—"Mine would, if I were human." The inferences from this are singular, but were capable of regular deduction. A being, however superior to man in length of life—in power over the elements—in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions, of

* [Fables.]

sentiments of moral good and evil, of working future rewards or punishments, belongs rather to the class of animals, than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to not arise from temporary knowledge or *esprit*, than from anything approaching to feeling or reasoning. Such a being's superiority to poorer one only to be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose such spirits to entertain must be like those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the independence of a frolic, or mischief, may be compared to those of the numerous varieties of the cat. All these propensities are, however, controlled by the laws which render the dominating race subservient to the command of man—*Nobis* to be subjected by his whims (as the cat of *Guineo* behaved), and so this toward the *Restoration* philosophy, or to be overpowered by his superior courage and daring, when it set their fancies at defiance.

It is with reference to this idea of the supposed spirits of the elements, that the *White Lady of Avenel* is represented as acting a varying, capricious, and inconsistent part in the pages assigned to her in the narrative; manifesting interest and attachment to the family with whom her destinies are associated, but arising when, and even a species of malice, towards other mortals, as the *Baron*, and the *Baron's* father, whom innocent life subjected them to various petty mortifications at her hand. The *White Lady* is scarcely supposed, however, to have possessed either the power or the inclination to do more than slight error or create embarrassment, and is also subjected by these mortals, who, by virtuous resolution and moral energy, could assert superiority over her. In these particulars she seems to constitute a being of a middle class, between the capricious folk who place its pleasure in mistaking and tormenting mortals, and the benevolent *Fairy of the East*, who uniformly guides, aids, and supports them.

Either, however, the Author created his purpose indifferently, or the public did not approve of it; for the *White Lady of Avenel* soon fell from being popular. He does not now make the private statement, in the view of carrying readers into a more favourable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of excusing himself from the charge of having wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of inconsistent powers and propensities.

In the delineation of another character, the author of the *Mountain* failed, where he hoped for some success. As nothing is so successful

a subject for ridicule as the fashionable follies of the time, it occurred to him that the more serious aspect of his narrative might be relieved by the humour of a caricature of the age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period, the attempt to gain and maintain the highest rank of society, has degraded on the power of assuming and supporting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some slowness of talent and coarseness of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendental flight, beyond sound reason and common sense; both facilities too vulgar to be admitted into the estimate of one who claims to be esteemed "a choice spirit of the age." These, in their different phases, contribute the gallantry of the day, whose bound it is to drive the whims of fashion to extremity.

On all occasions, the manners of the sovereign, the court, and the time, must give the tone to the particular description of gallantry by which those who would attain the height of fashion must seek to distinguish themselves. The reign of Elizabeth, being that of a nation given, was distinguished by the manners of the courtiers, and especially the affection of the deepest deference to the sovereign. After the acknowledgment of the Queen's matchless perfections, the same devotion was extended to beauty as it existed among the lower stairs in her court, who aspired, as it were the mode to say, by her reflected lustre. It is true, that gallant knights no longer vied to Heaven, the peacock, and the lark, to perform some feat of extravagant chivalry, in which they outstepped the lines of chaste as well as their sex; but although their chivalrous displays of personal gallantry seldom went further in Elizabeth's days than the tiltyard, where tournaments, called *horvies*, presented the shock of the horses, and limited the display of the cavalier's skill to the comparatively safe encounter of their lances, the language of the lovers to their ladies was still in the couched lance which *Amadis* would have addressed to Oriana, before encountering a danger far her sex. This tone of romantic gallantry found a denser but sounder nucleus, to reduce it to a species of constitution and form, and lay down the courtly manner of conversation, in a polemic book, called *Explicon* and his *England*. Of this, a brief account is given in the text, to which it may now be proper to make some additions.

The extravagance of *Expliconism*, or a symbolical jargon of the same class, predominates in the romance of *Chaperade* and *Scuderi*, which were read for the amusement of the fair sex of France during the long reign of Louis XIV., and were supposed to contain the only legitimate language of love and gallantry. In this reign they re-

counted the active of Mallin and Devere. A similar disorder, spreading into private society, formed the ground of the affected dialogue of the *Prisoners*, as they were styled, who formed the centre of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, and affected Mallin's mother for his admirable comely, *Les Prisonniers d'Alger*. In England, the humorous does not seem to have long survived the accession of James I.

The Author had the vanity to think that a character, whose profligacy should turn an acquaintance which were more valuably fashionable, might be used in a satirical story with a good chance of affording amusement to the existing generation, who find as they are of looking back on the actions and persons of their ancestors, might be also supposed to be sensible of their absurdities. He must fairly acknowledge that he was disappointed, and that the *Epiphaniat*, far from being accounted a well-written and humorous character of the period, was condemned as uninteresting and absurd.

It would be easy to account for this failure, by supposing the defect to arise from the Author's want of skill, and, probably, many readers may not be inclined to look further. But as the Author himself can scarcely be supposed willing to acquiesce in this final cause, if any other can be alleged, he has been led to suspect, that, contrary to what he originally supposed, his subject was injudiciously chosen, in which, and not in his mode of treating it, lay the source of the want of success.*

The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation immediately sympathize with them. We need no numerous notes, no antiquarian dissertations, to enable the most ignorant to recognize the sentiments and diction of the characters of *Homer*; we have but, as *Lear* says, to strip off our feelings—to set aside the fashionable principles and refinements which we have received from our comparatively artificial system of society, and our natural feelings are in unison with those of the hero of *Chim* and the hero who lives in his verse. It is the same with a great part of the narrative of my friend Mr. Cooper. We sympathize with his Indian chiefs and backwoodsmen, and acknowledge, in the characters which he presents to us, the same truth of human nature by which we should feel ourselves influenced if placed in the same condition. So much is this the case, that, though it is difficult, or almost impossible, to restrain a smile, bred from his youth to war and the chase, in the restraint and the duties of civilized life, nothing is more easy or common than to find men

* Note B. The *White Lady*, and *Epiphaniat*.

who have been educated in all the habits and comforts of improved society, willing to exchange them for the wild labours of the hunter and the fisher. The very amusements most pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose constitutions permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and, in some instances, war, the natural and necessary business of the savages of Dryden, where his hero talks of being

—"As free as active forest winds men,
When cold in woods the noble savage runs."

But although the occupations, and even the sentiments, of human beings in a primitive state, find access and interest in the minds of the more civilized part of the species, it does not therefore follow, that the national tastes, opinions, and follies, of one civilized period, should afford either the same interest or the same amusement to those of another. These generally, when driven to extravagance, are founded, not upon any natural taste proper to the species, but upon the growth of some peculiar sort of affectation, with which mankind in general, and succeeding generations in particular, feel no common interest or sympathy. The extravagances of scenery in manners and apparel are indeed the legitimate, and often the successful, objects of satire during the time when they exist. In evidence of this, theatrical critics may observe how many domestic jests & epigrams are well received every season, because the satirist looks at some well-known or fashionable absurdity; or, in the dramatic phrase, "shows folly as it flies." But when the peculiar kind of folly loses the wing no longer, it is ridiculous but wants of power to pour a discharge of ridicule on what has ceased to exist; and the pieces in which such forgotten absurdities are made the subject of ridicule, fall quickly into oblivion with the follies which gave them fashion, or only continue to exist on the scene, because they contain some other more permanent interest than that which connects them with manners and follies of a temporary character.

This, perhaps, affords a reason why the comedies of Ben Jonson, founded upon system, or what the age termed humours,—by which was meant fastidious and affected characters, superintended on that which was common to the rest of their race,—in spite of acute satire, deep scholarship, and strong sense, do not now afford general pleasure, but are confined to the closet of the antiquary, whose studies have assured him that the percentages of the dramatist were once, though they are now no longer, portraits of existing nature.

Let us take another example of our hypothesis from *Shalshores* himself, who, of all authors, drew his portraits for all ages. With the whole crew of the blustering which affects us at his name, the mass of readers pursue, without consciousness, the character forced on the extravagance of temporary fashion; and the *Epiphani*, *Don Armado*, the pedant *Shalshores*, even *Nyssa* and *Fidel*, are read with little pleasure by the mass of the public, being portraits of which we cannot recognize the human, because the originals are longer dead. In like manner, while the distresses of *Monse* and *Fidel* continue to interest every reader, *Karenita*, drawn as an accurate representation of the finished fine gentleman of the period, and so much reviled by the unanimous approbation of contemporaries, has so little to interest the present age, that, stripped of all his power and spirit of verbal wit, he only retains his place in the scene in virtue of his fine and powerful speech upon dreaming, which belongs to no particular age, and because he is a personage whose presence is indispensable to the plot.

We have already presented perhaps too far an argument, the tendency of which is to prove, that the introduction of a character, acting, like *Sir Francis Shipton*, upon some forgotten and obsolete model of folly, was fashionable, is rather likely to excite the disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him fond for laughter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether to the more simple and probable cause of the author's failure in the delineation of the subject he had proposed to himself, the formidable objection of incongruous odd was applied to the *Epiphani*, as well as to the *White Lady of Arrend*; and the one was denounced as unnatural, while the other was rejected as impossible.

There were little in the story to atone for these failures in two principal points. The incidents were artificially huddled together. There was no part of the intrigue to which deep interest was found to apply; and the confusion was brought about, not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transaction, with which the narrative has little connection, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with.

This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the *Resurrex*. It is true, that not only the practice of some great authors in this department, but even the general course of human life itself, may be quoted in favour of this more obvious, and less artificial practice, of arranging a narrative. It is seldom that the same circle of persons who have surrounded an individual at his first entry in life, continue to have an interest in his career till his fate comes to a

trials. On the contrary, and more especially if the events of his life be of a varied character, and worth communicating to others, or to the world, the hero's later circumstances are usually totally separated from those with whom he began the voyage, but when the individual has embarked, or who have drifted astray, or floundered on the passage. This hitherto comparison holds good in another point. The numerous vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavour to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides, which are common to the element which they all navigate, than by their own separate motions. And it is thus in the world, that when human greatness has done its best, some general, perhaps national, event, destroys the schemes of the individual, as the central touch of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Many excellent romances have been composed in this view of human life, where the hero is conducted through a variety of detached scenes, in which various events appear and disappear, without, perhaps, having any permanent influence on the progress of the story. Such is the structure of *Old Mole*, *Federick Knollys*, and the lives and adventures of many other heroes, who are described as passing through different stations of life, and encountering various adventures, which are only connected with each other by having happened to be witnessed by the same individual, whose identity unites them together, as the string of a necklace links the beads, which are otherwise detached.

But though such an unconnected course of adventures is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance-writer being artificial, there is never required from him, thus a more compliance with the simplicity of reality,—just as we demand from the scientific gardener, that he shall arrange, in curious beds and artificial parterres, the flowers which “nature sows” distributed freely on hill and dale. *Fieldding*, accordingly, in most of his works, but especially in *Tom Jones*, his chief character, has set the distinguished example of a story regularly built and consistent in all its parts, in which nothing occurs, and where a personage is introduced, that has not some share in leading to achieve the catastrophe.

To demand equal correctness and fidelity in those who may follow in the track of that illustrious model, would be to take too much the power of giving pleasure, by surrounding it with painful rules; since of this sort of light literature it may be especially said—*that*

goes out partial, here to go on anywhere. Still, however, the more clearly and happily the story is combined, and the more natural and faithful the catastrophe, the nearer such a composition will approach the perfection of the novelist's art; nor can an author neglect this branch of his profession, without incurring proportioned censure.

For such reasons the *Monastery* gave but too much occasion. The intrigue of the *Roman*, neither very interesting in itself, nor very happily detailed, is at length finally disintegrated by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the consequent removal of the tract. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot in reality have been uncommon, but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, as by a tour de force, was objected to as unartificial, and not perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

Still the *Monastery*, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters: for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary misfortune.

The Author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time, if he pleased, to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scotch song,

" If it hae need hobb'd,
Ye'll hae it again."

ANOTHER, 1st January 1810.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

FROM CAPTAIN CLITHEROCK, LATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S —
REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, TO TWO LADIES OF FAMILIES.

SIR,—Although I do not pretend to the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, like many whom I believe to be equally strangers to you, I am nevertheless interested in your publications, and desire their continuance;—not that I pretend to much taste in fictitious composition, or that I am apt to be interested in your *gross scenes*, or amused by those which are meant to be *finely*. I will not dispute from you, that I have passed over the last interview of *Macfar* and his sister, and fell fairly asleep while the schoolmaster was reading the *humours of Double Diamond*. You see, sir, that I seem to solicit your favour in a way in which you are no stranger. If the papers I enclose you are worth nothing, I will not endeavour to recommend them by personal flattery, as a bad cook would butter upon stale fish. No, sir! what I respect in you is the light you have occasionally thrown on national antiquities, a study which I have commenced rather late in life, but to which I am attached with the devotion of a first love, because it is the only study I ever cared a farthing for.

You shall have my history, sir (it will not reach to three volumes), before that of my manuscript; and as you usually throw out a few lines of verse (by way of *diversifere*, I suppose) at the head of each division of prose, I have laid the book to light upon a stanza in the schoolmaster's copy of *Burns* which describes me exactly. I love it the better, because it was originally designed for Captain *Greene*, an excellent antiquary, though, like yourself, considered too apt to treat with envy his own parents:

'Tis said he was a soldier bred,
And was used rather for a *flod*;
But now he's quit the Spanish blade,
And day-die make,
And he's on the—antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

I never could ascertain what influenced me, when a boy, to the choice of a profession. Military val and ardour it was not, which made me stand out for a commission in the First Fusiliers, when my father and mother wished to bind my apprenticeship to old David Drake, Clerk to his Majesty's Signet. I say, military val it was not; for I was no fighting boy in my teen years, and could not so easily be read the history of the heroes, who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of sympathy. I soon found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing fast; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But, as for that overbearing valour, which I have heard many of our folk of, though I seldom observed that it influenced them in the actual affair—that rashness and, which courts Danger as a bride,—truly my courage was of a complexion much less ardent.

Again, the love of a red coat, which, in default of all other attractions to the profession, has made many a bad soldier and some good ones, was an utter stranger to my disposition. I cared not a "hallo" for the company of the militia: Nay, though there was a boarding-school in the village, and though we used to meet with its sole inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly Practising, I cannot recollect any strong emotions being excited on these occasions, excepting the infinite regret with which I went through the public ceremony of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but which, had I dared, I certainly would have reserved for my own personal use. As for vanity, or love of glory for itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me break my coat, and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old Colonel on a morning when the King reviewed a brigade of which were made part. "I am no friend to extravagance, Ensign Chatterbox," said he; "but, on the day when we are to pass before the Sovereign of the Kingdom, in the name of God I would have at least shown him an inch of clean linen."

Thus, a stranger to the ordinary motives which lead young men to make the army their choice, and without the least desire to become either a hero or a dunce, I really do not know what determined my thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay individuals enjoyed by Captain Double, who had set up his staff of out fit

my native village. Every other person had, or seemed to have, something to do, less or more. They did not, indeed, precisely go to school and learn trade, that sort of evils in my estimation; but it did not escape my keight observation, that they were all bothered with something or other like duty or labour—all but the happy Captain Doodittle. The minister had his parish to visit, and his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he made more fun than he needed about both. The lord had his farming and improving operations to superintend; and, besides, he had to attend trustee meetings, and luncheon meetings, and hand-me-downs, and meetings of justice, and what not—was as early up (that I detected), and as much in the open air, wet and dry, as his own prime. The shopkeeper (the village boasted but one of eminence) stood indeed pretty much at his ease behind his counter, for his custom was by no means unorthodox; but still he enjoyed his status, as the Duke calls it, upon condition of troubling all the wares in his back over and over, when any one chose to want a yard of muslin, a counterpane, an ounce of currants, a paper of pins, the sermons of Mr. Pious, or the life of Jack the Giant-Killer (not Killer, as usually erroneously written and pronounced.—See my essay on the true history of this writing, where real facts have in a peculiar degree been discerned by John). In short, all in the village were under the necessity of doing something which they would rather have left undone, excepting Captain Doodittle, who walked every morning in the open street, which formed the high main of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and played at whist the whole evening, when he could make up a party. This happy vacancy of all employment appeared to me so defective, that it became the primary hint, which, according to the system of *Philistina*, as the minister says, determined my infant talents towards the profession I was destined to illustrate.

But who, alas! can form a just estimate of their future prospects in this despicable world? I was not long engaged in my new profession, before I discovered, that if the independent indolence of half-pay was a paradise, the officer went pure through the pantopery of duty and service in order to gain admission to it. Captain Doodittle might break his blue coat with the red neck, or leave it uncoloured, at his pleasure; but *Esquire* Clitherbush had no such option. Captain Doodittle might go to bed at ten o'clock, if he had a mind; but the *Esquire* must make the rounds in his turn. If that were worn, the Captain might repose under the taster of his bed-bed until noon, if he was so pleased; but the *Esquire*, God help him, had to

appear upon parade at top of dog. As for duty, I made that as easy as I could, but the argument is unique in me the words of command, and lasted through as other folks did. Of service, I was enough for an Indian man—was lifted up and down the world, and visited both the East and West India, Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth had scarce dreamed of. The French I saw, and felt too: witness two fingers on my right hand, which one of their cruel surgeons took off with his stone as neatly as an English surgeon. At length the death of an old aunt, who left me some fifteen hundred pounds, amply suited to the three per cent, gave me the long-wished-for opportunity of retiring, with the prospect of enjoying a clean shirt and a guinea four times a-week at least.

For the purpose of commencing my new way of life, I selected for my residence the village of Kewenahair, in the north of Scotland, celebrated for the ruin of its magnificent Monastery, intending there to lead my future life in the strictest economy of half-pay and annuity. I was not long, however, in making the grand discovery, that in order to enjoy leisure, it is absolutely necessary it should be preceded by occupation. For some time it was delightful to walk at daylight, dreaming of the vicarage—then to recollect my happy emancipation from the slavery that doomed me to start at a piece of clattering parchment, torn on my other side, down the parade, and go to sleep again. But even this enjoyment had its termination; and time, when it became a stick entirely at my own disposal, began to hang heavy on my hand.

I sought for two days, during which time I lost twenty books, and several scores of yards of gut and line, and caught not even a minnow. Hunting was out of the question, for the stomach of a horse by no means agrees with the half-pay establishment. When I shot, the doghounds and pheasants, and my very dog, joined me every time that I missed, which was, generally speaking, every time I fired. Besides, the country gentlemen in this quarter like their game, and began to talk of prosecutions and interdicts. I did not give up fighting the French to commence a domestic war with the "pleasant men of Tumbidale," as the song calls them; so I ran about three days (very agreeably) in cleaning my gun, and disposing it upon two heels over my chimney-piece.

The success of this accidental experiment led me on trying my skill in the mechanical arts. Accordingly I took down and cleaned my kindly's under-stick, and in so doing obtained that companion of the spring for ever and a day. I invented a turnkey-kettle, and in

attempting to use it, I very nearly crumbled off, with an inch-and-a-half former, one of the fingers which the hammer had left me.

Doubt I tried, both those of the little circulating library, and of the more national subscription collection maintained by this noble, but sad people. But neither the light reading of the one, nor the heavy artillery of the other, suited my purpose. I always fell asleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or dissertation; and it took me a month's hard reading to wade through a half-bound trunky novel, during which I was pestered with applications to return the volume, by every half-dread milliner's maid about the place. In short, during the time when all the town ladies had something to do, I had nothing for it but to walk in the churchyard, and while it was dissection.

During these promiscuities, the ladies occasionally found themselves on my attention, and by degrees, I found myself engaged in studying the more minute ornaments, and at length the general plan, of this noble structure. The old ladies aided my labours, and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every day added something to my stock of knowledge respecting the ancient state of the building; and at length I made discoveries concerning the purpose of several detached and very curious portions of it, the use of which had hitherto been either unknown altogether or erroneously explained.

The knowledge which I thus acquired I had frequent opportunities of exhibiting to those visitors whom the progress of a British tour brought to visit this celebrated spot. Without encumbering on the privilege of my friend the sexton, I became gradually an assistant Gleaner in the task of description and explanation, and often (seeing a fresh party of visitors arrive) has he turned over to me those to whom he had told half his story, with the following exclamation, "What waste I say my wife about it! There's the Captain's bare waist coat if that I do, or any man in the town." Then would I watch the stranger's countenance, and explicate to their astonished minds upon crypts and cloisters, and nave, arches, Gothic and Saxon architecture, mellows and flying buttresses. It was not infrequently happened, that an acquaintance which commenced in the Abbey resulted in the town, which served to refine the methods as well as the neatness of my landlady's shoulder of mutton, whether roast, cold, or hashed.

By degrees my mind became enlarged; I found a book or two which enlightened me on the subject of Gothic architecture, and I read now with pleasure, because I was interested in what I read about.

From my character began to shrink and expand. I spoke with more authority at the club, and was listened to with deference, because on our subject, at least, I possessed more information than any of its members. Indeed, I found that even my stories about Egypt, which, to my truth, were somewhat threadbare, were now listened to with more respect than formerly. "The Captain," they said, "had something in him after all,—there were few folk here so sensible about the Abbey."

With this general approbation, varied my own sense of self-importance,* and my feeling of general comfort. I ate with more appetite, I slept with more ease, I lay down at night with joy, and awoke sound and morning, when I arose with a sense of deep satisfaction, and bid me to maintain, to conserve and to compare the various parts of this interesting structure. I lost all sense and consciousness of gastric unpleasant sensations of a nervous nature, about my head and stomach, to which I had been in the habit of attending, more for the benefit of the village apothecary than my own, for the pure want of something else to think about. I had found out an occupation worthily, and was happy because I had something to do. In a word, I had conquered local antipathy, and was not unworthy of the name.

Whilst I was in this pleasing career of deep illness, for so it might at best be called, it happened that I was one night sitting in my little parlour, adjacent to the closet which my landlady calls my bedroom, in the act of preparing for an early retreat to the realm of Morpheus. Dupdall's Memoriana, borrowed from the library at A——, was lying on the table before me, flanked by some excellent Cheshire cheese (a present, by the way, from an illustrious London citizen, to whom I had explained the difference between a Gellie and a Sowerby), and a glass of Vanderhagen's best ale. Thus armed at all points against my old enemy Time, I was leisurely and deliciously preparing for bed—now reading a line of old Dupdall—now sipping my ale, or munching my bread and cheese—now unbuttoning the strings of my breeches' laces, or a button or two of my waistcoat, until the village clock should strike ten, before which time I make it a rule never to go to bed. A loud knocking, however, interrupted my anti-vary prayer on this occasion, and the voice of my honest landlady of the Grange was heard whispering, "What the devil, Mrs.

* The Grange was, and is, the principal inn in the village of Kenilworth, or Milnes. But the landlord of the period was not the same still and quick person by whom the inn is now kept. David Kyle, a lad who proprietor of the White Hart

Grimsdore, the Captain is up in his bed? and a gentleman of our house has ordered a foot and mineral collars, and a bottle of sherry, and has sent to ask him to supper, to tell him all about the *Albion*."

"No," answered Lucie Grimsdore, in the true sleepy tone of a Scottish woman when ten o'clock is going to strike, "let's go in his bed; but I'll warrant him no get out at this time o' night to keep Julia sitting up waiting for him—the Captain's a decent man."

I plainly perceived this last compliment was made for my hearing, by way both of indicating and of recommending the course of conduct which Mrs. Grimsdore desired I should pursue. But I had not been landed about the world for thirty years and odd, and find a highlander all the while, in some house and he put under paternal government by my landlady. Accordingly I opened my chamber-door, and desired my old friend David to walk up stairs.

"Captain," said he, as he entered, "I am as glad to find you up as if I had looked a twenty pound manum. There's a gentleman up yonder that will not stop round in his bed this thaird night unless he has the pleasure to drink a glass of wine with you."

"You know, David," I replied, with becoming dignity, "that I cannot with propriety go out to visit strangers at this time of night, or accept of invitations from people of whom I know nothing."

David drew a round cork, and added, "Was ever the like heard of? He has ordered a foot and egg sauce, a parson and mineral collars, and a bottle of sherry—D'ye think I could come and ask you to go to keep company with any old English rider that says an honest chase and a charter of reasonable? This is a gentleman every inch of him, and a virtuous, a close virtuous—a well-schooled about of clothes, and a wry like the curled back of a may-mo. The very first question he asked was about the cold sherry that has been at the bottom of the water these last seven years—I have seen the foundation when we were stitching manum—And how the devil could he know anything about the cold sherry, unless he were a virtuous?"

David being a virtuous in his own way, and moreover a landholder and heritor, was a qualified judge of all who frequented his

parson, a first-rate person of consequence in whatever belonged to the business of the town, was the original owner and landlord of the inn. Poor David, like many other busy men, took no much care of public affairs, as he some times to neglect his own. There are persons still alive at Newcastle who can recognise him, and his predilection to the following sketch of what sort of the *Beagle*.

* There is more to be said about this old bridge hereafter. See Note B.

loom, and therefore I would not avoid again trying the strings of my bow.

"That's right, Captain," rejoined David; "you too will be as thick as there is a hair on your gun together. I have seen the like of him my very self since I saw the great Doctor Samuel Johnson on his knees through Stafford, whilst there is lying in my back garden for the amusement of my guests, with the two boards torn off."

"Then the gentleman is a scholar, David?"

"I'm upland him a scholar," answered David; "he has a black coat on, or a brown one, at any rate."

"Is he a shopman?"

"I am thinking so, for he looked after his horse's supper before he spoke of his own," replied wily David.

"Has he a servant?" demanded I.

"Has servant," answered David; "but a good deal of his own, that would for anybody be willing to serve him that looks upon him."

"And what makes him think of disturbing me? Ah, David, this has been some of your chattering; you are perpetually bringing your guests on my shoulders, as if it were my business to entertain every man who comes to the Gorge."

"What the devil would you have me do, Captain?" answered wily David; "a gentleman looks down, and asks me in a most correct manner, what man of name and learning there is about our town, that can tell him about the antiquities of the place, and specially about the noble Abbey—you would have me tell the gentleman a lie? and you know enough there is nobody in the town can say a reasonable word about it, be it no quarrel, except the lord's, and he is as far as a paper by this time. So, says I, there's Captain Chamberlain, that's a very civil gentleman, and has little to do with telling of the noble cradle about the Abbey, and shrugs just head up. Then says the gentleman to me, 'Sir,' says he very civilly, 'have the goodness to stop to Captain Chamberlain with my compliments, and say I am a stranger, who have been led to these parts chiefly by the fame of these ruins, and that I would call upon him but the hour is late.' And would he said that I have forgotten, but I well remember it said,—'And, besides, get a bottle of your best claret, and supper for two.'—You would have had me venture to do the gentleman's bidding, and not a syllable?"

"Well, David," said I, "I wish your virtuous had taken a kinder leave—but as you say he is a gentleman."—

"I've explained him that—the order speaks for itself—in a bottle of champagne—mixed collins and a fruit—that's speaking like a gentleman, I trust!—That's right, Captain, better and up, the night's run—but the waiter's clearing for it that; we'll be an't wait right off my Lord's boots, and we'll be all back if I drink and give a kipper to relish your ale at six."

In five minutes after this dialogue, I found myself in the parlour of the George, and in the presence of the stranger.

He was a grave personage, about my own age (which we shall call about fifty), and really had, as my friend David expressed it, something in his face that induced men to oblige and to serve him. Yet this expression of authority was not at all of the sort which I have seen in the countenance of a general of brigade, neither was the stranger's dress at all martial. It consisted of a uniform suit of iron-gray clothes, not in rather an old-fashioned form. His legs were defended with strong leather putches, which, according to an antiquarian acquaintance, opened at the sides, and were secured by steel rings. His countenance was more so much by tall and narrow on his eyes, for it intimated that he had seen and endured much. His address was singularly pleasing and gentlemanlike, and the apology which he made for disturbing me at work on hour and in such a manner, was so tall and handsomely expressed, that I could not reply otherwise than by declaring my willingness to be of service to him.

"I have been a traveller to-day, sir," said he, "and I would willingly defer the little I have to say till after supper, for which I feel rather more appalled than usual."

His note done to talk, and notwithstanding the stranger's alleged appetite, as well as the gentle preparation of champagne which I had already laid about, I really believe that I of the two did the greater honour to my friend David's foot and mixed collins.

When the clock was removed, and we had each made a tumbler of water, of that liquor which boots well Sherry, and guests well Lichen, I perceived that the stranger seemed pensive, silent, and somewhat embarrassed, as if he had something to communicate which he dared not well how to introduce. To pave the way for him, I again

* The gentleman whose boots are mentioned in the text is the late Major and sometime Lord Beaumont, an intimate friend of the author. David Cole was a constant and privileged attendant when Lord Beaumont had a party for speaking saloon; on such occasions, night or a hundred that were often talked between, O'Brien and Lordship.

of the ancient ruins of the Monastery and of their history. But, to my great surprise, I found I had met my match with a scholar. The stranger not only knew all that I could tell him, but a great deal more; and what was still more surprising, he was able, by reference to dates, chronies, and other evidence of facts, that, as *Baron* says, "*dates be disputed,*" to reveal many of the vagues tales, which I had adopted as facts and vulgar tradition, as well as to correct more than one of my favourite theories on the subject of the old monks and their dwellings, which I had quoted freely in all the presumption of superior information. And here I cannot but remark, that much of the stranger's arguments and inductions rested upon the authority of *Mr. Deputy Register of Scotland*,* and his investigations; a gentleman whose indefatigable research into the national records is like to destroy my trade, and that of all local antiquaries, by substituting truth instead of legend and romance. Alas! I wonder the learned gentleman did not know how difficult it is for us dolefuls in gilly coats of antiquity to

*Pluck from our memories a rooted "legend,"
Scour out the written records of our brain,
Or shatter our houses of that perilous stuff—*

and so forth. It would, I am sure, move his pity to think how many old days he hath set to leave our frills, how many venerable parents he hath taught to sing a new song, how many gray heads he hath addled by vain attempts to exchange their old *Memorabilia* for his new *Memorabilia*. But let it pass. *Hæcena, pœpœci cœcitas*. All changes round us, past, present, and to come; that which was history yesterday becomes fable to-day, and the truth of to-day is hatched into a lie by to-morrow.

Finishing myself like to be overpowered in the Monastery, which I had hitherto regarded as my citadel, I began, like a skilful general, to evacuate that place of defence, and fight my way through the adjacent country. I had recourse to my acquaintance with the families and antiquities of the neighbourhood, ground on which I thought I might skirmish at large without its being possible for the stranger to meet me with advantage. But I was mistaken.

The man in the iron-gray suit showed a much more minute knowledge of these particulars than I had the least pretension to. He could tell the very year in which the family of *De Riva* first

* Thomas Thomson, Esq., whose well-deserved panegyric ought to be found on another page than one written by an intimate friend of thirty years' standing.

settled on their ancient herony.* Not a Theng within reach, but he knew his family and connections, how many of his ancestors had fallen by the sword of the English, how many in domestic blood, and how many by the hand of the executioner for march-treason. Their ruler he was acquainted with from turret to foundation-stone; and as for the miscellaneous antiquities scattered about the country, he knew every one of them, from a cromlech to a cairn, and could give as good an account of each as if he had lived in the time of the Danes or Druids.

I was now in the overpowering predicament of one who suddenly finds himself a scholar when he comes to teach, and nothing was left for me but to pick up as much of his conversation as I could, for the length of the next company. I told, indeed, Allen Ramsey's story of the Monk and Miller's Wife, in order to retreat with some honour under cover of a passing tidbit. Here, however, my flank was again turned by the eternal stranger.

"You are pleased to be frictions, sir," said he; "but you cannot be ignorant that the ludicrous incident you mentioned is the subject of a tale much older than that of Allen Ramsey."

I nodded, unwilling to acknowledge my ignorance, though, in fact, I knew no more what he meant than did one of my friend David's post-heron.

"I do not wholly," continued my omniscient companion, "to the curious poem published by Picherton from the *Manuscript of the Friar of Berwick*, although it presents a very minute and amusing picture of Scottish manners during the reign of James V.; but rather to the Italian novelist, by whom, as far as I know, the story was first printed, although unquestionably he first took his original from some ancient ballad."[†]

"It is not to be doubted," answered I, not very well understanding, however, the proposition to which I gave such unqualified assent.

"Yes," continued my companion, "I question much, but you

* The family of De Hays, incorporated into Hays, of Bonarville, is of the highest antiquity, and is the subject of one of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer:—

Beide, beide, whate'er beide,
Hays about be Hays of Bonarville.

† It is curious to remark, at how little expense of borrowing conversation upon one entitled to receive amusement. The same story which Ramsey and Picherton have unconsciously handled, forms also the subject of the modern fable, *De Hays en Haysen*. (Allen Ramsey certainly borrowed, without acknowledgment, his tale of the Monk and Miller's Wife from the old Scottish poem entitled *The Friar of Berwick*, usually ascribed to William Dunbar.)

know my attention and profusion, which you would have picked upon this precise anecdote for my amusement."

This observation he made in a tone of perfect goodnature; I picked up my eye at the hint, and answered as politely as I could, that my ignorance of his condition and rank could be the only cause of my having stumbled on anything disagreeable; and that I was most willing to apologise for my unintentional offence, in case as I should have wherein it consisted.

"Nay, no offence, sir," he replied; "offence can only arise where it is taken. I have been too long accustomed to more warm and oral misanthropies, to be offended at a paperist jest, though directed at my profession."

"Am I to understand, then," I answered, "that I am speaking with a Catholic shopman?"

"An worthy monk of the order of Saint Benedict," said the stranger, "belonging to a community of your own countrymen, long established in France, and national collegially by the events of the Revolution."

"Then," said I, "you are a native Scotchman, and from this neighbourhood?"

"Not so," answered the monk; "I am a Scotchman by extraction only, and never was in this neighbourhood during my whole life."

"How is this neighbourhood, and yet so intimately acquainted with its history, its traditions, and even its external scenery? You surprise me, sir," I replied.

"It is not surprising," he said, "that I should have that sort of local information, when it is considered, that my uncle, an excellent man, as well as a good Scotchman, the head also of our religious community, employed much of his leisure in making me acquainted with these particulars; and that I myself, disgusted with what has been passing around me, have for many years amused myself, by digesting and arranging the various scraps of information which I derived from my worthy relatives, and other good brethren of our order."

"I presume, sir," said I, "though I would by no means intrude the question, that you are now returned to Scotland with a view to settle amongst your countrymen, since the great political catastrophe of our time has released your corps?"

"No, sir," replied the Benedictine, "such is not my intention. A European province, who still cherishes the Catholic faith, has offered us a retreat within his dominions, where a few of my scattered

brethren are already assembled, to pray to God for blessings on their protection, and pardon to their enemies. *No one, I believe, will be able to object to us, under our new establishment, that the extent of our revenues would be inconsistent with our vows of poverty and abstinence; but let us strive to be thankful to God, that the quest of temporal abundance is removed from us.*"

"*Many of your revenues, should, sir,*" said I, "*enjoyed very lucrative increase—and yet, allowing for those, I question if any were better provided for than the Monastery of this village. It is said to have possessed nearly two thousand pounds in yearly money—rent, fourteen chalders and nine bolls of wheat, fifty-six chalders five bolls barley, forty-four chalders and ten bolls oats, rye and peas, butter, milk, swine and savings, yards and lands, wood and ash.*"

"*Even too much of all these temporal goods, sir,*" said my companion, "*which, though well intended by the pious donors, served only to make the establishment the envy and the prey of those by whom it was finally destroyed.*"

"*In the nineteenth, however,*" I observed, "*the monks had no way left of it, and as the old way goes,*

— *made good use
On Fridays when they fasted.*"

"*I understand you, sir,*" said the Dissolution; "*it is difficult, with the power, to carry a full cup without spilling. Unquestionably the wealth of the community, as it outstripped the safety of the establishment by exciting the cupidity of others, was also in frequent violence a snare to the brethren themselves. And yet we have seen the revenues of monasteries expended, not only in acts of beneficence and hospitality to individuals, but in works of general and permanent advantage to the world at large. The noble fair collection of French historians, commenced in 1127, under the inspection and at the expense of the community of Saint Nizier,* will long show that the revenues of the Benedictines were not always spent in self-indulgence, and that the members of that order did not uniformly slumber in sloth and indolence, when they had discharged the formal duties of their rule.*"

As I knew nothing exactly at the time about the community of St. Nizier, and their learned labours, I could only return a wandering

* [This collection, published under the direction of Dom Martin Bouteret in 1128, and interrupted during the French Revolution, has since been resumed, and extends to the year 1793.]

suited to this proposition. I have since seen this noble work in the library of a distinguished family, and I must now I am ashamed to reflect, that, in so wealthy a country as ours, a similar digest of our histories should not be undertaken, under the patronage of the noble and the learned, in rivalry of that which the Benedictines of Paris executed at the expense of their own accumulated funds.

"I perceive," said the co-Benedictine, smiling, "that your heretical prejudices are too strong to allow us poor brethren any work, whether literary or spiritual."

"Far from it, sir," said I: "I assure you I have been much obliged to work in my time.—When I was quartered in a *hospitium* in Flanders, in the campaign of 1793, I never lived more comfortably in my life. They were jolly fellows, the Flemish *Chouans*, and right away was I to have my good quarters, and to know that my lowest beds were to be at the mercy of the *Sans-Culottes*. *En—termeus de la guerre!*"

The poor Benedictine looked down and was silent. I had unwittingly mentioned a train of bitter reflections, or rather I had touched somewhat rashly upon a chord which stillness cannot so vibrantly of itself. But he was too much accustomed to his successful train of ideas to suffer it to excite him. On my part, I hastened to atone for my blunder. "If there was any object of his journey to this country in which I could, with propriety, assist him, I begged to offer him my best services." I now I hold some little emphasis on the words "with propriety," as I felt it would ill become me, a sound Protestant, and a servant of government as far as my half-pay was concerned, to implicate myself in any meddling which my companions might have undertaken in behalf of foreign exiles, or in any similar design for the advancement of Popery, which, whether the Pope be actually the old lady of England or no, it did not become me in any manner to advance or countenance.

My new friend hastened to relieve my inhibition. "I was about to request your assistance, sir," he said, "in a matter which cannot but interest you on no ambiguity, and a person of renown. But I assure you it relates entirely to monks and persons removed to the distance of two centuries and a half. I have experienced too much evil from the violent manifestation of the remedy in which I was here, to be a rash labourer in the work of innovation in that of my ancestors."

I opened assured him of my willingness to assist him in anything that was not contrary to my allegiance or religion.

"My proposal," he replied, "affects neither.—May God bless the reigning family in Britain! They are not, indeed, of that dynasty in which my ancestors struggled and suffered in vain; but the Providence who has conducted his present Majesty to the throne, has given him the virtues necessary to his time—firmness and intrepidity—a true love of his country, and an enlightened view of the dangers by which she is surrounded.—For the religion of those rulers, I am continued to hope that the great Power, whose mysterious dispensation has rent them from the bosom of the church, will, in his own good time and manner, restore them to its holy pale. The efforts of an individual, obscure and humble as myself, might well retard, but could never advance, a work so mighty."

"May I then inquire, sir," said I, "with what purpose you visit this country?"

Ere my companion replied, he took from his pocket a clasped paper book, about the size of a regimental orderly-book, full, as it seemed, of memoranda; and, drawing out of the cover one to him (*for David, as a strong proof of his respect for the stranger, had indulged us with two*), he seemed to peruse the contents very earnestly.

"There is among the ruins of the western end of the Abbey church," said he, looking up to me, yet keeping the memorandum-book half open, and occasionally glancing at it, as if to refresh his memory, "a sort of vault or chapel beneath a broken arch, and in the immediate vicinity of one of those clustered Gothic columns which once supported the magnificent roof, whose fall has now surrounded that part of the building with its ruins."

"I think," said I, "that I know whereabouts you are. Is there not in the side wall of the chapel, or vault, which you mention, a large carved stone, bearing a coat of arms, which no one here has been able to decipher?"

"You are right," answered the Revolutionist; and again consulting his memoranda, he added, "the arms on the eastern side are those of Gloucestershire, being a cross parted by a cross indented and counter-changed of the same; and on the sinister there appears to be those of Arundel; they are two ancient families, now almost extinct in this country—the arms partly yet pale."

"I think," said I, "there is no part of this ancient structure with which you are not so well acquainted as were the mason who built it. But if your information be correct, he who made out these bearings must have had better eyes than mine."

"*His eyes,*" said the Benedictine, "*have long been closed in death ; possibly when he inspected the monument it was in a more perfect state, or he may have derived his information from the tradition of the place.*"

"*I assure you,*" said I, "*that no such tradition was told. I have made several reminiscences among the old people, in hopes to learn something of the ceremonial hearings, but I never heard of such a circumstance. It seems odd that you should have acquired it in a foreign land.*"

"*These trifling particulars,*" he replied, "*were formerly looked upon as more important, and they were transmitted to the natives who retained recollection of them, because they related to a place dear valued to memory, but which their eyes could never again behold. It is possible, in like manner, that as the Patrons or Donquichottes, you may find traditions current concerning places in England, which are entirely forgotten in the neighbourhood where they originated. But to my purpose. In this vision, marked by the ceremonial hearings, lies buried a treasure, and it is in order to recover it that I have undertaken my present journey.*"

"*A treasure !*" asked I, in astonishment.

"*Yes,*" replied the monk, "*an inestimable treasure, for those who know how to use it rightly.*"

I saw my own dim tangle a little of the word treasure, and that a handsome tithery, with a neat grove in blue and scarlet livery, having a smart corbale on his gleeful hat, seemed as it were to glide across the room before my eyes, while a voice, as of a choir, pronounced in my ear, "*Captain Clinterhook's tithery—drive up.*" But I resisted the devil, and he fled from me.

"*I believe,*" said I, "*all hidden treasure belongs either to the king or the lord of the soil ; and as I have served his majesty, I cannot concern myself in any adventure which may have an end in the Court of Chancery.*"

"*The treasure I seek,*" said the stranger, smiling, "*will not be seized by prince or noble,—it is simply the heart of an upright man.*"

"*Ah ! I understand you,*" I answered ; "*some relic, forgotten in the confusion of the Reformation. I know the value which men of your persuasion put upon the bodies and limbs of saints. I have seen the Three Kings of Cologne.*"

"*The relic which I seek, however,*" said the Benedictine, "*are not*

precisely of that nature. The excellent relative whom I have already mentioned, assumed his leisure hours with gathering into form the traditions of his family, particularly some remarkable circumstances which took place about the first breaking out of the schism of the church in Scotland. He became so much interested in his own labours, that at length he reached that the heart of one individual, the hero of his tale, should rest no longer in a land of luxury, now deserted by all his kindred. As he knew where it was deposited, he formed the resolution to visit his native country for the purpose of recovering this sacred relic. But age, and at length illness, interfered with his resolution, and it was on his deathbed that he charged me to undertake the task in his stead. The various important events which have crowded upon each other, our trials and our trials, have for many years obliged me to postpone this delightful duty. Why, indeed, transfer the relics of a holy and worthy man to a country, where religion and virtue are become the mockery of the scoundrel? I have now a home, which I trust may be permanent, if anything in this world can be termed so. Thither will I transport the heart of the good father, and beside the shrine which it shall occupy, I will construct my own grave."

"He must, indeed, have been an excellent man," replied I, "whose memory, at so distant a period, calls forth such strong marks of regard."

"He was, as you justly term him," said the ecclesiastic, "indeed excellent—excellent in his life and doctrine—excellent, above all, in his self-denial and disinterested sacrifices of all that life holds dear to principle and to friendship. But you shall read his history. I shall be happy at once to gratify your curiosity, and to share my news of your kindness, if you will have the goodness to promise me the means of accomplishing my object."

I replied in the affirmative, that, as the rubbish amongst which he proposed to search was no part of the ordinary burial-ground, and as I was on the best terms with the sexton, I had little doubt that I could procure him the means of executing his pious purpose.

With this promise we parted for the night; and on the ensuing morning I made it my business to see the sexton, who, for a small gratuity, readily granted permission of search, on condition, however, that he should be present himself, to see that the stranger removed nothing of intrinsic value.

"Ye bones, and skulls, and hearts, if he can find any, he shall be

volcano," said this questioner of the *revised Monastery*; "there's plenty of about, on his *vicinity* of them; but if there be any pits" (meaning perhaps pits) "or *shades*, or the like of such *Psychic* *valleys* of gold and silver, do I see me on I *conceive* of their being *ruined*."

The action, also stipulated, that our *researches* should take place at night, being unwilling to *expose* observation, or give rise to scandal.

My own acquaintance and I spent the day as *heretic* forces of *hour* *uniquely*. We visited every corner of these magnificent ruins again and again during the forenoon; and, having made a comfortable dinner at *David's*, we walked in the afternoon to each place in the neighbourhood as ancient tradition or modern conjecture had indicated *undoubtedly*. Night found us in the interior of the ruins, attended by the action, who carried a dark lantern, and *stumbling* *adventurously* over the graves of the dead, and the fragments of that architecture, which they doubtless trusted would have occupied their houses till to-morrow."

I am by no means particularly superstitious, and yet there was that in the present service which I did not very much like. There was something awful in the conviction of *disturbing*, at such an hour, and in such a place, the still and silent mystery of the grave. My companions were free from this impression—the stranger from his energetic desire to execute the purpose for which he came—and the natives from habitual indifference. We soon stood in the aisle, which, by the account of the *Demolition*, contained the bones of the family of *Glendinning*, and were busily employed in *rummaging* the rubbish from a corner which the stranger pointed out. If a half-pay Chaplain could have represented an ancient *Reverend* in the air, or an *ex-Demolition* of the sixteenth century a *ruined* *man* of the sixteenth, we might have aptly enough personified the search after *Michael Scott's* *key* and *book* of *magic* power. But the action would have been the *tray* in the group."

* This is one of those passages which I read here and there, and which every one knows that the *Author* of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" is his own person. But before the *action* was made, the *action* was found into this and similar allusions applied good heads, to read an argument, often repeated, that there was something very important in the *Author* of *Waverley's* *renewal* concerning the *Water* *book*, as another sufficiently voluminous at least. I had a great mind to remove the passages from this edition, but the more useful way is to explain how they came there.

For the stranger, assisted by the natives in his task, had been long at work, they came to some loose stones, which seemed to have made part of a small shrine, though now displaced and destroyed.

"Let us remove these with caution, my friend," said the stranger, "but we injure that which I come to seek."

"They are prime stones," said the natives, "picked from every one of them;—more than the best steel never seen the sun, I'm warranted."

A minute after he had made this observation, he exclaimed, "I have found something more that stands upon the gods, as if it were neither earth nor stone."

The stranger stopped eagerly to assist him.

"No, no, hold off my sin," said the natives; "our leaders or quereis;—and he lifted from amongst the ruins a small wooden box."

"You will be disappointed, my friend," said the Benedictine, "if you expect anything more but the mouldering dust of a human heart, closed in one inner case of porphyry."

I interposed as a neutral party, and taking the box from the natives, reminded him, that if there were treasure concealed in it, still it could not become the property of the finder. I then proposed, that as the place was too dark to examine the contents of the wooden case, we should adjourn to Ecuador, where we might have the advantage of light and fire while carrying on our investigation. The stranger requested us to go before, assuring us that he would follow in a few minutes.

I fancy that old Melitich suspected these few minutes might be employed in effecting further discoveries amongst the tombs, for he glided back through a side-aisle to watch the Benedictine's motions, but presently returned, and told us in a whisper, that "the gentleman was on his knees among the small stones, praying like any mortal."

I stole back, and beheld the old man actually employed as Melitich had informed me. The language seemed to be Latin; and as the whisperer, yet silent as yet, glided away through the retired aisle, I could not help reflecting how long it was since they had heard the forms of that religion, for the candles of which they had been raised at each end of time, hope, labour, and expense. "Come away, come away," said I; "let us leave him to himself, Melitich; this is no business of ours."

VOL. X.

UNION INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE AND ARTS, WASHINGTON, D.C.
 DIORAPHIC ARTS & LITH. NEW ORLEANS.

Q. 1056

16.2.66

"My sister, no, Captain," said Matthew; "as a relation, it seems to me to keep me so on him. My father, not his soul, was a housekeeper, and used to say he never was contented in a night in his life, seeing by a water-watching wily Jew Kilmarnock, that sold a grain over a dram of whisky. But this gentleman will be a Roman, I'm content!"

"You are perfectly right in that, Scoundrel," said I.

"Ay, I have seen him or three of their police that were chased over here some more of years ago. They just showed the road when they looked on the silver hands, and the metal hands, in the cloister yard; they took to them like wild carpentermen take,—oh, he is not offering you, much more he were a through-stone!" I never heard a Roman, to my head him, but once—only by name, he was the only one in the town to know—and that was until Jack of the Pond. It was long long long ago, and Jack praying in the Abbey in a thick night, and his house on a cold stone. Jack that a fish was a chimney to it. Along a merry play I have had of him down at the iron yard; and when he died, decently I was here called him; but, as I got his grave and hands, some of the quality, that were of his own unhappy persuasion, had the corpse carried away up the water, and buried him, after their own pleasure, doubtless—they loved him. I was here made one great charge. I wonder how much I should, dead or alive.—Stay, no—the strange gentleman is coming."

"Hold the horses to catch him, Matthew," said I—"This is rough walking, sir."

"Yes," replied the Revolutionary; "I may say with a poet, who is doubtless familiar to you"—

I should be surprised if he were, thought I intensely.

The stranger continued:

*"Saint Francis be my speed! here off to-night
Here my old feet shambled at grace!"*

"It's not near clear of the churchyard," said I, "and here but a short walk to David's, where I hope we shall find a cheerful fire to warm us after our night's work."

We entered, accordingly, the little parson, into which Matthew was also about to push himself with sufficient effrontery, when David, with a most astounding oath, expelled him by hand and shoulder, d—ting his curiously, that would not let gentlemen be private in

* a tradition.

their own use. Apparently mine had considered his own promise as no intrusion, for he crawled up to the table on which I had laid down the leather box. It was frail and wretched, as might be guessed, from having lain so many years in the ground. On opening it, we found deposited within, a new world of porphyry, as the stranger had announced to us.

"I fancy," he said, "gentlemen, your curiosity will not be satisfied,—perhaps I should say that your suspicions will not be removed,—unless I make this cabinet; yet it only contains the moldering remains of a heart, once the seat of the noblest thoughts."

We watched the box with great caution; but the divided substance which it contained bore now no resemblance to what it might once have been, the masses and lumps being apparently unequal to preserve its shape and colour, although they were adequate to prevent its total decay. We were quite awestruck, notwithstanding, that it was what the stranger asserted, the remains of a human heart; and David readily perceived his influence in the village, which was almost co-extensive with that of the Doctor himself, to silence all idle rumours. He was, moreover, pleased to favour us with his company to supper; and having taken the host's share of two bottles of sherry, he was not only amiable with his plenary authorship the stranger's removal of the heart, but, I believe, would have authorised the removal of the Abbey itself, were it not that it happens considerably to strengthen the worthy politician's own custom.

The object of the Benefactor's visit to the land of his forefathers being now accomplished, he announced his intention of leaving us early in the evening day, but requested my company to breakfast with him before his departure. I came accordingly, and when we had finished our morning's meal, the priest took me apart, and pulling from his pocket a large bundle of papers, he put them into my hands. "These," said he, "Captains Clitheroke, are genuine *Memories* of the sixteenth century, and cabined in a singular, and, as I think, an interesting point of view, the manners of that period. I am induced to believe that their publication will not be an unacceptable present to the British public; and willingly make use to you any profit that may accrue from such a transaction."

I stood a little at this communication, and observed, that the hand seemed too modern for the date he assigned to the manuscript.

"Do not mistake me, sir," said the Benefactor; "I did not mean to say the *Memories* were written in the sixteenth century, but

only that they were compiled from authentic materials of that period, but written in the taste and language of the present day. My work commenced this book; and I, partly to improve my habit of English composition, partly to direct unobtrusively thoughts, caused my friend James to continue and conclude it. You will see the period of the story where my uncle leaves off his narrative, and I commence mine. In fact, they relate to a great measure to different persons, as well as to a different period."

Retaining the papers in my hand, I proceeded to state to him my doubts, whether, even good Protestants, I could undertake an impartial or unobtrusively written *novel* in the spirit of *Piquette*.

"You will find," he said, "as matter of controversy in these sheets, our own sentiments stated, with which, I trust, the good in all persuasions will not be willing to join. I remembered I was writing for a land unhappily divided from the Catholic faith; and I have taken care to say nothing which, justly interpreted, could give ground for accusing me of partiality. But if, upon collating my narrative with the proofs to which I refer you—for you will find copies of many of the original papers in that period—you are of opinion that I have been partial to my own faith, I freely give you leave to correct my errors in that respect. I own, however, I am not conscious of this defect, and have rather to fear that the Catholics may be of opinion, that I have mentioned circumstances respecting the story of discipline which passed, and partly occasioned, the great schism, called by you the Reformation, over which I ought to have drawn a veil. And indeed, this is one reason why I choose the papers should appear in a foreign land, and pass to the press through the hands of a stranger."

To this I had nothing to reply, unless to object my own incompetency to the task the good father was desirous to impose upon me. On this subject he was pleased to say more, I fear, than his knowledge of me fully warranted—more, at any rate, than my modesty will permit me to record. At length he ended, with advising me, if I continued to feel the diffidence which I stated, to apply to some veteran of literature, whose experience might supply my deficiencies. Upon these terms we parted, with mutual expressions of regard, and I have never since heard of him.

After several attempts to pursue the plan of paper thus singularly conferred on me, in which I was interrupted by the most insupportable fits of yawning, I at length, in a sort of despair, communicated them

to our village club, from whom they found a more favourable reception than the valuable confirmation of my services had been able to effect there. They unanimously pronounced the work to be exceedingly good, and assured me I could be guilty of the greatest possible injury to our flourishing village, if I should suppress what threw such an interesting and rational light upon the history of the ancient Monastery of Saint Mary.

At length, by dint of listening to their opinion, I became debilitated of my wits; and, indeed, when I heard passenger read forth by the sonorous voice of our worthy pastor, I was aware more vivid than I have felt myself at some of his own sermons. Such and so great is the difference betwixt reading a thing one's self, nothing believes very through all the difficulties of manuscript, and, as the man says in the play, "having the same read to you;"—it is positively like being wafted over a creek in a boat, or wafted through it on your feet, with the wind up to your ears. Still, however, there remained the great difficulty of finding some one who could act as editor, corrector, and one of the joint and of the language, which, according to the schoolmaster, was absolutely necessary.

When the town walked forth to choose themselves a king, never was an honour so humbled about. The person would not from the quiet of his chambers-corner—the battle plucked the dignity of his situation, and the approach of the great annual fair, as reasons against going to Edinburgh to make arrangements for printing the Dissolution's manuscript. The schoolmaster alone seemed of useable stuff; and, desirous perhaps of emulating the fame of Jacobus Christoborus, entered a wish to undertake this momentous commission. But a remonstrance from three spiritual farmers, whose cows he had at bed, board, and schooling, for twenty pounds per annum when, come like a frost over the bloom of his literary ambition, and he was compelled to decline the service.

In these circumstances, sir, I apply to you, by the advice of our little council of war, nothing doubting you will not be dissuaded to take the duty upon you, as it is much concerned with that in which you have distinguished yourself. What I request is, that you will revise, or rather revise and correct, the ancient packet, and prepare it for the press, by such alterations, additions, and omissions, as you think necessary. Pardon my listening to you, that the depest well may be exhausted,—the last drops of grandeur, as our old general of brigades expressed himself, may be used up. A few lines cost the poet no harm; and, for the prison-master, let the battle be

first was, and it shall be partial at the demand. I hope you will take nothing against that I have said. I was a plain soldier, and little accustomed to compliments. I may add, that I should be well contented to march in the front with you—that is, to put my name with yours on the bill-page. I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your unknown humble servant,

GEORGE CHITREWICK.

WILLIAM OF KINGSBOROUGH.

— of April, 18—

For the Author of "Watford," &c., }
care of Mr. John Ballantyne, }
Hanover Street, Edinburgh. }

ANSWER

BY THE "AUTHOR OF WAVELEET," TO THE FOREGOING
LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.



DEAR CAPTAIN,—Do not believe, that, notwithstanding the distance and accuracy of your address, I return an answer in the terms of familiarity. The truth is, your scrips and native country are better known to me than even to yourself. You derive your respectable penname, if I am not greatly mistaken, from a land which has afforded much pleasure, as well as profit, to those who have traded to it successfully,—I mean that part of the terra incognita which is called the province of Utopia. Its productions, though assailed by many (and some who are too and believe without scruple) as idle and unsubstantial fictions, have nevertheless, like many other fictions, a general acceptance, and are warmly enjoyed even by those who express the greatest scorn and dislike of them in public. The dramatist is often the first to be shocked at the small of spirits—it is not unusual to hear old women declaim against asceticism—the private badness of some grave-looking men would not break down upon—and many, I say out of the wise and learned, but of those most anxious to earn much, when the spring-book of their library is drawn, their velvet cap pulled over their ears, their feet introduced into their velvet slippers, are to be found, were their minds suddenly intruded upon, busily engaged with the last new novel.

I have said, the truly wise and learned disdain these things, and will upon the wild coast as uselessly as they would the fil of their confusion. I will only quote one instance, though I have a hundred. Did you know the celebrated Warr of Birmingham, Captain Clutterbuck? I believe not, though, from what I am about to state, he would not have failed to have sought an acquaintance with you. It was only once my fortune to meet him, whether in body or spirit I neither say. There were assembled about half-a-dozen of our Northern Lights, who had amongst them, James James here, a well-known character of your country, Jesuitical-Christians. This worthy

person, having come to Edinburgh during the Christiana's sojourn, had become a sort of lion in the place, and was led in triumph from house to house along with the gaisans, the chanceries, and other ornaments of the season, which " exhibited their vapourish fronts to private family-parties, if required." *And*ist this company about Mr. Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree perhaps even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the deep to the summit of the earth—giving the feeble arm of man the momentum of an *Africa*—commanding manufactures to arise, on the reel of the prophetic profound order in the desert—affording the means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man, and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Nature himself.* This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose closely meditative has produced a change on the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only now beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers as adapted to practical purposes,—was not only one of the most generally well-informed,—but one of the best and kindest of human beings.

Thus he stood, surrounded by the little band I have mentioned of Northern Norwä, men not less zealous, generally speaking, of their own fame and their own opinions, than the national representers are supposed to be jealous of the high character which they have won upon service. Methinks I yet see and hear what I shall never see or hear again. In his eighty-fifth year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man, had his attention alive to every one's question, his information to every one's command.

His talents and fancy professed no every subject. One predilection was a deep philologist,—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been conversed with Cuthbert; another, a subtleties critic,—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belle-lettres all his life,—of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his more distinguished work. And yet, Captain Clutterbuck, when he spoke with your countryman Fustichius Clivik-

* Probably the ingenious writer alludes to the national stage:

The ship will sail,
But the wind will not.

Our schoolmaster John is also a hard-nervedly Scotch. This whole passage refers to Mr. Watt's improvements on the steam-engine.—Ed. by CAROLINE CLUTTERBUCK.

bottom, you would have sworn he had been cured with Claret and Bury, with the penicillin and penicillin, and would wonder every day the doctors had died at the hospital. In fact, we discovered that no word of the least celebrity escaped his personal, and that the gifted man of science was as much addicted to the productions of your native country (the land of *Utopia* especially) as other words, as abundant and distinct a person of words, as if he had been a very brilliant's expression of *Utopia*. I have little apology for troubling you with these things, accepting the desire to commemorate a delightful evening, and a wish to encourage you to shake off that modest diffidence which makes you afraid of being supposed connected with the fair-land of *Utopia*. I will repeat your bag of words, from *Utopia* himself, with a paraphrase for your own use, my dear Captain, and for that of your country club, accepting in return the champagne and champagne:—

To all within this inner palace, etc.
 Take them as words,
 Of *Utopia* here,
 For *Utopia*'s name is true;
 Old *Utopia*'s theme
 Was but a dream,
Utopia's *Utopia* too.

Having told you your country, I must next, my dear Captain Claret, make free to mention your own immediate descent. You are not to suppose your kind of *Utopia* as little known to us as the careful examination of your script would seem to imply. But you have it in common with many of your country, studiously and anxiously to hide any connection with it. There is this difference, indeed, between your countrymen and those of our more material world, that many of the most estimable of them, such as our old English professors called *Utopia*, a monk of Bristol called *Utopia*, and others, are inclined to put themselves off as devotees of the land of reality, whereas most of our fellow-citizens who deny their country are such as that country would be very willing to tolerate. The special circumstances you mention relating to your life and services, impose not upon us. We know the verifiability of the mathematical species to which you belong permits them to assume all manner of *Utopia*; we have seen them apparelled in the system of a *Pyrexia*, and the alien rule of a *China*,² and are prepared to accept their real character under every *Utopia*. But how can we be ignorant of

² See the *Pyrexia* Letter, and the *China* of the 17th-18th.

your country and manners, or derived by the mission of its inhabitants, when the voyages of discovery which have been made to it rival in number those recorded by Ptolemy or by Herodotus? And to show the skill and perseverance of your navigators and travellers, we have only to name *Barthot, Aboufmaria, and Robinson Crusoe*. These were the men for discovery. Could we have not *Christopher Columbus* to look out for the north-west passage, or *Peter Willms* to examine *Duffin's Bay*, what discoveries might we not have expected? But there are facts, and those both numerous and extraordinary, performed by the inhabitants of your country, which we read without once attempting to credit.

I wander from my purpose, which was to assure you, that I know you as well as the author who did not know you, for *Handliff's* familiarity sticks to your whole race. You are not born of women, unless, indeed, in that figurative sense, in which the celebrated *Maria Edgeworth* says, in her story of *simple Montana*, he traced mother of the finest family in England. You belong, sir, to the Editors of the land of *Utopia*, a sort of persons for whom I have the highest esteem. How is it possible it should be otherwise, when you receive among your correspondence the sage *Old Harvest Broomfield*, the short-faced president of the *Speaker's Club*, your *Ben Siltou*, and many others, who have acted as gentlemen-servers to works which have cleared our horizon, and added wings to our lightest hours?

What I have remarked as peculiar to Editors of the class in which I venture to enrol you, is the happy combination of fortuitous circumstances which usually put you in possession of the works which you have the goodness to bring into public notice. One walks on the sea-shore, and a stone casts on land a small cylindrical trunk or casket, containing a manuscript much damaged with seawater, which is with difficulty disengaged, and is forth? Another steps into a chandler's shop, to purchase a pound of butter, and, behold! the counterpane on which it is laid is the manuscript of a rebel! A third is as fortunate as to obtain from a woman who lets bed-chambers, the curious contents of an antique bureau, the property of a diamond idler! All these are certainly possible occurrences; but, I have not here, May seldom occur to any Editors save those of your country. At least I can answer for myself, that in my solitary walks by the sea, I never saw it and where anything but shrimps and limpets, and now and then a deceased star-fish; my landlady never presented me

¹ See *the Playgoer's Imaginations*,
[*Adventures of a Character*]

² See *the History of Antiquities*,
[*Adventures of an Ant*].

with my manuscript some few casual hills; and the most interesting of my discoveries in the way of mss.-paper, was finding a favourite passage of one of my own novels script round an corner of stuff. No, Captain, the funds from which I have drawn my power of amusing the public, have been bought otherwise than by fortuitous adventures. I have buried myself in libraries to extract from the recesses of ancient days new treasures of my own. I have turned over volumes, which, from the jettitude I was obliged to decipher, might have been the rabulistic manuscripts of Claudius Agrippa, although I never saw "the door open and the devil come in;"⁴ But all the domestic inhabitants of the libraries were disturbed by the rehearsal of my studies:—

*From my research the boldest spider fled,
And snakes, retreating, trembled as I read.*

From this learned spider I except like the Magician in the *Proven Tales* from his instructor's residence in the mountain, not like him to soar over the heads of the multitude, but to mingle in the crowd, and to share amongst the throng, making my way from the highest society to the lowest, undergoing the same, or, what is harder to bear, the patronising condemnation of the one, and enduring the vulgar familiarity of the other,—and all, you will say, for what?—to collect materials for one of those manuscripts with which more chance is often accommodated your contemporaries; in other words, to write a successful novel.—"O Athenians, how hard we labour to discover your genius!"

I might stop here, my dear Clatterbuck; it would have a soothing effect, and the air of proper deference to our dear Public. But I will not be false with you—(though faithful to—*namely* the observation—the current coin of your country), the truth is, I have studied and lived for the purpose of gratifying my own curiosity, and passing my own time; and though the result has been, that, in one shape or other, I have been frequently before the Public, perhaps more frequently than profane warranted, yet I cannot claim from them the favour due to those who have dedicated their time and talents to the improvement and entertainment of others.

Having communicated thus freely with you, my dear Captain, it follows, of course, that I will gratefully accept of your communication, which, as your Dissolution shewed, divides itself both by subject, manner, and age, into two parts. But I am sorry I cannot

⁴ See Bunbury's *Reflex* on the Young Men who read in a Clergyman's Study.

gratify your literary ambition, by suffering your name to appear upon the title-page; and I will readily tell you the reason.

The Editors of your country are of such a soft and passive disposition, that they have frequently done themselves great damage by giving up the confessions who first brought these tales public notice and public favour, and suffering their names to be used by those quacks and impostors who live upon the ideas of others. Thus I shew to tell how the sage Old Heron Donagelli was induced by one Juan Archibuteo to play the Turk with the ignorant Miguel Cervantes, and to publish a *Novel Part* of the adventures of his hero the renowned Don Quixote, without the knowledge or co-operation of his principal informant. It is true, the Spanish sage returned to his alligiance, and therefore composed a *passive confirmation* of the Knight of La Mancha, in which the real Archibuteo of Torquemada is severely chastised. For in this case, perchance, were able the reader's disciplined eye, to which a *dyed* Septuagenarian Miguel Jover L., "if you have Justice in your hand, you can make him like me; if I have Justice in my hand, I can make him like you." Yet, notwithstanding the admirable homologue thus made by Old Heron Donagelli, his temporary defection did not the less occasion the *denial* of the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote, if he can be said to die when memory is immortal. Cervantes got him to death, but he should again fall into bad hands. Alas! yet just consequence of Old Heron's defection!

To quote a more modern and much less important instance. I am sorry to shew my old acquaintance Jakobus Ostabathus how mischievous himself as far as to desert his original patron, and set up for himself. I am afraid the poor publisher will make him by his new allies, unless the pleasure of entertaining the public, and, for aught I know, the pleasure of the long tale, will dispute about his identity.* Owing, therefore, Captain Chatterbox, that vice by these great examples, I receive you as a partner, but a *sleeping* partner only.

* I am since more severely informed, that Mr. Ostabathus did once murder some at Frankfort, and that the person assuming his name is an impostor. The real Jakobus made a most Christian and worthy end; and, as I can readily believe, having sent for a Germanish clergyman when he was in extremity, was so fortunate as to conclude the good man, that, after all, he had no wish to bring down on the evildest command of Heron's tale, "the knowledge of Heron's Denial;" that that the appearance in print and paper will not, allow a good man to rest quiet in his grave.

This note, and the passage in the text, were occasioned by a London bookeller having printed, as a specification, an additional collection of the *Tales* of my Landlord, which was not so fortunate as to succeed in passing on the world as genuine.

As I give you no title to employ or use the form of the apostrophe we are about to form, I will announce my property in my title-page, and put my own mark on my own sheets, which the attorney tells me it will be a crime to counterfeit, as much as it would to imitate the autograph of any other empire—a crime amounting, on advertisement upon title page alone to us, to nothing short of felony. If, therefore, my dear friend, your name should hereafter appear in any title-page without mine, readers will know what to think of you. I scorn to use either arguments or threats; but you cannot but be sensible, that, as you owe your literary existence to me as the one hand, so, on the other, your very oil is at my disposal. I can at pleasure cut off your name, strike your name from the half-pay establishment, nay, actually put you to death, without being answerable to any one. These are plain words to a gentleman who has served during the whole war; but I am sure, you will take nothing amiss at my hands.

And now, my good sir, let us address ourselves to our task, and arrange, as we best can, the manuscript of your Revolution, so as to suit the taste of this critical age. You will find I have made very liberal use of his permission, to alter whatever seemed too favourable to the Church of Rome, which I abhorred, were it but for her facts and pretences.

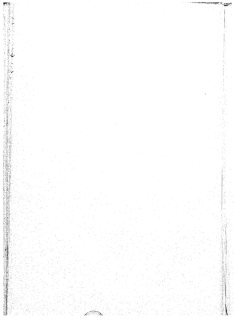
Our reader is restless impatient, and we must use, with John Bunyan,

*We have too long detain'd him in the park,
And kept him from the mountain with a torch.*

Adieu, therefore, my dear Captain—remember me especially to the parents, the schoolmaster and the boys, and all friends of the happy club in the village of Kewborough. I have never seen, and never shall see, one of their faces; and notwithstanding, I believe that no yet I am better acquainted with them than any other men who live. —I shall now introduce you to my journal friend, Mr. John Ballantyne of Trinity Green, whom you will find warm from his match at singleness with a leather Publisher. Please to their difference! It is a wonderful trade, and the inevitable genius comprehends the bookbinder as well as the book-writing genius,—Dear mine when I*

THE AUTHOR OF *WAFER*.

* In consequence of the promise taken at my London printed in London, as already mentioned, the late Mr. John Ballantyne, the Author's publisher, had a controversy with the interfering Bibliopoles, each insisting that his Jesuitical Quibbles were the real *Shew Paper*.



THE MONASTERY.

(1838)



O ay! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!
Thence all the processes, all the superstitions,
Of a most gross and superstitious age—
May He be praised that sent the faithful transport
And scatter'd all these pestiferous vapours!
But that we saved them all to yonder Market,
Threw them on the seven hills with but cup of gold,
I will no man believe, with that Sir Roger,
That old Mall White took wing with oil and hennetide,
And raised the last night's thunder.

OLD PLAY.

The village described in the Benedictine's manuscript by the name of *Kennaculair*, bears the same Celtic termination which occurs in *Trappulair*, *Capulair*, and other compounds. The learned Chalmers derives this word *Qulair*, from the winding course of a stream; a derivation which coincides, in a remarkable degree, with the serpentine turns of the river Tweed near the village of which we speak. It has been long famous for the splendid Monastery of Saint Mary, founded by David the First of Scotland, in whose reign were burned, in the same county, the no less splendid establishments of Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso. The donations of land with which the King endowed

these weakly intentions preserved him from the English historians the epithet of Saint, and from one of his impoverished descendants the apologetic comment, "that he had been a sore saint for the Crown."^{*}

It seems probable, notwithstanding, that David, who was a wise as well as a pious monarch, was not moved solely by religious motives to these great acts of magnificence to the church, but shared political views to his pious generosity. His possessions in Northumberland and Cumberland became possessions after the loss of the Battle of the Standard; and since the comparatively fertile valley of Teviotdale was likely to become the frontier of his kingdom, it is probable he wished to secure at least a part of these valuable possessions by placing them in the hands of the monks, whose property was for a long time respected, even amidst the rage of a frontier war. In this manner alone had the King some chance of ensuring protection and security to the cultivation of the soil; and, in fact, for several ages the possessions of these Abbeys were such a sort of Oubliette, enjoying the calm light of peace and immunity, while the rest of the country, occupied by wild clans and marauding barons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, and unrelieved outrage.

But these immunities did not continue down to the union of the crowns. Long before that period the wars between England and Scotland had lost their original character of international hostilities, and had become on the part of the English a struggle for subjugation, on that of the Scots a desperate and infuriated defence of their liberties. This introduced on both sides a degree of fury and animosity unknown to the earlier period of their history; and as religious scruples soon gave way to national hatred spurred by a love of plunder, the purity of the Church was no longer saved from incursions on either side. Still, however, the tenants and vassals of the great Abbeys had many advantages over those of the lay barons, who were harassed by constant military duty, until they became desperate, and lost all relish for the arts of peace. The vassals of the

^{*} [This saying is reported to King David's liberality in building and endowing religious houses in Scotland, as used by his successor James the First, is preserved in the old Scottish Chronicles, and repeated by the David Lyndsay in his *Diptych on the Ninety-nine*, as well as in the *Scot's on the Flow-Battle*.]

Church, on the other hand, were only liable to be called in some on general occasions, and at other times were permitted in comparative quiet to possess their farms and fens.² They of course exhibited superior skill in everything that related to the cultivation of the soil, and were therefore both wealthier and better informed than the military retainers of the monastic chief and nobles in their neighbourhood.

The residence of these church vassals was usually in a small village or hamlet, where, for the sake of mutual aid and protection, some thirty or forty families dwelt together. This was called the *Town*, and the land belonging to the various families by whom the *Town* was inhabited, was called the *Township*. They usually possessed the land in common, though in various proportions, according to their several grants. The part of the *Township* properly arable, and kept as such continually under the plough, was called *in-field*. Here the use of quantities of manure supplied in some degree the exhaustion of the soil, and the fens raised tolerable oats and barley usually sown on alternate ridges, on which the labour of the whole community was bestowed without distinction, the produce being divided after harvest, agreeably to their respective interests.

There was, besides, *out-field* land, from which it was thought possible to extract a crop now and then, after which it was abandoned to the "silly influences," until the exhausted powers of vegetation were restored. These *out-field* spots were selected by any farmer at his own choice, amongst the sheep-walks and hills which were always annexed to the *Township*, to serve as pasturage to the community. The trouble of cultivating these patches of *out-field*, and the precarious chance that the crop would pay the labour, were considered as giving a right to any free, who chose to undertake the adventure, to the produce which might result from it.

There remained the pasturage of extensive moors, where the valleys often afforded good grass, and upon which the whole estate belonging to the community fed indiscriminately during

² Small possessions conferred upon vassals and their heirs, held for a small gift-land, or a moderate proportion of the produce. This was a favourite manner, by which the abbots secured the permanency of their revenues; and many descendants of such donors, or they are called, are still to be found in possession of their family inheritances in the neighbourhood of the great Monastery of Evesham.

[†] Or *hogg*, a kind of coarse barley.

the summer, under the charge of the Torma-herd, who regularly drove them out to pasture in the morning, and brought them back at night, without which precaution they would have fallen a speedy prey to some of the Saatchies in the neighbourhood. There are things to make modern agriculturists hold up their hands and stare; but the same mode of cultivation is not yet entirely in disuse in some distant parts of North Britain, and may be witnessed in full force and exercise in the Zeland Archipelago.

The habitations of the shurch-dooms were not less primitive than their agriculture. In each village or town were several small towers, having battlements projecting over the side walls, and usually an advanced angle or two with shot-holes for flanking the down-way, which was always defended by a strong door of oak, studded with nails, and often by an exterior gated door of iron. These small post-houses were exclusively inhabited by the principal farmers and their families; but, upon the alarm of approaching danger, the whole inhabitants thronged from their own miserable cottages, which were situated around, to garrison these points of defence. It was then no easy matter for a hostile party to penetrate into the village, for the men were habituated to the use of bows and fire-arms, and the towers being generally so placed, that the discharge from one crossed that of another, it was impossible to assault any of them individually.

The interior of these houses was usually sufficiently wretched, for it would have been folly to have furnished them in a manner which could excite the avarice of their lawless neighbours. Yet the families themselves exhibited in their appearance a degree of comfort, information, and independence, which could hardly have been expected. Their table supplied them with bread and home-brewed ale, their herds and flocks with beef and mutton (the extravagance of killing lambs or calves was never thought of). Each family killed a mutton, or fat bullock, in November, which was salted up for winter use, to which the geese also, upon great occasions, add a dish of pigeons, or a fat capon—the ill-cultivated garden afforded "hog-cake,"—and the river gave salmon to serve as a relish during the season of Lent.

Of fuel they had plenty, for the bogs afforded turf; and the remains of the shamed woods continued to give them logs for

banding, as well as timber for the usual domestic purposes. It seldom to these comforts the goodman would now and then add fath to the greenwood, and mark down a buck of season with his gun or his cross-bow; and the Father Confessor seldom refused him absolution for the trespass, if duly invited to take his share of the smoking hamach. Some, still bolder, made, either with their own domestic, or by associating themselves with the men-troupers, in the language of sheepsteals, "a start and overleap;" and the golden ornaments and silver head-gear worn by the houses of one or two families of note, were inevitably traced by their neighbours to such unsuccessal excursions. This, however, was a more inexcusable crime in the eyes of the Abbot and Community of Saint Mary's, than the borrowing one of the "puck king's deer;" and they failed not to discomfiture and punish, by every means in their power, offences which were sure to lead to severe retaliation upon the property of the church, and which tended to alter the character of their powerful vassalage.

As for the information possessed by these dependants of the Abbots, they might have been truly said to be better fed than taught, even though their food had been worse than it was. Still, however, they enjoyed opportunities of knowledge from which others were excluded. The monks were in general well acquainted with their vassals and tenants, and familiar in the families of the better class among them, whose they were sure to be received with the respect due to their twofold character of spiritual father and secular landlord. Thus it often happened, when a boy displayed talents and inclination for study, one of the brethren, with a view to his being bred to the church, or out of good-nature, in order to pass away his own idle time, if he had no better motive, initiated him into the mysteries of reading and writing, and imparted to him such other knowledge as he himself possessed. And the heads of those allied families, having more time for reflection, and more skill, as well as stronger motives for improving their small properties, bore amongst their neighbours the character of shrewd, intelligent men, who claimed respect on account of their comparative wealth, even while they were degraded for a less warlike and enterprising turn than the other Barons. They lived as much as they well could amongst themselves, avoiding the company of others, and dreading nothing more

than to be involved in the deadly feuds and reckless contentions of the warring landholders.

Such is a general picture of these circumstances. During the fatal wars in the reigns of Queen Mary's reign, they had suffered dreadfully by the hostile invasions. For the English, now a Protestant people, were so far from sparing the church-lords, that they stripped them with more unrelenting severity than even the possessions of the laity. But the peace of 1550 had restored some degree of tranquillity to these distracted and harassed regions, and matters began again gradually to settle upon the former footing. The monks repaired their ravaged shrines—the friar again roofed his small dwelling which the enemy had ruined—the poor labourer rebuilt his cottage—an easy task, where a few rods, staves, and some planks of wood from the next copse, furnished all the materials necessary. The mills, lastly, were cleared out of the wastes and thickets in which the remnant of them had been secreted; and the mighty bull moved at the head of his scrags and their followers, to take possession of their wasted pastures. There ensued peace and quiet, the state of the age and nation considered, to the Monastery of Saint Mary, and its dependencies, for several tranquil years.

CHAPTER SECOND.

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred,
 Not solitary then—the eagle-born
 Of hill Alois often visited its windings,
 From whence the brook joins the majestic river,
 To the wild northern bog, the mother's home,
 Where came forth its first and feeble streamlet.

ONE PART.

We have said, that most of the farms dwelt in the village belonging to their township. This was not, however, universally the case. A lonely tower, to which the reader must now be introduced, was at least one exception to the general rule.

It was of small dimensions, yet larger than those which occurred in the village, so intimate that, in case of assault,

the proprietor would have to rely upon his own unassisted strength. Two or three miserable huts, at the foot of the fastness, held the landmen and tenants of the fief. The site was a beautiful green knoll, which started up suddenly in the very throat of a wild and narrow glen, and which, being surrounded, except on one side, by the winding of a small stream, afforded a position of considerable strength.

But the great security of Glendurg, for so the place was called, lay in its secluded, and almost hidden situation. To reach the tower it was necessary to travel three miles up the glen, crossing about twenty times the little stream, which, winding through the narrow valley, encountered at every hundred yards the opposition of a rock or precipitous bank on the one side, which altered its course, and caused it to shoot off in an oblique direction to the other. The hills which ascended on each side of this glen are very steep, and rise boldly over the stream, which is thus imprisoned within their barriers. The sides of the glen are impassable for horses, and are only to be traversed by means of the sheep-paths which lie along their sides. It would not be readily supposed that a road so hopeless and so difficult could lead to any habitation more important than the summer dwelling of a shepherd.

Yet the glen, though lonely, nearly inaccessible, and sterile, was not then absolutely void of beauty. The turf which covered the small portion of level ground on the sides of the stream, was as dense and verdant as if it had occupied the scythes of a hundred gardeners once a fortnight; and it was garnished with an embroidery of daisies and wild flowers, which the scythes would certainly have destroyed. The little brook, now confined betwixt closer banks, now left at large to choose its course through the narrower valley, dashed cordially on from stream to pool, light and untamed, as that better class of spirits who pass their way through life, yielding to insurmountable obstacles, but as far from being subdued by them as the sailor who meets by chance with an unfavourable wind, and shapes his course so as to be driven back as little as possible.

The mountains, as they would have been called in England, flanked the steep base, rose abruptly over the little glen, bare possessing the grey face of a rock, from which the turf had been peeled by the torrents, and there displaying patches of wood

and eyes, which had escaped the waste of the cattle and the sheep of the fens, and which, feathering upwards to the beds of empty torrents, or occupying the converse slopes of the lochs, gave at once beauty and variety to the landscape. Above these scattered woods rose the hill, in barren, but purple majesty; the dark rich loes, particularly in autumn, contrasting beautifully with the thickets of oak and birch, the mountain ash and thorn, the alders and quivering aspen, which chequered and varied the descent, and not less with the dark-green and velvet turf, which composed the level part of the narrow glen.

Yet, though thus embellished, the scene could neither be strictly termed sublime nor beautiful, and scarcely even picturesque or striking. But its extreme solitude pressed on the heart; the traveller felt that uncertainty whether he was going, or in what so wild a path was to terminate, which, at times, strikes more on the imagination than the grand features of a show scene, when you know the exact distance of the inn where your dinner is booked, and at the moment preparing. There are lochs, however, of a far later age; for at the time we treat of, the picturesque, the beautiful, the sublime, and all their intermediate shades, were lochs absolutely unknown to the inhabitants and occasional visitors of Glenelg.

There had, however, attached to the scene feelings fitting the time. Its name, signifying the Red Valley, seems to have been derived, not only from the purple colour of the heath, with which the upper part of the rising banks was profusely clothed, but also from the dark red colour of the rocks, and of the precipitous eastern banks, which in that country are called *moors*. Another glen, about the head of Eitrick, has acquired the same name from similar circumstances; and there are probably more in Scotland to which it has been given.

As our Glenelg did not abound in mortal villains, superstition, that it might not be absolutely destitute of inhabitants, had peopled its recesses with beings belonging to another world. The savage and superstitious *Erren Men* of the Moors, a being which seems the genuine descendant of the northern dwarf, was supposed to be seen there frequently, especially after the autumnal equinox, when the fogs were thick, and objects not easily distinguished. The Scottish *hies*, too, a whimsical, irritable, and mischievous tribe, who, though at times exceedingly benevolent, were more frequently adverse to mortals,

were also supposed to have formed a residence in a particularly wild recess of the glen, of which the real name was, in allusion to that circumstance, *Gerris nan Shian*, which, in corrupted Celtic, signifies the Hollow of the Pines. But the neighbours were more cautious in speaking about this place, and avoided giving it a name, from an idea common then throughout all the British and Celtic provinces of Scotland, and still retained in many places, that to speak either good or ill of this capricious race of imaginary beings is to provoke their resentment; and that secrecy and silence is what they chiefly desire from those who may intrude upon their secrets, or discover their haunts.

A mysterious terror was thus attached to the dale, which afforded access from the broad valley of the Tweed, up the little glen we have described, to the fastness called the Tower of Glendurg. Beyond the knoll where, as we have said, the tower was situated, the hills grew more steep, and narrowed on the slender brook, so as scarce to leave a footpath; and there the glen terminated in a wild waterfall, where a slender thread of water dashed in a precipitous line of foam over two or three precipices. Yet farther in the same direction, and above these successive cataracts, lay a wild and extensive moor, frequented only by waterfowl, wild, waste, apparently almost inaccessible, and serving in a great measure to separate the inhabitants of the glen from those who lived to the northward.

To restless and indolent mountain-trappers, indeed, these moorlands were well known, and sometimes afforded a retreat. They often rode down the glen—called at this tower—asked and received hospitality—but still with a sort of reserve on the part of its more peaceful inhabitants, who entertained them as a party of North-American Indians might be received by a new European settler, as much out of fear as hospitality, while the appearance with of the hostlerd in the speedy departure of the savage guests.

This had not always been the current of feeling in the little valley and its tower. Since Glendurg, its former inhabitant, boasted his connection by blood to that ancient family of Glendowryne, on the western border. He used to narrate at his fireside, in the autumn evenings, the deeds of the family to which he belonged, one of whom fell by the side of the brave Earl of Douglas at Otterburne. On these occasions Simon

readily held upon his knee an ancient book-bound, which had belonged to his ancestors before any of the family had consented to accept a fall under the peaceful domination of the Monks of Saint Mary's. In modern days Simon might have lived at ease on his own estate, and quietly murmured against the fate that had doomed him to dwell there, and cut off his access to martial renown. But so many opportunities, nay, so many calls there were for him, who in those days spoke big, to make good his words by his actions, that Simon Glendinning was now under the necessity of residing with the wren of the Habbone, as it was called, of Saint Mary's, in that dangerous campaign which was conducted by the lords of Pictie.

The Catholic clergy were deeply interested in that national quarrel, the principal object of which was to prevent the union of the infant Queen Mary with the son of the heretical Henry VIII. The Monks had called out their vassals under an experienced leader. Many of themselves had taken arms, and marched to the field, under a banner representing a female, supposed to personify the Scottish Church, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, with the legend, *Afflicto Spemini et dolentiori.*"

The Scots, however, in all their wars had more occasion for good and cautious generals than for exaltation, whether political or enthusiastic. Their headlong and impatient courage unduly induced them to rush into action without duly weighing either their own situation or that of their enemies, and the inevitable consequence was frequent defeat. With the dolorous slaughter of Pictie we have nothing to do, excepting that, among ten thousand men of low and high degree, Simon Glendinning of the Tower of Glendoring hit the dart, as was disparaging to his death that ancient name from which he claimed his descent.

When the doleful news, which spread terror and mourning through the whole of Scotland, reached the Tower of Glendoring, the widow of Simon, Elspeth Dryden by her family name, was alone in that desolate habitation, excepting a maid or two, able past martial and agricultural labour, and the helpless widows and families of those who had fallen with their master. The feeling of desolation was universal;—but what availed it? The monks, their patrons and protectors, were driven from their Abbey by the English forces, who now overrun the country, and

* *Proper est the afflicted spouse.*

conferred at least an appearance of submission on the part of the inhabitants. The Protector Somerset formed a strong camp among the ruins of the ancient Castle of Roxburgh, and compelled the neighbouring country to come in, pay tribute, and take oaths from him, on the places then won. Indeed, there was no power of resistance remaining; and the few barons whose high spirit defied even the appearance of surrender could only retreat into the wildest fastnesses of the country, leaving their houses and property to the wrath of the English, who detached parties everywhere to distress, by military coercion, those whose chiefs had not made their submission. The Abbot and his community having retreated beyond the Forth, their hands were severely tormented, as their sentiments were held peculiarly inimical to the alliance with England.

Amongst the troops detached on this service was a small party commanded by Steward's Bolton, a captain in the English army, and full of the blunt and unpretending gallantry and generosity which has so often distinguished that nation. Resistance was in vain. Elizabeth Frykone, when she deserted a dozen of hermenes threading their way up the glen, with a man at their head, whose scarlet cloak, bright armour, and daring glance, proclaimed him a leader, saw no better protection for herself than to leave from the iron grates, covered with a long mourning veil, and holding one of her two sons in each hand, to meet the Englishman—state her deserted condition—place the little tower at his command—and beg for his mercy. She stated in a few brief words her intention, and added, "I submit, because I have no means of resistance."

"And I do not ask your submission, mistress, for the same reason," replied the Englishman. "To be satisfied of your peaceful intentions is all I ask; and from what you tell me there is no reason to doubt them."

"At least, sir," said Elizabeth Frykone, "take share of what our spence and our garners afford. Your horses are tired—your folk want refreshment."

"Not a whit—not a whit," answered the honest Englishman; "it shall never be said we (distracted by counsel the widow of a brave soldier while she was mourning for her husband.—Comrades, hush about.—Yet stay," he added, checking his war-horse, "my parties are out in every direction; they must have some token that your family are under my assurance of safety.—Here,

my little fellow," said he, speaking to the eldest boy, who might be about nine or ten years old, "lend me thy bonnet."

The child reddened, looked sulky, and hesitated, while the mother, with many a *fit* and *say please*, and such sweetest childings as tender mothers give to spoiled children, at length succeeded in snatching the bonnet from him, and handing it to the English leader.

Stewart Bolton took his embroidered red cross from his breast, and putting it into the loop of the boy's bonnet, said to the mistress (for the title of lady was not given to dames of her degree), "By this token, which all my people will respect, you will be freed from any importunity on the part of our destroyers." He placed it on the boy's head; but it was no sooner there, than the little fellow, his veins swelling, and his eyes shooting fire through tears, snatched the bonnet from his head, and, ere his mother could interfere, skinned it into the brook. The other boy ran instantly to fish it out again, threw it back to his brother, first taking out the cross, which, with great veneration, he kissed and put into his bosom. The Englishman was half abashed, half surprised with the scene.

"What mean ye by throwing away Saint George's red cross?" said he to the elder boy, in a tone betwixt just and earnest.

"Because Saint George is a southern saint," said the child, sulkily.

"Good!" said Stewart Bolton.—"And what did you mean by taking it out of the brook again, my little fellow?" he demanded of the younger.

"Because the priest says it is the common sign of salvation to all good Christians."

"Why, good again!" said the honest soldier. "I protest unto you, mistress, I envy you these lads. Are they both yours?"

Stewart Bolton had reason to put the question, for Halbert Glendinning, the elder of the two, had hair as dark as the raven's plumage, black eyes, large, bold and sparkling, that glittered under eyebrows of the same complexion; a skin deep embrowned, though it could not be termed swarthy, and an air of activity, frankness, and determination, far beyond his age. On the other hand, Edward, the younger brother, was light-

* FINE C. GILBERT.

haired, blue-eyed, and of fair complexion, in countenance rather pale, and not exhibiting that ruddy hue which colours the sanguine cheek of robust health. Yet the boy had nothing sickly or ill-conditioned in his look, but was, on the contrary, a fair and handsome child, with a smiling face, and mild, yet cheerful eye.

The mother glanced a proud motherly glance, first at the one, and then at the other, ere she answered the Englishman, "Surely, sir, they are both my children."

"And by the same father, mistress!" said Steward; but, seeing a blush of displeasure arise on her brow, he instantly added, "Nay, I mean no offence; I would have asked the same question at any of my guests in merry Iceland.—Well, dame, you have two fair boys; I would I could borrow one, for Dame Bolton and I live childless in our old hall.—Come, little fellows, which of you will go with me?"

The trembling mother, half-dreading as he spoke, drew the children towards her, one with either hand, while they both answered the stranger. "I will not go with you," said Halbert, boldly, "for you are a false-hearted Southern; and the Southerners killed my father; and I will war on you to the death, when I can draw my father's sword."

"God-a-mercy, my little levin-bolt," said Steward, "the gentle custom of deadly feud will never go down in thy day, I presume.—And you, my fair white-head, will you not go with me, to ride a cock-horse?"

"No," said Edward, demurely, "for you are a bovish."

"Why, God-a-mercy still!" said Steward Bolton. "Well, dame, I see I shall find no recruits for my troop from you; and yet I do carry you those two little chubby knaves." He sighed a moment, as was visible, in spite of glee and content, and then added, "And yet, my dame and I would but quarrel which of the knaves we should like best; for I should wish for the black-eyed rooper—and she, I warrant me, for that blue-eyed, fair-haired darling. Nevertheless, we must brook our solitary vedlock, and wish joy to those that are more fortunate. Sergeant Britton, do thou remain here till recalled—protect this family, as under assaunt—do them no wrong, and suffer no wrong to be done to them, as thou wilt answer it.—Dame, Britton is a married man, old and steady; feed him as what you will, but give him not over much liquor."

Dame Glendinning again offered refreshments, but with a faltering voice, and an obvious desire her invitation should not be accepted. The fact was, that, supposing her boys as precious in the eyes of the Englishman as in her own (the most ordinary of parental errors), she was half afraid that the admiration he expressed of them in his blunt manner might end in his actually carrying off one or other of the little darlings whom he appeared to love so much. She kept hold of their hands, therefore, as if her feeble strength could have been of service, had any violence been intended, and now, with joy she could not disguise, the little party of home countermarch, in order to devote the glen. Her feelings did not escape Stewart Bolton: "I forgive you, dame," he said, "for being suspicious that an English father was hovering over your Scottish motherhood. But fear not—those who have forest children have forest axes; nor does a wise man count those of another household. Adieu, dame; when the black-eyed rogue is able to drive a ferry from England, teach him to spare women and children, for the sake of Stewart Bolton."

"God be with you, gallant Southern!" said Elspeth Glendinning, but not till he was out of hearing, spurring on his good horse to regain the head of his party, whose plumes and armour were now glancing and gradually disappearing in the distance, as they winded down the glen.

"Mother," said the elder boy, "I will not say amen to a prayer for a Southern."

"Mother," said the younger, more reverentially, "is it right to pray for a heathen?"

"The God to whom I pray only knows," answered poor Elspeth; "but these two weeks, Southern and heathen, have already cost Scotland ten thousand of her best and bravest, and me a husband, and you a father; and, whether blessing or banning, I never wish to hear them more.—Follow me to the Place, sir," she said to Britton, "and such as we have to offer you shall be at your disposal."

CHAPTER THIRD.

They lighted down on Tread water,
And blew their souls one last,
And stood the March and Treadle,
All in an evening late.

AND MARLBOROUGH.

THE report soon spread through the parishes of Saint Mary's and its vicinity, that the Mistress of Glendearg had received assurance from the English Captain, and that her cattle were not to be driven off, or her cows burned. Among others who heard this report, it reached the ears of a lady, who, once much higher in rank than Elspeth Glendearg, was now by the same calamity reduced to even greater misfortune.

She was the widow of a brave soldier, Walter Arundel, descended of a very ancient English family, who once possessed immense estates in Scotland. These had long since passed from them into other hands, but they still enjoyed an ancient Barony of considerable extent, not very far from the parishes of Saint Mary's, and lying upon the same side of the river with the narrow vale of Glendearg, at the head of which was the little tower of the Glendeargs. Here they had lived, bearing a respectable rank amongst the gentry of their province, though neither wealthy nor powerful. This general regard had been much augmented by the skill, courage, and enterprise which had been displayed by Walter Arundel, the last Baron.

When Scotland began to recover from the dreadful shock she had sustained after the battle of Pinkie-Cleuch,* Arundel was one of the first who, assembling a small force, set an example in those bloody and unsparring skirmishes, which showed that a nation, though conquered and overrun by invaders, may yet wage against them such a war of detail as shall in the end become fatal to the invaders. In one of these, however, Walter Arundel fell, and the news which came to the house of his father was followed by the distracting intelligence, that a party

* [This engagement took place in 1547 on a field about seven miles east of Edinburgh. The Scotch forces were defeated with much loss by the English under the Earl Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset.]

of Englishmen were coming to plunder the manor and lands of his widow, in order, by this act of terror, to prevent others from following the example of the deceased.

The unfortunate lady had no better refuge than the miserable cottage of a shepherd among the hills, to which she was hastily removed, under pretence where or for what purpose her terrified attendants were removing her and her infant daughter from her own house. Here she was tended with all the delicate service of ancient times by the shepherd's wife, Tibb Tacket, who in better days had been her own housewren. For a time the lady was unconscious of her misery; but when the first stunning effect of grief was at last passed away that she could form an estimate of her own situation, the widow of Arvend had cause to envy the lot of her husband in his dark and silent abode. The domestics who had guided her to her place of refuge, were presently obliged to depart for their own safety, or to seek for necessary subsistence; and the shepherd and his wife, whose poor cottage she shared, were soon after deprived of the means of affording their late mistress even that coarse sustenance which they had gladly shared with her. Some of the English fugitives had discovered and driven off the few sheep which had escaped the first ravages of their marauds. Two cows shared the fate of the remainder of their stock; they had afforded the family almost their sole support, and now famine appeared to stare them in the face.

"We are broken and beggared now, cut and cut," said old Martin the shepherd—and he wrung his hands in the bitterness of agony, "the thieves, the harrying thieves! not a cloak left of the half breed!"

"And to see poor Griory and Crumbie," said his wife, "turning back their necks to the bye, and ranting while the stout-hearted villians were hogging them on wth their knives!"

"There were but five of them," said Martin, "and I have seen the day forty and not have rendered this length. But our strength and manhood is gone with our poor master."

"For the sake of the holy rood, widdit, man," said the goodwife, "our hobby is half gone already, as ye may see by that frightening of the noble—a wool rack and she's dead out-right."

"I could almost wish," said Martin, "we were a' gone, for what to do passes my poor wit. I care little for myself, or you,

Tibb—we can make a feed—work or want—we can do both, but she can do neither.”

They embarrassed their situation thus speedily before the lady, convinced by the paleness of her look, her quivering lip, and deadest eye, that she neither heard nor understood what they were saying.

“There is a way,” said the shepherd, “but I know if she could bring her heart to it—there’s Simon Glendinning’s widow of the glen yonder, has had assurance from the Southern lords, and now soddie to steer them for one cause or other. Now, if the lady could bow her mind to take quarters with Elspeth Glendinning till better days come up, no doubt it wud be doing an honour to the Kin of her, but”——

“An honour,” answered Tibb, “ay, by my word, an honour as wud be guid to her kin many a lang year after her bones were in the mould. Oh ! goodness, to hear ye even the Lady of Arvold to seeking quarters of a Kirk-cassid’s widow !”

“Loud should I be to wish her to it,” said Martin ; “but what may we do !—to stay here is more starvation ; and where to go, I’m sure I ken nae mair than my tap I ever herded.”

“Speak na more of it,” said the widow of Arvold, suddenly joining in the conversation, “I will go to the tower.—Dame Elspeth is of good folk, a widow, and the mother of orphans—she will give us house-room until something be thought upon. Three civil showres make the low bush better than na field.”

“See there, see there,” said Martin, “you see the lady has taken our sense.”

“And natural it is,” said Tibb, “seeing that she is convent-bred, and can lay silt broodery, finby white-work and shell-work.”

“Do you not think,” said the lady to Martin, still clasping her child to her bosom, and making it clear from what motives she desired the refuge, “that Dame Glendinning will make us welcome !”

“Heithly welcome, bithely welcome, my lady,” answered Martin cheerily, “and we shall deserve a welcome at her hand. Men are scarce now, my lady, with these wars ; and gie me a thought of time to it, I can do as good a day’s day as ever I did in my life, and Tibb can aye crew with my bring woman.”

“And muckle mair could I do,” said Tibb, “were it my

Seattle house; but there will be neither pearls to mend, nor plumes to buck up, in Elizabeth Glenham's."

"Wishit wif your pride, woman," said the shepherd; "enough ye can do, both outside and inside, as ye set your mind to it; and hard it is if we two can work for three folk's meat, fairly my dairy was laddy there. Come awa, come awa, the wee is staying here langer; we have five Scots miles over moss and mair, and that is no easy walk for a laddy bonn and head."

Household stuff there was little or none to remove or save for; an old pony which had escaped the plunderers, owing partly to its pitiful appearance, partly from the reluctance which it showed to be caught by strangers, was employed to carry the few blankets and other trifles which they possessed. When Shagran came to his master's well-known whistle, he was surprised to find the poor thing had been wounded, though slightly, by an arrow, which one of the farmers had shot off in anger after he had long chased it in vain.

"Ay, Shagran," said the old man, as he applied something to the wound, "must you run the lang-bow as well as all of us?"

"What corner in Scotland runs it not?" said the Lady of Arvenel.

"Ay, ay, madam," said Martin, "God keep the kindly Scot from the cloth-yard shaft, and he will keep himself from the handy stick. But let us go our way; the truth that is left I can come back for. There is nae one to stir it but the good neighbours, and they"—

"For the love of God, Goodman," said his wife, in a remonstrating tone, "hush your peace! Think what ye're saying, and we has nae muckle wild head to go over before we win to the sixth gate."

The husband nodded acquiescence; for it was deemed highly imprudent to speak of the fairies, either by their title of good neighbours or by any other, especially when about to pass the places which they were supposed to haunt.*

They set forward on their pilgrimage on the last day of October. "This is thy birthday, my sweet Mary," said the mother, as a sting of bitter recollection crossed her mind. "Oh, who could have believed that the head, which, a few years since, was caressed amongst so many rejoicing friends, may perhaps this night seek a cover in vain!"

* *See D. The Fairies.*

The cuffed family then set forward,—Mary Avenel, a lovely girl between five and six years old, riding gipsy fashion upon Shagreen, between two bundles of bedding; the Lady of Avenel walking by the animal's side; Tibb leading the bridle, and old Martin walking a little before, looking anxiously around him to explore the way.

Martin's task as guide, after two or three miles' walking, became more difficult than he himself had expected, or than he was willing to avow. It happened that the extensive range of pasturage, with which he was conversant, lay to the west, and to get into the little valley of Glenabeg he had to proceed easterly. In the wilder districts of Scotland, the passage from one vale to another, otherwise than by descending that which you leave, and ascending the other, is often very difficult.—Highs and hollows, mosses, and rocks intervene, and all these local impediments which throw a traveller out of his course. So that Martin, however sure of his general direction, became conscious, and at length was forced reluctantly to admit, that he had misread the direct road to Glenabeg, though he insisted they must be very near it. "If ye can but win across this wide bog," he said, "I shall warrant ye are on the top of the tower."

But to get across the bog was a point of no small difficulty. The further they ventured into it, though proceeding with all the caution which Martin's experience recommended, the more unsteady the ground became, until after they had passed some places of great peril, their best argument for going forward came to be, that they had to encounter equal danger in returning.

The Lady of Avenel had been tenderly nurtured, but what will not a woman endure when her child is in danger! Over-estimating less of the dangers of the road than her attendants, who had been reared to such from their infancy, she kept herself close by the side of the pony, watching its every foot-step, and ready, if it should flounder in the morass, to snatch her little Mary from its back. At length they came to a place where the guide greatly hesitated, for all around him were broken lumps of heath, divided from each other by deep sloughs of black impenetrable mire. After great consideration, Martin, selecting what he thought the safest path, began himself to lead forward Shagreen, in order to afford greater security to the child.

But Shagran started, laid his ears back, stretched his two feet forward, and drew his hind feet under him, so as to adopt the best possible posture for obstinate resistance, and refused to move one yard in the direction indicated. Old Martin, much puzzled, now hesitated whether to exert his absolute authority, or to defer to the contumacious obstinacy of Shagran, and was not greatly comforted by his wife's observation, who, seeing Shagran stare with his eyes, distend his nostrils, and tremble with terror, hinted that "he surely saw more than they could see."

In this dilemma, the child suddenly exclaimed—"Dowry jolly sign to us to come you gaze." They all looked in the direction where the child pointed, but saw nothing, save a wreath of rising mist, which fancy might form into a human figure; but which affected to Martin only the sorrowful conviction, that the danger of their situation was about to be increased by a heavy fog. He once more essayed to lead forward Shagran; but the animal was inflexible in its determination not to move in the direction Martin recommended. "Take your own way for it, then," said Martin, "and let us see what you can do for us."

Shagran, abandoned to the discretion of his own free-will, set off jolly in the direction the child had pointed. There was nothing wonderful in this, nor in its bringing them safe to the other side of the dangerous moors; for the instinct of those animals in traversing hegs is one of the most curious parts of their nature, and is a fact generally established. But it was remarkable, that the child more than once mentioned the beautiful lady and her signals, and that Shagran seemed to be in the secret, always moving in the same direction which she indicated. The Lady of Arundel took little notice at the time, her mind being probably occupied by the instant danger; but her attendants exchanged expressive looks with each other more than once.

"All-Hallow Eve!" said Tibb, in a whisper to Martin.

"For the mercy of Our Lady, not a word of that now!" said Martin in reply. "Tell your heads, women, if you cannot be silent."

When they got once more on firm ground, Martin recognised certain landmarks, or signs, on the tops of the neighbouring hills, by which he was enabled to guide his course, and ere long they arrived at the Tower of Glendoung.

It was at the sight of this little fortune that the misery of her lot pressed hard on the poor Lady of Avenel. When by any accident they had met at church, market, or other place of public resort, she remembered the distant and respectful air with which the wife of the warlike baron was addressed by the spouse of the humble peasant. And now, so much was her pride humbled, that she was to ask to share the precarious safety of the same peasant's widow, and her pittance of food, which might perhaps be yet more precarious. Martin probably guessed what was passing in her mind, for he looked at her with a wistful glance, as if to deprecate any charge of weakness; and answering to his looks, rather than his words, she said, while the sparkle of subdued pride once more glowed from her eye, "If it were for myself alone, I could but die—but for this infant—the last pledge of Avenel!"—

"True, my lady," said Martha, hastily; and, as if to prevent the possibility of her retracting, he added, "I will step on, and see Dame Elspeth—I lend her husband wool, and have bought and sold with him, for as great a man as he was."

Martin's tale was soon told, and met all acceptance from her compassion in misfortune. The Lady of Avenel had been mark and martens in her prosperity; in adversity, therefore, she met with the greatest sympathy. Besides, there was a point of pride in sheltering and supporting a woman of such superior birth and rank; and, not to do Elspeth Glendinning injustice, she felt sympathy for one whose fate resembled her own in so many points, yet was so much more severe. Every species of hospitality was gladly and respectfully extended to the distressed travellers, and they were kindly requested to stay as long at Glendoring as their circumstances rendered necessary, or their inclination prompted.

CHAPTER FOURTE.

Heir be I found by this c'ward,
 In that thirde-bellow'd era, ahead,
 When golden times, from this, or this,
 Or mine, or thine, the walls of men !

Colman's Ode to Fear.

As the country became more settled, the Lady of Arundel would have willingly returned to her husband's mansion. But that was no longer in her power. It was a reign of minority, when the strongest had the best right, and when acts of usurpation were frequent amongst those who had much power and little conscience.

Julian Arundel, the younger brother of the deceased Walter, was a person of this description. He hesitated not to seize upon his brother's house and lands, so soon as the retreat of the English permitted him. At first, he occupied the property in the name of his niece ; but when the lady proposed to return with her child to the mansion of its fathers, he gave her to understand, that Arundel, being a male heir, descended to the brother, instead of the daughter, of the last possessor. The ancient philosopher declined a dispute with the emperor who commanded twenty legions, and the widow of Walter Arundel was in no condition to maintain a contest with the leader of twenty men-at-arms. Julian was also a man of service, who could back a sword in case of need, and was sure, therefore, to find protectors among the ruling powers. In short, however clear the little Mary's right to the possessions of her father, her mother saw the necessity of giving way, at least for the time, to the usurpation of her uncle.

Her patience and subservience were so far attended with advantage, that Julian, for very shame's sake, could no longer suffer her to be absolutely dependant on the charity of Elspeth Glenferris. A drove of cattle and a bull (which were probably seized by some English farmer) were driven to the pasture of Glenburg ; presents of raiment and household stuff were sent liberally, and some little money, though with a more sparing hand : for those in the situation of Julian Arundel could

came more easily by the goods, than the representing medium of value, and made their payments chiefly in kind.

In the meantime, the widows of Walter Arund and Simon Glendinning had become habituated to each other's society, and were unwilling to part. The lady could hope no more secret and secure residence than in the Tower of Glendoung, and she was now in a condition to support her share of the mutual housekeeping. Elspeth, on the other hand, felt pride, as well as pleasure, in the society of a guest of such distinction, and was at all times willing to pay much greater forbearance than the Lady of Walter Arund could be prevailed on to accept.

Martin and his wife diligently served the united family in their several vocations, and yielded obedience to both mistresses, though always considering themselves as the especial servants of the Lady of Arund. This distinction sometimes occasioned a slight degree of difference between Emma Elspeth and Tilly; the former being jealous of her own consequence, and the latter apt to lay too much stress upon the rank and family of her mistress. But both were alike desirous to remove such petty squabbles from the lady, her business senses yielding to her old domestic respect for her person. Neither did the difference exist in such a degree as to interrupt the general harmony of the family, for the one wisely gave way as she saw the other become warm; and Tilly, though she often gave the first provocation, had generally the sense to be the first in relinquishing the argument.

The world which lay beyond was gradually forgotten by the inhabitants of this sequestered glen, and seldom when she attended mass at the Monastery Church upon some high holiday, Alice of Arund almost forgot that she once held an equal rank with the proud wives of the neighbouring barons and nobles who on such occasions crowded to the solemnity. The recollection gave her little pain. She loved her husband for himself, and in his inevitable loss all lesser subjects of regret had ceased to interest her. At times, indeed, she thought of claiming the protection of the Queen Regent (Mary of Orléans) for her little orphan, but the fear of Julian Arund always came between. She was sensible that he would have neither scruple nor difficulty in springing away the child (if he did not proceed further), should he once consider its existence as favourable to his interest. Besides he led a wild and unsettled life, ming-

ling in all deals and things, wherever there was a spear to be broken; he refused on purpose of marrying, and the fact which he continually was leaving might at length remove him from his usurped inheritance. Alice of Arund, therefore, judged it wise to check all ambitious thoughts for the present, and remain quiet in the rude, but peaceful retreat to which Providence had conducted her.

It was upon an All-Hallow's Eve, when the family had resided together for the space of three years, that the domestic circle was assembled round the blazing turf-fire, in the old narrow hall of the Tower of Glendurg. The idea of the master or mistress of the mansion footing or living apart from their domestics, was at this period never entertained. The highest end of the board, the most conspicuous settle by the fire,—these were the only marks of distinction; and the servants mingled, with deference indeed, but unseparated and with freedom, in whatever conversation was going forward. But the two or three domestics, kept merely for agricultural purposes, had retired to their own cottages without, and with them a couple of wenches, usually employed within doors, the daughters of one of the blacks.

After their departure, Martin locked, first, the iron grate; and, secondly, the inner door of the tower, when the domestic circle was thus arranged. Dame Elsie sat peeling the thread from her distaff; Till watched the progress of mashing the whey, which hung in a large pot upon the oven, a chain terminated by a hook, which was suspended in the chimney to serve the purpose of the modern crane. Martin, while busied in repairing some of the household articles (for every man in those days was his own carpenter and smith, as well as his own tailor and shoemaker), kept from time to time a watchful eye upon the three children.

They were allowed, however, to exercise their juvenile restlessness by running up and down the hall, behind the seats of the older members of the family, with the privilege of occasionally making excursions into one or two small apartments which opened from it, and gave excellent opportunity to play at hide-and-seek. This night, however, the children seemed not disposed to avail themselves of their privilege of visiting those dark regions, but preferred carrying on their gambols in the vicinity of the light.

In the meanwhile, Alice of Arvend, sitting close to an iron candlestick, which supported a misshapen tank of domestic manufacture, read small detached passages from a thick chapel volume, which she preserved with the greatest care. The act of reading the lady had acquired by her residence in a monastery during her youth, but she seldom, of late years, put it to any other use than perusing this little volume, which formed her whole library. The family listened to the portions which she selected, as to some good thing which there was a merit in hearing with respect, whether it was fully understood or no. To her daughter, Alice of Arvend had determined to impart their mystery more fully, but the knowledge was at that period attended with personal danger, and was not ready to be trusted to a child.

The noise of the romping children interrupted, from time to time, the voice of the lady, and drew on the noisy culprits the rebuke of Elspeth.

"Could they not go farther a-field, if they believed to make such a din, and disturb the lady's good work?" And this command was backed with the threat of sending the whole party to bed if it was not attended to promptly. Acting under the injunction, the children first played at a greater distance from the party, and more quietly, and then began to stray into the adjacent apartments, as they became impatient of the restraint to which they were subjected. But, all at once, the two boys came open-mouthed into the hall, to tell that there was an armed man in the garden.

"It must be Christie of Clithell," said Martin, rising; "what can have brought him here at this time?"

"Or how came he in?" said Elspeth.

"Alas! what can he seek?" said the Lady of Arvend, to whom this man, a retainer of her husband's brother, and who sometimes executed his commissions at Glendurg, was an object of secret apprehension and suspicion. "Gracious Heaven!" she added, rising up, "where is my child?" All rushed to the garden, Halbert Glendurg first arising himself with a steady sword, and the younger sitting upon the lady's book. They hastened to the garden, and were relieved of a part of their anxiety by meeting Mary at the door of the apartment. She did not seem in the slightest degree alarmed, or disturbed. They rushed into the garden (a sort of interior apartment is

which the family ate their victuals in the summer season), but there was no one there.

"Where is Christie of Clithill?" asked Martin.

"I do not know," said little Mary; "I never saw him."

"And what made you, ye wicked loons," said Dame Elspeth to her two boys, "come you gae into the ha', raising like hellage, to frighten the lady, and her far less strong?" The boys looked at each other in silence and confusion, and their mother proceeded with her lecture. "Could ye find me right for daffin but Hallowe'en, and nae time but when the lady was reading to us about the holy Schair? May ne'er be in my fingers, if I durna sort ye hain't for it!" The eldest boy bent his open on the ground, the younger began to weep, but neither spoke; and the mother would have proceeded to execrations, but for the intercession of the little maiden.

"Dame Elspeth, it was my fault—I did say to them, that I saw a man in the spence."

"And what made you do so, child," said her mother, "to startle us all thus?"

"Because," said Mary, lowering her voice, "I could not help it."

"Not help it, Mary!—you occasioned all this life noise, and you could not help it! How reason you by that, minnie?"

"There really was an armed man in this spence," said Mary; "and because I was surprised to see him, I cried out to Halbert and Edward!"

"He has told it himself," said Halbert Glenlister, "or it had never been told by me."

"Nor by me neither," said Edward, anxiously.

"Mistress Mary," said Elspeth, "you never told us anything before that was not true; tell us if this was a Hallowe'en mischief, and make an end of it." The Lady of Arncloth looked as if she would have interposed, but knew not how; and Elspeth, who was too eagerly anxious to repeat any distant hint, persevered in her inquiries. "Was it Christie of the Clithill?—I would not for a mark that he were about the house, and a lady as her whom."

"It was not Christie," said Mary; "it was—it was a gentleman—a gentleman with a bright bonnet, like what I has seen happen, when we dined at Arncloth!"

"What like was he?" continued Tibb, who now took share in the investigation.

"Black-haired, black-eyed, with a peaked black beard," said the child, "and many a fold of pouring round his neck, and hanging down his breast over his breastplate; and he had a beautiful hawk, with silver bells, standing on his left hand, with a crimson silk hood upon its head"—

"Ask her no more questions, for the love of God," said the anxious maternal to Elspeth, "but look to my laddy!" But the lady of Arundel, taking Mary in her hand, turned hastily away, and, walking into the hall, gave them no opportunity of remarking in what manner she received the child's communication, which she then cut short. What Tibb thought of it appeared from her crossing herself repeatedly, and whispering into Elspeth's ear, "Saint Mary preserve us!—the lady has seen her father!"

When they reached the hall, they found the lady holding her daughter on her knee, and blessing her repeatedly. When they entered, she again arose, as if to show observation, and retired to the little apartment where her child and she occupied the same bed.

The boys were also sent to their cabin, and no one remained by the hall save the faithful Tibb and Dame Elspeth, excellent persons both, and as thorough gossip as ever wagged a tongue.

It was but natural that they should instantly resume the subject of the supernatural appearance, for such they deemed it, which had this night alarmed the family.

"I could have wished it had been the devil himself—to good to and preserve us!—rather than Christ o' the Clinchill," said the mistress of the mansion, "for the word runs rife in the country, that he is one of the makit masters' thieves ever lay on horse."

"Hoot-tut, Dame Elspeth," said Tibb, "dar ye naething frae Christ; tude keep their ain holes close. Yae kirk-folk make sic a fabrick about men shifting a wee bit for their living! Our Border-lairds would ride with sic men at their back, if a' the light-headed lads were out o' gaie."

"Better they ride w' men that distress the country-side the gate they do," said Dame Elspeth.

"But wha is to head back the Scotsmen, then," said Tibb,

"If ye take away the leaves and breadcrumbs! I trow we could wince ourselves in that wif sock and wheel, and as little the monks wif tell and look."

"And was wed in the leaves and breadcrumbs has kept them back, I trow!—I was their belokken to as Southron, and that was Ruarth Bolton, then to a' the border-riders ever wore Saint Andrew's cross—I reckon their shodding back and forward, and lifting honest men's gear, has been a main cause of a' the breach between us and England, and I am sure that cost me a kind goodness. They spoke about the wedding of the Prince and our Queen, but it's as like to be the driving of the Cumberland folk's stocking that brought them down on us like dragons." Tibb would not have failed in other circumstances to mention what she thought reflections disparaging to her country folk; but she recollected that Dame Elspeth was mistress of the family, curbed her own unseemly passions, and listened to change the subject.

"And is it not strange," she said, "that the heiress of Avenel should have seen her father like blessed sight?"

"And ye think it was her father, then?" said Elspeth Glendinning.

"What else can I think?" said Tibb.

"It may has been something wair in his likeness," said Dame Glendinning.

"I ken nothing about that," said Tibb,—"but his likeness it was, that I will be sworn to, just as he used to ride out a-larking; for having enemies in the country, he seldom laid off the breastplate; and for my part," added Tibb, "I dinna think a man looks like a man unless he has steel on his breast, and by his side too."

"I have no skill of your business on breast or side either," said Dame Glendinning; "but I ken there is little lack in Hallowe'en nights, for I have had me myself."

"Indeed, Dame Elspeth!" said old Tibb, sitting her stool down to the huge elbow-chair occupied by her friend, "I should like to hear about that."

"Ye mean ken, then, Tibb," said Dame Glendinning, "that when I was a bairn of sixteen or twenty, it wair my faith if I wair at a' the merry-makings this about."

"That was very natural," said Tibb; "but ye hae sobered since that, or ye wairna hand our brave gillies see lightly."

"I have had that wad when me or any one," said the nation. "Awed, Tibb, a lass like me wadna be look waders, for I wadna see ill-favoured that the wiles wad look after me."

"How should that be," said Tibb, "and you are a wad-favoured woman to this day!"

"Fit, do, cummer," said the nation of Glendoung, blotching her seat of honour, in her turn, a little nearer to the settle-stool on which Tibb was seated; "wad-favoured is just my time of day; but I might pass there, for I wadna see tuckless but what I had a bit head at my breast-lass. My father was porterer of Little-doung."

"Ye has told me that before," said Tibb; "but about the Hallowe'en?"

"Awed, awed, I had naif joss then me, but I favoured rane o' them; and me, at Hallowe'en, Father Nicolas the collarer—he was collarer before this father, Father Olmest, that now is—was cracking his nuts and drinking his brown beer with us, and as blithe as might be, and they would have me try a cantrip to ken who wald wed me; and the monk said there was me ill in it, and if there was, he would reward me for it. And wile but I into the barn to winnow my three weights o' nothing—sair, sair my mind rebegs me for fear of wrong-doing and wrong-warring faith; but I had up a bauld spirit. I had not winnowed the last weight down yet, and the moon was shining bright upon the floor, when it stalked the presence of my dear Simon Glendoung, that is now happy. I never saw him plainer in my life than I did that moment; he held up an arrow as he passed me, and I wass'd awa wif fright. Nixle mark there was to bring me to myself again, and sair they tald to make me believe it was a trick of Father Nicolas and Simon between them, and that the arrow was to signify Cupid's shaft, as the Father called it; and many a time Simon wad thrap it to me after I was married—gude men, he liked not it should be said that he was sent out o' the body!—But mark the end o' it, Tibb; we were married, and the gray-gone wing was the death o' him after o' it."

"As it has been of over many brave men," said Tibb; "I wish there wadna be a bird as a goose, in the wide world, forty the dooking that we live at the barn-side."

"But tell me, Tibb," said Dame Glendoung, "what does your welly eye be reading out o' that thick black book wif the

silver slippers—there are over many gaiter words in it to come free my lady but a priest—An. It was about Robin Hood, or some o' David Lindsay's ballads, and wad her better what to say to it. I am no misdoobting your mistress's way, but I wad like ill to hae a doornet house haunted w' ghaists and gye-curses."

"Ye hae nae reason to doubt my lady, or anything she says or does, Dame Glendinning," said the faithful Tibb, something offended; "and trusting the lairds, it's wad kind she was born on Hallowe'en, was she yince gone, and they that are born on Hallowe'en wiles me mair than ither folk."

"And that wad be the cause, then, that the laird chides wad make the about what it says?—If it had been my Halbert himself, forty Edward, who is o' softer nature, he wad hae pardoned the half night o' a conspiracy. But it's the Mistress Mary has the rights mair mair'd to her."

"That may wad be," said Tibb; "for on Hallowe'en she was born, as I tell ye, and our auld parish priest wad say hee had the night even, and All-Hallow day began. But for 't that, the worst laird is just like ither lairds, as ye may see yourself; and except this blessed night, and some before when we were in that warty bog on the road here, I kenae that I saw mair than ither folk."

"But what saw she in the bog, then," said Dame Glendinning, "fauldy snaw-cocks and heather blisters?"

"The moon saw something like a white laddy that waded on the gate," said Tibb; "when we were like to hae perished in the moss-hags—certain it was that Shagran related, and I ken Martin thinks he saw something."

"And what might the white laddy be?" said Elspeth; "have ye any guess o' that?"

"It's wad kind that, Dame Elspeth," said Tibb; "if ye had lived under gill folk as I hae done, ye wadna be to ask in that matter."

"I hae aye kept my ain ha' house above my head," said Elspeth, not without emphasis, "and if I harena lived w' gill folk, gill folk hae lived w' me."

"Weel, weel, dame," said Tibb, "your garden's pruned, there was nae offence meant. But ye mean hae the great ancient families canna be just served w' the ordinary maids (pardon to them!) like Saint Anthony, Saint Outhbert, and the like, that

come and gang at every sinner's bidding, but they has a sort of sense or angels, or what not, to themselves; and as for the White Maiden of Awood, she is kind over the haill country. And she is eye seen to pass over and well before any o' that family dies, as was well kend by twenty folk before the death of Walter Awood, hedy be his rest!"

"If she can do me mair than that," said Elspeth, somewhat unreasonably, "they needna make many vews to her, I trow. Can she make me better dead for them than that, and has naething better to do than wait on them?"

"Hony leave services can the White Maiden do for them in the best o' that, and has done in the auld histories," said Tibb, "but I mind o' naething in my day, except it was her that the lairs saw in the bog."

"Awood, awood, Tibb," said Dame Glenfinning, rising and lighting the iron lamp, "these are great privileges of your grand folk. But Our Lady and Saint Paul are good enough saints for me, and I'll warrant them never leave me in a bog that they can help me out o', seeing I send four wroon candles to their chapels every Candlemas; and if they see not soon to weep at my death, I'll warrant them smile at my joyful rising again, whilk Heaven send to all o' us, Amen."

"Amen," answered Tibb, devoutly; "and now it's time I should hup up the wee bit gathering turf, as the fire is over low."

Early she set herself to perform this duty. The relief of Susan Glenfinning did not pause a moment to cast a lookful and cautious glance all around the hall, to see that nothing was out of its proper place; then, wishing Tibb good-night, she retired to repose.

"The deil's in the carline," said Tibb to herself; "because she was the wife of a cock-hind, she thinks herself greater, I trow, than the housewren of a lady of that ilk!" Having given vent to her suppressed spleen in this little ejaculation, Tibb also betook herself to slumber.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

A priest, to cry, a priest!—how shepherds they,
How shall they gather in the straggling flock?
Tame dogs which bark not—how shall they creep,
The lettering vagabonds to the Master's fold?
Fitter to look before the Master's fire,
And smelt the more unwholesome flames of sin,
Than on the altar-wealth battle with the wolf.

TRANSLATION.

THE health of the Lady of Arundel had been gradually decaying ever since her disaster. It seemed as if the few years which followed her husband's death had done on her the work of half a century. She lost the fresh elasticity of form, the colour and the vigor of health, and became wasted, weak, and feeble. She appeared to have no formed complaint; yet it was evident to those who looked on her, that her strength waned daily. Her lips at length became blanched and her eyes dim; yet she spoke not of any desire to see a priest, until Elspeth Glenlistering to her ear could not refrain from touching upon a point which she deemed essential to salvation. Alice of Arundel received her hint kindly, and thanked her for it.

"If any good priest would take the trouble of such a journey," she said, "he should be welcome; for the prayers and lessons of the good must be at all times advantageous."

This quiet suggestion was not quite what Elspeth Glenlistering wished or expected. She made up, however, by her own enthusiasm, for the lady's want of eagerness to avail herself of glysters so-called, and Martin was despatched with such haste as Blagden would make, to pray one of the religious men of Saint Mary's to come up to administer the last consolations to the widow of Walter Arundel.

When the Priorate had announced to the Lord Abbot, that the Lady of the manor of Walter de Arundel was in very weak health in the Tower of Glenlistering, and desired the assistance of a father confessor, the lordly monk passed on the report.

"We do remember Walter de Arundel," he said; "a good knight and a valiant; he was dispossessed of his lands, and slain by the Southern—May not the lady come hither to the sacrament of confession? the road is distant and painful to travel."

"The lady is unwell, holy father," answered the Sacristan, "and unable to bear the journey."

"True—ay—yes—then must one of our brethren go to her—
Knowest thou if she hath aught of a joineuse from this *Vallee de Avenel*?"

"Very little, holy father," said the Sacristan; "she hath resided at Glendunary since her husband's death, well-nigh on the charity of a poor widow, called Elspeth Glendunary."

"Why, then, knowest all the widows in the country-side?" said the Abbot. "Ho! ho! ho!" and he shook his poorly sides at his own jest.

"Ho! ho! ho!" echoed the Sacristan, in the tone and tone in which an inferior applauds the jest of his superior.—Then added, with a hypocritical smile, and a sly twinkle of his eye, "It is our duty, most holy father, to comfort the widow—Ho! ho! ho!"

This last laugh was more malicious, until the Abbot should put his question on the jest.

"Ho! ho!" said the Abbot; "then, to leave jesting, Father Philip, take thou thy riding gear, and go to comfort this Dame Avenel."

"But," said the Sacristan—

"Give us no *But*; neither *But* nor *If* pass between monk and Abbot, Father Philip; the bonds of discipline must not be relaxed—hussy gossips here like a snow-ball—the multitude expect confessions and proceedings from the Benedictines, as they would from so many beggary huns—and we may not desert the vineyard, though the toil be grievous unto us."

"And with so little advantage to the holy monastery," said the Sacristan.

"True, Father Philip; but wot you not that what prevents harm doeth good? This *Julien de Avenel* lives a light and evil life, and should we neglect the widow of his brother, he might stray our lands, and we never able to show who hurt us—moreover it is our duty to an ancient family, who, in their day, have been benefactors to the Abbey. Away with thee instantly, brother; this night and day, as it be necessary, and let men see how diligent Abbot Boniface and his faithful children are in the execution of their spiritual duty—tell not deterring them, for the glen is five miles in length,—fear not withholding them, for it is said to be haunted of apotres,—nothing moving them

from pursuit of their spiritual calling; to the confusion of uncharitable hostilities, and the comfort and edification of all true and faithful sons of the Catholic Church. I wonder what our brother Bastace will say to this?"

Bastace, with his own picture of the dangers and toil which he was to encounter, and the fame which he was to acquire (both by proxy), the Abbot moved slowly to finish his luncheon in the refectory, and the Sacristan, with an very good will, accompanied old Martin in his return to Glendowry; the greatest impediment in the journey being the trouble of restraining his proposed words, that she might tread in something like an equal pace with poor Julia Elageth.

After remaining an hour in private with his penitent, the monk returned moodily and full of thought. Dame Elageth, who had placed for the honored guest some refreshment in the hall, was struck with the countenance which appeared in his countenance. Elageth watched him with great anxiety. She observed there was that on his brow which rather resembled a person come from hearing the confession of some enormous crime, than the look of a confessor who resigned a reconciled penitent, not to earth, but to heaven. After long hesitating, she could not at length refrain from launching a question. She was sure, she said, the lady had made an easy shift. Five years had they resided together, and she could surely say, no woman lived better.

"Warum," said the Sacristan, sternly, "then speakest thou knowest not what—What words clearing the outside of the platter, if the inside be foul with leaven?"

"Our dishes and trenchers are not so clean as they could be wished, holy father," said Elageth, but half understanding what he said, and beginning with her apron to wipe the dust from the plates, of which she supposed him to complain.

"Furbear, Dame Elageth," said the monk; "your plates are as clean as wooden trenchers and pewter flagons can well be; the foulness of which I speak is of that pestiferous leaven which is daily becoming ingrafted in this our Holy Church of England, and as a mother-morn in the reno-gardland of the Spornes."

"Holy Mother of Heaven!" said Dame Elageth, crossing herself. "have I kept house with a heretic?"

"No, Elageth, no," replied the monk; "it were too strong a

speech for me to make of this unhappy lady, but I would I could say she is free from heretical opinions. Alas! they fly about like the pestilence by word-of-day, and infect even the first and fairest of the flock! For it is easy to see of this dame, that she hath been high in judgment as in rank."

"And she can write and read, I had almost said, as well as your reverence," said Elipeth.

"Whom doth she write to, and what doth she read?" said the monk, eagerly.

"Nay," replied Elipeth, "I cannot say I ever saw her write at all, but her maidens that was—she now across the family—says she can write—And for reading, she has often read to us good things out of a thick black volume with silver clasps."

"Let me see it," said the monk, hastily, "on your allegiance as a true vassal—on your faith as a Catholic Christian—instantly—instantly let me see it."

The good woman hesitated, alarmed at the tone in which the confessor took up her information; and being moreover of opinion, that what so good a woman as the Lady of Arundel studied so devoutly, could not be of a tendency actually evil. But borne down by the clamour, exclamations, and something like threats used by Father Philip, she at length brought him the fatal volume. It was easy to do this without suspicion on the part of the owner, as she lay on her bed exhausted with the fatigue of a long conference with her confessor, and as the small closet, or turret closet, in which was the book and her other trifling property, was accessible by another door. Of all her effects, the book was the last she would have thought of securing, for of what use or interest could it be to a family who neither read themselves, nor were in the habit of seeing any who did! so that Dame Elipeth had no difficulty in possessing herself of the volume, although her heart all the while accused her of an eagerness and an inhospitable part towards her friend and house. The double power of a lock and a feudal superior was before her eyes; and to say truth, the business, with which she might otherwise have resisted this double authority, was, I grieve to say it, much qualified by the curiosity she entertained, as a daughter of Eve, to have some explanation respecting the mysterious volume which the lady cherished with so much care, yet whose contents she imparted with such caution. For never had Alice of Arundel read there

any passage from the book in question until the iron door of the tower was locked, and all possibility of intrusion prevented. Even then, she had shown, by the selection of particular passages, that she was more anxious to impress on their minds the principles which the volume contained, than to introduce them to it as a new rule of faith.

When Elzabeth, half curious, half remorseful, had placed the book in the monk's hands, he exclaimed, after turning over the leaves, "Now, by mine order, it is as I suspected!—My uncle, my uncle!—I will abide no longer here—we'll hasten this done, done, in placing in my hands this perfidious volume."

"Is it then witchcraft or devil's work?" said Dame Elzabeth, in great agitation.

"Nay, God forbid!" said the monk, signing himself with the cross. "It is the Holy Scripture. But it is reached into the vulgar tongue, and therefore, by the order of the Holy Catholic Church, unfit to be in the hands of any lay person."

"And yet is the Holy Scripture communicated for our common salvation," said Elzabeth. "Good father, you must instruct mine ignorance better; but lack of wit cannot be a deadly sin, and truly, to my poor thinking, I should be glad to read the Holy Scripture."

"I dare say thou wouldst," said the monk; "and even thou did our mother Eve seek to have knowledge of good and evil, and thus Sin came into the world, and Death by Sin."

"I am sure, and it is true," said Elzabeth. "Oh, if she had died by the counsel of Saint Peter and Saint Paul!"

"If she had remembered the command of Heaven," said the monk, "which, as it gave her birth, life, and happiness, fixed upon the great earth conditions as best corresponded with its holy pleasure. I tell thee, Elzabeth, do *Not* depths—that is, the text alone, read with unskilled eye and unskilled lips, is like those strong medicines which sick men take by the advice of the learned. Such patients recover and thrive; while those dosing in them, at their own hand, shall perish by their own deed."

"Nay doubt, no doubt," said the poor woman, "your reverence knows best."

"Not I," said Father Philip, in a tone as deferential as he thought could possibly become the Guardian of Saint Mary's,—

"Not I, but the Holy Father of Christendom, and our own

holy father the Lord Abbot, knew best. I, the poor Sacristan of Saint Mary's, can but repeat what I hear from others my superiors. Yet of this, good woman, be assured—the Word, the more Word, slayeth. But the church hath her ministers to gloss and to expound the same unto her faithful congregation; and this I say, not so much, my beloved brethren—I mean my beloved sister* (for the Sacristan had got into the end of one of his old sermons)—“This I speak not so much of the nuns, curates, and secular clergy, so called because they live after the fashion of the monies or age, unknown by those ties which sequestrate us from the world; neither do I speak this of the mendicant friars, whether black or grey, whether crossed or uncrossed; but of the monks, and especially of the monks Benedictine, reformed on the rule of Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, thence called Cistercians, of which monks, Christian brethren—sister, I would say—great is the happiness and glory of the country in possessing the holy ministers of Saint Mary's, whom I, though an unworthy brother, may say it hath produced more saints, more bishops, more popes—may our patrons make us thankful!—thus my holy foundation is blessed. Wherefore—But I see Martin hath my uncle in readiness, and I will but salute you with the kiss of sisterhood, which maketh not ashamed, and so betake me to my tedious return, for the place is of bad reputation for the evil spirits which haunt it. Moreover, I may arrive too late at the bridge, whereby I may be obliged to take the river, which I observed to be somewhat swollen.”

Accordingly, he took his leave of Dame Elspeth, who was confounded by the rapidity of his utterance, and the doctrine he gave forth, and by no means easy on the subject of the book, which her conscience told her she should not have communicated to any one, without the knowledge of its owner.

Notwithstanding the haste which the monk, as well as his uncle, made to return to better quarters than they had left at the head of Glenisang; notwithstanding the eager desire Father Philip had to be the very first who should acquaint the Abbot that a copy of the book they most dreaded had been found within the Halliwell, or patrimony of the Abbey; notwithstanding, moreover, certain feelings which induced him to hurry as fast as possible through the gloomy and well-reputed glen, still the difficulties of the road, and the sister's want of habitude

of quick motion, were such, that twilight came upon him ere he had nearly cleared the narrow valley.

It was indeed a gloomy ride. The two sides of the vale were so near, that at every double of the river the shadows from the western sky fell upon, and totally obscured, the eastern bank; the thickets of copsewood seemed to wave with a portentous agitation of boughs and leaves, and the very crags and masses seemed higher and grimmer than they had appeared to the monk while he was travelling in daylight, and in company. Father Philip was heartily rejoiced, when, emerging from the narrow glen, he gained the open valley of the Tweed, which held on its majestic course from current to pool, and from pool stretched away to other currents, with a dignity peculiar to itself amongst the Scottish rivers; for whatever may have been the drought of the season, the Tweed usually fills up the space between its banks, adding having those extensive sheets of slingle which adorn the margins of many of the celebrated Scottish streams.

The monk, insensible to loneliness which his age had not regarded as deserving of notice, was, nevertheless, like a prudent general, pleased to find himself out of the narrow glen in which the enemy might have stolen upon him unperceived. He drew up his bridle, reduced his reins to her natural and luxurious snidle, instead of the agitating and broken trot at which, to his no small inconvenience, she had hitherto proceeded, and, wiping his brow, gazed forth at leisure on the broad moon, which, now mingling with the lights of evening, was rising over field and forest, village and fortress, and, above all, over the stately Monastery, seen far and dim amid the yellow light.

The worst part of the magnificent view, in the monk's apprehension, was that the Monastery stood on the opposite side of the river, and that of the many fine bridges which have since been built across that classical stream, not one then existed. There was, however, in recompense, a bridge then standing which has since disappeared, although its ruins may still be traced by the curious.

It was of a very peculiar form. Two strong abutments were built on either side of the river, at a part where the stream was peculiarly contracted. Upon a rock in the centre of the current was built a solid piece of masonry, constructed like the pier of a bridge, and presenting, like a pier, an angle to the

current of the stream. The masonry continued solid until the pier rose to a level with the two abutments upon either side, and from thence the building rose in the form of a tower. The lower story of this tower consisted only of an archway or passage through the building, over either entrance to which hung a drawbridge with counterpoises, either of which, when dropped, connected the archway with the opposite abutment, where the further end of the drawbridge rested. When both bridges were thus lowered, the passage over the river was complete.

The bridge-keeper, who was the dependant of a neighbouring lazar, resided with his family in the second and third stories of the tower, which, when both drawbridges were raised, formed an insulated fortress in the midst of the river. He was entitled to a small toll or custom for the passage, concerning the amount of which disputes sometimes arose between him and the passengers. It is needless to say, that the bridge-ward had usually the better in these questions, since he could at pleasure detain the traveller on the opposite side; or, suffering him to pass half-way, might keep him prisoner in his tower till they were agreed on the rate of postage.*

But it was most frequently with the monks of Saint Mary's that the warden had to dispute his prerogative. These holy men insisted his, and at length obtained a right of gratuitous passage to themselves, greatly to the discontent of the bridge-keeper. But when they demanded the same immunity for the numerous pilgrims who visited the shrine, the bridge-keeper would not give in, and was supported by his lord in his resistance. The controversy grew animated on both sides; the Abbot resented circumlocution, and the keeper of the bridge, though unable to retaliate in kind, yet made each individual monk who had to cross and recross the river, endure a sort of purgatory, ere he would accommodate them with a passage. This was a great inconvenience, and would have proved a more serious one, but that the river was fordable for man and horse in ordinary weather.

It was a fine moonlight night, as we have already said, when Father Philip approached this bridge, the singular construction of which gives a curious idea of the insecurity of the times. The river was not in flood, but it was above its ordinary level—a *lumpy water*, as it is called in that country, through which the

* Note B. Drawbridge at Bridge-end.

monk had no particular inclination to risk, if he could manage the matter better.

"Peter, my good friend," cried the Sacristan, raising his voice; "my very excellent friend, Peter, be so kind as to lower the drawbridge. Peter, I say, dost thou not hear?—it is thy gossip, Father Philip, who calls thee."

Peter heard him perfectly well, and saw him into the bargain; but as he had considered the Sacristan as peculiarly his enemy in his dispute with the convent, he went quietly to bed, after recommending the monk through his hoop-hair, observing to his wife, that, "riding the water in a moonlight night would do the Sacristan no harm, and would teach him the value of a brig the wet time, on which a man might pass high and dry, winter and summer, flood and ebb."

After exhausting his voice in entreaties and threats, which were equally unattended to by Peter of the Brig, as he was called, Father Philip at length moved down the river to take the solitary ford at the head of the next stream. Caving the rustic obstinacy of Peter, he began, nevertheless, to persuade himself that the passage of the river by the ford was not only safe but pleasant. The banks and scattered trees were as beautifully reflected from the bosom of the dark stream, the whole cool and delicious picture formed so pleasing a contrast to his late agitation, to the warmth consoled by his vain endeavours to move the reluctant porter of the bridge, that the result was rather agreeable than otherwise.

As Father Philip came close to the water's edge, at the spot where he was to enter it, there sat a female under a large broken scathed oak-tree, or rather under the remains of such a tree, weeping, wringing her hands, and looking earnestly on the current of the river. The monk was struck with astonishment to see a female there at that time of night. But he was, in all honest service,—and if a step farther, I put it upon his own conscience,—a devoted disciple of dance. After observing the maiden for a moment, although she seemed to take no notice of his presence, he was moved by her distress, and willing to offer his assistance. "Dance!" said he, "dost thou consent in an ordinary dance; peradventure, like myself, thou hast been refused passage at the bridge by the starfish keeper, and thy crossing may concern thee, either for performance of a vow, or some other weighty change."

The maiden uttered some inarticulate sounds, looked at the river, and then in the face of the Scartan. It struck Father Philip at that instant, that a Highland Chief of distinction had been for some time expected to pay his vows at the shrine of Saint Mary's; and that possibly this fair maiden might be one of his family, travelling alone for accomplishment of a vow, or left behind by some accident, to whom, therefore, it would be but right and prudent to use every civility in his power, especially as she seemed unacquainted with the Lowland tongue. Such at least was the only motive the Scartan was ever known to assign for his courtesy; if there was any other, I can more refer it to his own conscience.

To express himself by signs, the common language of all nations, the courteous Scartan first pointed to the river, then to his maid's crupper, and then made, as gracefully as he could, a sign to induce the fair military to mount behind him. She seemed to understand his meaning, for she rose up as if to accept his offer; and with the good monk, who, as we have hinted, was no great coward, laboured, with the pressure of the right leg and the use of the left rein, to place his maid with her side to the bank in such a position that the lady might mount with ease, she rose from the ground with rather perturbed activity, and at one bound was behind the monk upon the animal, much the firmer rider of the two. The maid by no means seemed to approve of this double burden; she bounded, balked, and would soon have thrown Father Philip over her head, had not the maiden with a firm hand detained him in the saddle.

At length the restive brute changed her humour; and, from refusing to budge off the spot, suddenly stretched her nose forward, and dashed into the ford as fast as she could scudger. A new terror now invaded the monk's mind—the ford seemed unusually deep, the water eddied off in strong ripples from the counter of the maid, and began to rise upon her side. Philip lost his presence of mind, which was at no time his most ready attribute, the maid yielded to the weight of the current, and as the rider was not attentive to keep her head turned up the river, she drifted downward, lost the ford and her footing at once, and began to swim with her head down the stream. And what was sufficiently strange, at the same moment, notwithstanding the extreme peril, the damsel began to sing, thereby

increasing, if anything could increase, the hoarse roar of the worthy Sacristan.

I.

Nearly seven o'clock, the moon shines bright,
 Both sunset and ripple are dancing in light.
 We have rounded the night river, I heard him exclaim,
 As we plashed along beneath the oak
 That wings its broad branches so far and so wide,
 Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
 "Who witness my meetings," the river he said,
 "My look shall be more in his hand he said;
 For a tide would sweep in a dainty mood,
 And I'll have my share with the pole and the rod."

II.

Nearly seven o'clock, the moon shines bright,
 There's a golden gleam on the distant height;
 There's a silver shadow on the silver bank,
 And the drizzling willows that wave on the bank,
 I see the silver, both thrust and tower,
 It is all set for the vespers hour;
 The monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
 But where's Father Philip, should tell the bell?

III.

Nearly seven o'clock, the moon shines bright,
 Downward we drift through shadow and light,
 Under you rock the silver deep,
 Quiet and silent, dark and deep.
 The Kalry has risen from the fatherless pool,
 He has lighted his candle of death and of soul;
 Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
 How he pokes and glares with his eyes on thee!

IV.

Good look to your fishing, when watch ye tonight?
 A man of morn, or a man of night?
 Is it hyman or priest that must float in your row,
 Or devil who wishes to snuff his love?
 Hark! heard ye the Kalry reply, as we pass'd,—
 "God's blessing on the water, he look'd the bridge fast!
 All that come to my row are such,
 I've met as hyman, lover or monk."

How long the damned night have continued to sting, or where the terrified monk's journey might have ended, is uncertain. As she sang the last stanza, they arrived at, or rather in, a broad tranquil sheet of water, caused by a strong wear or dam.

head, running across the river, which dashed in a broad current over the barrier. The male, whether from desire, or influenced by the motion of the current, made towards the net intended to supply the convent mills, and entered it half swimming half wading, and pitching the unlucky monk in and fire in the middle at a fearful rate.

As his person flew hither and thither, his garment became loose, and in an effort to retain it, his hand lighted on the volume of the *Lady of Arnaud* which was in his bosom. No sooner had he grasped it, than his companion pitched him out of the middle into the stream, where, still keeping her hand on his collar, she gave him two or three good kicks in the watery field, so as to ensure that every other part of him had its share of wetting, and then quitted her hold when he was so near the side that by a slight effort (of a great one he was incapable) he might scramble on shore. This accordingly he accomplished, and turning his eyes to see what had become of his extraordinary companion, she was nowhere to be seen ; but still he heard, as if from the surface of the river, and mixing with the noise of the water breaking over the dardard, a fragment of her wild song, which seemed to run thus :—

"Lashed—lashed ! the black took both eyes,
 She had you seen, Berwick with running seas !
 Oats ye, and oats ye, and blithe oat ye be,
 For seldom they last that go swimming with me."

The contrary of the monk's terror could be endured no longer ; his head grew dizzy, and, after staggering a few steps around and reeling himself against a wall, he sunk down in a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Now let us sit in converse. — That these words
 Be rooted from the rhythm of the church,
 That these dead lines be carved from the wheat,
 We say, I trust, agreed.—Yet how to do this,
 How knit the wilderness stop and treader vine-plant,
 Ours good adventure.

THE REVEREND.

THE vesper service in the Monastery Church of Saint Mary's was now over. The Abbot had dismissed himself of his magis-

loose vestures of ceremony, and resumed his ordinary habit, which was a black gown, worn over a white cassock, with a narrow surplice; a decent and venerable dress, which was calculated to set off to advantage the portly form of Abbot Boniface.

In quiet times no one could have filled the state of a retired Abbot, for such was his dignity, more respectably than his worthy position. He had, no doubt, many of those habits of self-indulgence which men are apt to acquire who live for themselves alone. He was vain, moreover; and when boldly contested, had sometimes shown symptoms of timidity, not very consistent with the high claims which he preferred as an ardent member of the church, or with the pastoral deducement which he exacted from his religious brethren, and all who were placed under his command. But he was hospitable, charitable, and by no means of himself disposed to proceed with severity against any one. In short, he would in other times have chambered out his term of performance with as much credit as any other "purple Abbot," was lived easily, but at the same time decorously—slept soundly, and did not dissipate himself with dreams.

But the wide alarm spread through the whole Church of Rome by the progress of the reformed doctrine, sorely disturbed the repose of Abbot Boniface, and opened to him a wide field of duties and cares which he had never so much as dreamed of. There were opinions to be combated and refuted—practices to be inquired into—heresies to be detected and punished—the false off to be retained—the wavering to be confirmed—scandal to be removed from the clergy, and the vigour of discipline to be re-established. Post upon post arrived at the Monastery of Saint Mary's—heresies ranking, and ridens advanced—this from the Privy Council, that from the Primate of Scotland, and this other again from the Queen Mother, exhorting, approving, condemning, requesting advice upon this subject, and requiring information upon that.

These missions Abbot Boniface received with an important air of helplessness, or a helpless air of importance, whichever the reader may please to term it, offering at once gratified vanity, and profound trouble of mind.

The sharp-witted Primate of Saint Andrews had foreseen the deficiencies of the Abbot of Saint Mary's, and endeavored to

provide for them by getting admitted into his Monastery as Sub-Prior a brother Cleverina, a man of parts and knowledge, devoted to the service of the Catholic Church, and very capable not only to advise the Abbot on occasions of difficulty, but to make him sensible of his duty in case he should, from goodness or timidity, be disposed to shrink from it.

Father Eastace played the same part in the Monastery as the old general who, in foreign service, is placed at the elbow of the Prince of the Blood, who nominally commands in chief, on condition of attempting nothing without the advice of his dry-nurse; and he shared the fate of all such dry-nurses, being heartily disliked as well as feared by his principal. Still, however, the Primat's intention was fully answered. Father Eastace became the constant theme and often the bugbear of the worthy Abbot, who hardly dared to turn himself to his bed without considering what Father Eastace would think of it. In every case of difficulty, Father Eastace was consulted, and his opinion asked; and no matter was the embarrassment removed, than the Abbot's next thought was how to get rid of his adviser. In every letter which he wrote to those in power, he recommended Father Eastace to some high church postment, a bishopric or an abbey; and as they dropped one after another, and were otherwise conferred, he began to think, as he confessed to the Superior in the bitterness of his spirit, that the Monastery of Saint Mary's had got a different lease of their Sub-Prior.

Yet more indignant he would have been, had he suspected that Father Eastace's ambition was fixed upon his own mitre, which, from some attacks of an apoplectic nature, derived by the Abbot's friends to be more serious than by himself, it was supposed might be shortly vacant. But the confidence which, like other dignitaries, he reposed in his own health, prevented Abbot Eastace from imagining that it held any communication with the notions of Father Eastace.

The uncertainty under which he found himself of consulting with his grand adviser, in cases of real difficulty, rendered the worthy Abbot particularly desirous of doing without him in all ordinary cases of administration, though not without considering what Father Eastace would have said of the matter. He scorned, therefore, to give a hint to the Sub-Prior of the bold stroke by which he had despatched Brother Philip to Clevedon; but

when the vapors came without his re-appearance he became a little uneasy, the more as other matters weighed upon his mind. The feud with the master or keeper of the bridge threatened to be attended with bad consequences, as the man's quarrel was taken up by the martial baron under whom he served; and pressing letters of an unpleasant tendency had just arrived from the Priests. Like a giddy man, who catches hold of his crutch while he crosses the tuffery that redeems him to use it, the Abbot, however reluctant, found himself obliged to require Eustace's presence, after the service was over, in his house, or rather palace, which was attached to, and made part of, the Monastery.

Abbot Beaufort was seated in his high-backed chair, the grotesque carved back of which terminated in a mitre, before a fire where two or three huge logs were reduced to one red glowing mass of charcoal. At his elbow, on an cushion stand, stood the remains of a roasted capon, on which his reverence had made his evening meal, flanked by a goodly store of hardens of excellent flavor. He was gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red smoke.

"Yes," thought the Abbot to himself, "in that red perspective I could fancy to myself the powerful towers of Dunelm, where I passed my life ere I was called to pump and to trouble. A quiet brotherhood we were, regular in our domestic duties; and when the frailties of humanity prevailed over us, we confessed, and were absolved by each other, and the most formidable part of the penance was the fast of the current on the culprit. I can almost fancy that I see the cloister garden, and the parterres which I grafted with my own hands. And for what have I changed all this, but to be overwhelmed with business which concerns me not, to be called My Lord Abbot, and to be tutored by Father Eustace! I would these towers were the Abbey of Aberbrothock, and Father Eustace the Abbot,—or I would he were in the fire on any terms, so I were rid of him! The Priests say our Holy Father the Pope look on advice—I am sure he could not live a week with such a one as this. Then there is no learning what Father Eustace thinks till you confess your own diffidence—No hint will bring forth his opinion—he is like a miser, who will not surrender his pence to bestow a

farthing, until the wretch who needs it has owed his crown of poverty, and wronged out the house by importunity. And thus I am dishonoured in the eyes of my religious brethren, who behold me treated like a child which hath no sense of its own—I will bear it no longer!—*Brother Benedict*!”—(a lay brother answered to his call)—“tell Father Eustace that I need not his presence.”

“I came to say to your reverence, that the holy father is entering even now from the cloisters.”

“Do it so,” said the Abbot, “he is welcome,—remove those things—or rather, place a trencher, the holy father may be a little hungry—yet, no—remove them, for there is no good fellowship in him—let the stamp of wine remain, however, and place another cup.”

The lay brother obeyed these contradictory commands in the way he judged most wisely—he removed the carcase of the half-eaten roasts, and placed two gobbets beside the stamp of Benedict. At the same instant entered Father Eustace.

He was a thin, sharp-faced, slight-armed little man, whose keen grey eyes seemed almost to look through the person to whom he addressed himself. His holy was combined not only with the facts which he observed with rigid exactness, but also by the active and unwarmed exercise of his sharp and piercing intellect:—

*A holy soul, which, working out its way,
Pretend the poor holy to decay,
And o’er-looked the transient of day.*

He turned with convulsed reverence to the Lord Abbot; and as they stood together, it was scarce possible to see a more complete difference of form and expression. The good-natured easy face and laughing eye of the Abbot, which even his present anxiety could not greatly rattle, was a wonderful contrast to the thin pallid cheek and quick penetrating glance of the monk, in which an eager and keen spirit gleamed through eyes to which it seemed to give supernatural lustre.

The Abbot opened the conversation by motioning to his monk to take a stool, and inviting to a cup of wine. The courtesy was declined with respect, yet not without a remark, that the vulgar service was past.

“For the stomach’s sake, brother,” said the Abbot, colouring a little—“You know the text.”

"It is a dangerous one," answered the monk, "to leave alone, or at late hours. Out off from human society, the join of the grape becomes a perilous companion of solitude, and therefore I ever shun it."

Abbot Boniface had poured himself out a goblet which might hold about half an English pint; but, either struck with the truth of the observation, or ashamed to act in direct opposition to it, he suffered it to remain untasted before him, and immediately changed the subject.

"The Primate hath written to us," said he, "to make strict search within our bounds after the heretical persons denounced in this list, who have withdrawn themselves from the justice which their opinions deserve. It is deemed probable that they will attempt to retire to England by our Borders, and the Primate requireth us to watch with vigilance, and what not."

"Assuredly," said the monk, "the magistrates should not bear the sword in vain—these be they that turn the world upside down—and doubtless your reverend wisdom will with due diligence second the exertions of the Right Reverend Father in God, being in the prescriptive defence of the Holy Church."

"Ay, but how is this to be done?" answered the Abbot; "Saint Mary aid us! The Primate writes to me as if I were a trespasser hound—a man under command, having soldiers under him! He says, send forth—scour the country—guard the passes—Truly these men do not travel as those who would give their lives for nothing—the last who went north passed the dry-march at the Riding-burn with an escort of thirty spears, as our revered brother the Abbot of Eves did write unto us. How are civis and equisarius to stop the way?"

"Your Bailiff is accounted a good man at times, holy father," said Balthus: "your vassals are obliged to rise for the defence of the Holy Kirk—it is the tenure on which they hold their lands—if they will not come forth for the Church which gives them bread, let their possessions be given to others."

"We shall not be wanting," said the Abbot, collecting himself with importance, "to do whatsoever way advantage Holy Kirk—divers shall bear the charge to our Bailiff and our officials—but here again is our controversy with the warden of the bridge and the Baron of Margilist—Saint Mary! venationes do so multiply upon the Hume, and upon the generation, that

a man were not where to turn to! Then didn't say, Father Barnum, there wouldn't lack into our evident teaching this free passage for the pilgrims?"

"I have looked into the Chancery of the House, holy father," said Barnum, "and therein I find a written and formal grant of all duties and customs payable at the drawbridge of Brigton, not only by recalculation of this foundation, but by every pilgrim truly designed to accomplish his vows at this House, to the Abbot Ailford, and the monks of the house of Saint Mary in Kinnagubak, from that time and for ever. The deed is dated on Saint Bridget's Eve, in the year of Redemption 1137, and bears the sign and seal of the grantor, Charles of Meigallot, great-great-grandfather of this house, and purports to be granted for the safety of his own soul, and for the weal of the souls of his father and mother, and of all his predecessors and successors, being Barons of Meigallot."

"But he alleges," said the Abbot, "that the bridge-wards have been in possession of those dues, and have rendered them available for more than fifty years—and the house threatens violence—nevertheless, the journey of the pilgrims is interrupted, to the prejudice of their own souls and the diminution of the revenues of Saint Mary. The barons advised us to put on a boat; but the warden, whom thou knowest to be a gallant man, has sworn the deed over him, but that if they put on a boat on the lake's stream, he will drive her board from board—and then some say we should compound the claim for a small sum in silver." Here the Abbot paused a moment for a reply, but resolving none, he added, "But what thinkest thou, Father Barnum! why art thou silent?"

"Because I am surprised at the question which the Lord Abbot of Saint Mary's asks at the youngest of his brethren."

"Youngest in time of your abode with us, Brother Barnum," said the Abbot, "not youngest in years, or I think in experience. Sub-Prior also of this convent."

"I am astonished," continued Barnum, "that the Abbot of this venerable house should ask of any one whether he can alienate the patrimony of our holy and divine patroness, or give up to an unconsecrated, and perhaps a hostile laity, the rights conferred on this church by his devout predecessor. Popes and councils alike forbid it—the honour of the living, and the weal of departed souls, alike forbid it—it may not be. To force,

if he dare use it, we must surrender; but never by our consent should we see the goods of the church plundered, with as little scruple as he would drive off a herd of English horses. Rome yourself, reverend father, and doubt nothing but that the good cause shall prevail. What the spiritual sword, and direct it against the wicked who would usurp our holy rights. What the temporal sword, if it be necessary, and stir up the courage and zeal of your loyal vassals."

The Abbot sighed deeply. "All this," he said, "is soon spoken by him who hath to eat it not; but"—He was interrupted by the entrance of Rostan rather hastily. "The mule on which the Sacristan had set out in the morning had returned," he said, "to the convent stable all over wet, and with the saddle turned round beneath her belly."

"*Sacra Maria!*" said the Abbot, "our dear brother hath perished by the way!"

"It may not be," said Rostan, hastily—"let the bell be tolled—sume the brethren to get torches—alarm the village—hurry down to the river—I myself will be the foremost."

The real Abbot stood astonished and agape, when at once he beheld his office filled, and saw all which he ought to have ordered, going forward at the distance of the youngest monk in the convent. But ere the orders of Rostan, which nobody dreamed of disputing, were carried into execution, the necessity was prevented by the sudden appearance of the Sacristan, whose supposed danger excited all the alarm.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

Rose and the written invitation of the train,
 Chances the stalled horses of that profane stall
 Which weighs upon the heart.

MURDER.

What betwixt cold and fright, the afflicted Sacristan stood before his Superior, propped on the friendly arm of the convent miller, drenched with water, and scarce able to utter a syllable.

After various attempts to speak, the first words he uttered were—

"Swim we merrily—the moon shines bright!"

"Swim we merrily!" retorted the Abbot, indignantly; "a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, and a becoming salutation to your Superior!"

"Our brother is bewildered," said Bastare;—"speak, Father Philip, how is it with you?"

"Good luck to your fishing!"

continued the Sacristan, making a most dolorous attempt at the tone of his strange companion.

"Good luck to your fishing!" repeated the Abbot, still more surprised than displeased; "by my halldoms he is drunken with wine, and comes to our presence with his jolly catches in his throat! If brand and water can cure this folly!"

"With your pardon, venerable father," said the Sub-Prior, "of water our brother has had enough; and methinks, the confusion of his eye is rather that of terror than of anger unbefitting his profession. Where did you find him, Heli Miller?"

"As it please your reverence, I did but go to shut the sluice of the mill—and as I was going to shut the sluice, I heard something groan near to me; but judging it was one of Giles Fletcher's bags—de, as please you, he never shuts his gate—I caught up my lever, and was about—Saint Mary forgive me!—to strike where I heard the sound, when, as the sluice would have it, I heard the second groan just like that of a living man. So I called up my knives, and found the Father Sacristan lying wet and senseless under the wall of our kiln. So soon as we brought him to himself a bit, he prayed to be brought to your reverence, but I doubt ere his wits have gone a boll-veering by the road. It was but now that he spoke in somewhat better form."

"Well!" said Brother Bastare, "then hast done well, Heli Miller; only begone now, and remember a second time to come, ere you strike in the dark."

"Pardon your reverence, it shall be a lesson to me," said the miller, "not to mistake a holy man for a bag again, so long as I live." And, making a bow, with profound humility, the miller withdrew.

"And now that this deed is done, Father Philip," said Easton, "will thou tell our venerable Superior what all this is? art thou wise prudent, man? if so we will have thee to thy self."

"Wise? wise? not wise," muttered the abbot's Sacristan.

"Nay," said the monk, "if that be thy complaint, wine may perhaps cure thee;" and he reached him a cup, which the patient drank off to his great benefit.

"And now," said the Abbot, "let his garments be changed, or rather let him be carried to the infirmary; for it will prejudice our health, should we hear his narrative while he stinks there, stinking like a rising ham-fruit."

"I will hear his adventures," said Easton, "and report it to your reverence." And, accordingly, he attended the Sacristan to his cell. In about half-an-hour he returned to the Abbot.

"How is it with Father Philip?" said the Abbot; "and through what came he into such a state?"

"He comes from Glendurg, recovered six," said Easton; "and for the rest, he telleth such a legend, as has not been heard in this Monastery for many a long day." He then gave the Abbot the outline of the Sacristan's adventures in the hazardous journey, and added, that for some time he was inclined to think his brain was infirm, seeing he had wept, laughed, and wept all in the same breath.

"A wonderful thing it is to me," said the Abbot, "that Satan has been permitted to put such his hand thus far on one of our sacred brethren?"

"True," said Father Easton; "but for every test there is a purpose; and I have my suspicions, that if the drowning of Father Philip cometh of the Evil One, yet it may not have been altogether without his own personal fault."

"How!" said the Father Abbot; "I will not believe that thou hast doubt that Satan, in former days, hath been permitted to afflict saints and holy men, even as he afflicted the pious Job?"

"God forbid I should make question of it," said the monk, crossing himself; "yet, where there is an exposition of the Sacristan's tale, which is less than unreason, I hold it safe to consider it at least, if not to abide by it. Now, this was the Miller hath a barren daughter. Suppose—I say only suppose—

that our Sacristan met her at the door on her return from her uncle's on the other side, for there she took this evening bath—suppose, that, in courtesy, and to save her stripping time and shame, the Sacristan brought her across behind him—suppose he carried his familiarity further than the maiden was willing to admit; and we may easily suppose, further, that this wetting was the result of it."

"And this legend invented to destroy us!" said the Superior, reddening with wrath; "but most strictly shall it be sifted and inquired into; it is not upon us that Father Philip must hope to pass the result of his own evil practices for things of Satan. To-morrow sits the wench to appear before us—we will examine, and we will punish."

"Under your reverend favour," said Eustace, "that were but poor policy. As things now stand with us, the lavatories catch hold of such flying report which tends to the scandal of our clergy. We must slake the evil, not only by strengthening discipline, but also by suppressing and stilling the voice of scandal. If our conjectures are true, the miller's daughter will be silent for her own sake; and your reverence's authority may also impose silence on her father, and on the Sacristan. If he is again found to afford room for throwing dishonour on his order, he can be punished with severity, but at the same time with secrecy. For what say the Decretals! *Peccatum occultum non puniatur, fœdus est ecclesiæ silentium.*"

A sentence of Lath, as Eustace had before observed, had often much influence on the Abbot, because he understood it not fully, and was reluctant to acknowledge his ignorance. On those terms they parted for the night.

The next day, Abbot Eustace strictly interrogated Philip on the real cause of his disaster of the previous night. But the Sacristan stood firm to his story; nor was he found to vary from any point of it, although the answers he returned were in some degree evasive, owing to his intermingling with them over and over mentions of the strange damsel's song, which had made such deep impression on his imagination, that he could not prevent himself from repeating it repeatedly in the course of his conversation. The Abbot had compassion with the Sacristan's involuntary fault, to which something supernatural seemed annexed, and finally became of opinion, that Father Eustace's more natural explanation was rather plausible than just. And,

Indeed, although we have recorded the adventure as we find it written down, we cannot refuse to add that there was a soldier on the subject in the convent, and that several of the brethren pretended to have good reason for thinking that the mother's blind-eyed daughter was at the bottom of the affair after all. Whichever way it might be interpreted, all agreed that it had too ludicrous a smell to be permitted to get abroad, and therefore the Benedictine was charged, on his vow of silence, to say no more of his doings; an injunction which, having once used his wits by telling his story, it may be well conjectured that he joyfully obeyed.

The attention of Father Rostree was much less readily attracted by the marvellous tale of the Benedictine's danger, and his course, then by the mention of the volume which he had brought with him from the Tower of Glendower. A copy of the Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, had found its way even into the proper territory of the church, and had been discovered in one of the most hidden and sequestered recesses of the Hall-dome of Saint Mary's.

He anxiously requested to see the volume. In this the Benedictine was unable to gratify him, for he had lost it, as far as he recollected, when the supernatural being, as he conceived her to be, took her departure from him. Father Rostree went down to the spot in person, and searched all around it, in hopes of recovering the volume in question; but his labour was in vain. He returned to the Abbot, and reported that it must have fallen into the river or the mill-stream; "for I will hardly believe," he said, "that Father Philby's sacred blood would fly off with a copy of the Holy Scriptures."

"Folsg," said the Abbot, "as it is, an heretical translation, it may be thought that Satan may have power over it."

"Ay!" said Father Rostree, "it is indeed his chiefest magazine of artillery, when he ingulphs presumptuous and daring men to set forth their own opinions and explications of Holy Writ. But though thus abused, the Scriptures are the source of our salvation, and are no more to be reckoned wholly, because of these rash men's proceedings, than a powerful medicine is to be condemned, or held poisonous, because bold and evil doctors have employed it to the prejudice of their patients. With the provision of your reverence, I would that this matter were looked into more closely. I will myself visit the Tower of

Glowing ere I am many hours older, and we shall see if any specter or white woman of the wild will venture to interrupt my journey or return. Share I your restored provision and your blessing?" he added, but in a tone that appeared to set no great store by either.

"Then hast hark, my brother," said the Abbot; but no sooner had Erasmus left the apartment, than Scythian could not help breaking on the willing ear of the Saccristan his shrewd wish, that any spirit, black, white, or gray, would send the adviser such a lesson, as to cure him of his presumption in assuming himself wiser than the whole community.

"I wish him no worse lesson," said the Saccristan, "than to go swimming merrily down the river with a ghost behind, and Eclipsa, night-scene, and moon-sail, all waiting to have a match at him.

Merrily swim ye, the moon shines bright!
Good luck to your fishing, when, waken you to-night?"

"Brother Philip," said the Abbot, "we exhort thee to say thy prayers, compose thyself, and banish that foolish dream from thy mind—it is but a deception of the *des-Pa*."

"I will obey, reverend father," said the Saccristan, "but the tone hangs by my memory like a har in a beggar's rage; it mingles with the psalter—the very bells of the convent seem to repeat the words, and jangle to the tune; and were you to put me to death at this very moment, it is my belief I should die singing it—"Now swim we merrily"—it is as it were a spell upon me."

He then again began to warble

"Good luck to your fishing."

And shaking himself in the straits with difficulty, he exclaimed, "It is too certain—I am but a lost priest! Swim we merrily—I shall sing it at the very mass—'Twas to me! I shall sing all the remainder of my life, and yet never be able to change the tune!"

The honest Abbot replied, "he know many a good fellow in the same condition;" and concluded the remark with "ho! ho! ho!"—for his resources, as the reader may partly have observed, was one of those dull fellows who love a quiet joke.

The Saccristan, well acquainted with his Superior's humor,

endeavored to join in the laugh, but his unfortunate outside came again across his imagination, and interrupted the liberty of his customary echo.

"By the road, Brother Philip," said the Abbot, much moved, "you become altogether intolerable! and I am convinced that such a spirit could not subsist over a person of religion, and in a religious house, unless he were under mortal sin. Wherefore, say the seven penitentiary psalms—refrain diligent use of the sword and hair-cloth—refrain for three days from all food, wine, bread and water—I myself will strike thee, and we will see if this sleeping devil may be driven out of thee; at least I think Father Rastus himself could derive no better exorcism."

The Saurician sighed deeply, but knew remonstrance was vain. He retired therefore to his cell, to try how far penitence might be able to drive off the sounds of the spots time which haunted his memory.

Meanwhile, Father Rastus proceeded to the drawbridge, in his way to the lonely valley of Glendurg. In a brief conversation with the cheerful warden, he had the address to render him more tractable in the controversy between him and the convent. He concluded him that his father had been a vassal under the community; that his brother was childless; and that their possession would revert to the church on his death, and might be either granted to himself, the warden, or to some greater favorite of the Abbot, as matters chanced to stand between them at the time. The Abb-Prior suggested to him also, the necessary connection of interests between the Monastery and the office which this man enjoyed. He listened with temper to his wily and cheerful reasons; and by keeping his own interest firm pitched in his view, he had the satisfaction to find that Peter gradually softened his tone, and consented to let every pilgrim who travelled upon foot pass free of taxation until Pentecost next; they who travelled on horseback or otherwise, consenting to pay the ordinary custom. Having thus accommodated a matter in which the wail of the convent was as deeply interested, Father Rastus proceeded on his journey.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

May, daily met with thee, the wise man's treasure,
 Though fools are lured by it—the fool Father
 Needs none, while we waste minutes.

OUR FATHER.

A November mist enveloped the little valley, up which slowly but steadily rode the Monk Easton. He was not insensible to the feeling of melancholy inspired by the scene and by the season. The stream seemed to murmur with a deep and oppressed note, as if bewailing the departure of autumn. Among the scattered oaks which here and there fringed its banks, the oak-trees only retained that pallid green that precedes their recent loss. The leaves of the willows were most of them stripped from the branches, lay rustling at each breath, and disturbed by every step of the monk; while the foliage of other trees, totally withered, kept still precariously possession of the boughs, waiting the first wind to scatter them.

The monk dropped into the natural train of ponderous thought which these autumnal emblems of mortal hopes are peculiarly calculated to inspire. "There," he said, looking at the leaves which lay strewed around, "lie the hopes of early youth, first formed that they may soonest wither, and lowest in spring to become most contemptible in winter; but you, ye ingrates," he added, looking to a knot of branches which still bore their withered leaves, "you are the proud plans of adventurous manhood, formed later, and still clinging to the mind of age, although it acknowledges their futility! None last—none endure, save the foliage of the hardy oak, which only begins to show itself when that of the rest of the forest has enjoyed half its existence. A pale and decayed hue is all it possesses, but still it retains that spectre of vitality to the last,—do ye it with Father Easton! The fairy hopes of my youth I have trodden under foot like these neglected rustlers—to the grander dreams of my manhood I look back as to holy chimeras, of which the path and measure have long since faded; but my religious vove, the faithful profession which I have made in my mature age, shall retain life while sight of Easton lives. Dangerous it may be—futile it must be—yet live it shall, the grand determination to serve the church of which I am a

number, and to combat the heresies by which she is assailed." Thus spoke, at least thus thought, a man, restless according to his imperfect knowledge, confounding the vital interests of Christianity with the contemptuous and unscripted claims of the Church of Rome, and defending his cause with an ardour worthy of a better.

While moving onward in this contemplative mood, he could not help thinking more than once, that he saw in his path the form of a female dressed in white, who appeared in the attitude of lamentation. But the impression was only momentary; and whenever he looked steadily to the point where he imagined the figure appeared, it always proved that he had mistaken some natural object, a white crag, or the trunk of a decayed birch-tree with its silver bark, for the appearance in question.

Father Easton had dwelt too long in Rome to partake the superstitious feelings of the more ignorant Scottish clergy; yet he certainly thought it extraordinary, that so strong an impression should have been made on his mind by the legend of the Benedictine. "It is strange," he said to himself, "that this story, which doubtless was the invention of Brother Philip to cover his own impropriety of conduct, should run so much in my head, and disturb my more serious thoughts—I am wroth, I think, to have more command over my senses. I will repeat my prayers, and banish such folly from my recollection."

The monk accordingly began with devotion to tell his beads, in pursuance of the prescribed rule of his order, and was not again disturbed by any wanderings of the imagination, until he found himself beneath the little dwelling of Glenelg.

Diana Glenelg, who stood at the gate, set up a shout of surprise and joy at seeing the good father. "Martin," she said, "Jasper, where be's the folk!—help the right reverend Sub-Prior to dismount, and take his mule from him.—O father! God has sent you in our need—I was just going to send men and horse to the convent, though I ought to be ashamed to give so much trouble to your reverence."

"Our trouble matters not, good dame," said Father Easton; "in what can I please you? I came hither to visit the Lady of Arrol."

"Well-a-day!" said Diana Albo, "and it was on her part that I had the boldness to think of summoning you, for the

good lady will never be able to wear over the day !—Would it please you to go to her chamber ?”

“Hath she not been shaven by Father Philip ?” said the monk.

“Shaven she was,” said the Dame of Glendearg, “and by Father Philip, as your reverence truly says—but—I wish it may have been a clean shrift—Noughting: Father Philip looked but moodily upon it—and there was a book which he took away with him, that—— She passed, as if unwilling to proceed.

“Speak out, Dame Glendearg,” said the Father; “with us it is your duty to have no secrets.”

“Nay, if it please your reverence, it is not that I would keep anything from your reverence’s knowledge, but I fear I should prejudice the lady in your opinion; for she is an excellent lady—morals and years hath she dwelt in this tower, and none more exemplary than she; but this matter, doubtless, she will explain it herself to your reverence.”

“I desire first to know it from you, Dame Glendearg,” said the monk; “and I again repeat, it is your duty to tell it to me.”

“This book, if it please your reverence, which Father Philip removed from Glendearg, was this morning returned to us in a strange manner,” said the good widow.

“Returned !” said the monk; “how mean you ?”

“I mean,” answered Dame Glendearg, “that it was brought back to the Tower of Glendearg, the monks best knew how—that same book which Father Philip carried with him but yesterday. Old Martha, that is my baker and the lady’s servant, was driving out the cows to the pasture—for we have three good milk-cows, returned father, blessed be Saint Waldegar, and thanks to the holy Monastery”——

The monk groined with impatience; but he remembered that a woman of the good dame’s condition was like a top, which, if you let it spin on untouched, must at last come to a pause; but, if you interrupt it by flogging, there is no end to its gyrations. “But, to speak as none of the cows, your reverence, though they are holy cattle as cows were tied to a stake, the baker was driving them out, and the lady, that is my Halbert and my Edward, that your reverence has seen at church on holidays, and especially Halbert,—for you putted him on the head and gave him a brooch of Saint Guthbert,

which he wears in his breast,—and Tiffie Mary Arnold, that is the lady's daughter, they ran all after the cattle, and began to play up and down the pasture as young folk will, your reverence. And at length they lost sight of Martin and the cows; and they began to run up a little drough which we call *Over-run-shin*, where there is a wee bit stripe of a burn, and they saw there—Good graces us!—a White Woman sitting on the burn-side wringing her hands—so the lads were frightened to see a strange woman sitting there, all but Halbert, who will be sixteen come Whitenside; and, besides, he never feared our thing—and when they went up to her—behold she was passed away!”

“For shame, good woman!” said Father Rastane; “a woman of your name to listen to a tale so idle!—the young folk told you a lie, and that was all.”

“Nay, sir, it was more than that,” said the old dame; “for, besides that they never told me a lie in their lives, I must warn you that on the very ground where the White Woman was sitting, they found the Lady of Arnold’s book, and brought it with them to the tower.”

“That is worthy of mark at least,” said the monk. “Know you no other copy of this volume within these bounds?”

“None, your reverence,” returned Elspeth; “why should there?—no one could read it were there twenty.”

“Then you are sure it is the very same volume which you gave to Father Philip?” said the monk.

“As sure as that I now speak with your reverence.”

“It is most singular!” said the monk; and he walked across the room in a musing posture.

“I have been upon woties to hear what your reverence would say,” continued Dame Goodfellow, “respecting this matter—There is nothing I would not do for the Lady of Arnold and her family, and this has been proved, and for her servants to boot, both Martin and Tibb, although Tibb is not so civil sometimes as altogether I have a right to expect; but I cannot think it becoming to have angels, or ghosts, or fairies, or the like, walking upon a lobby when she is in another woman’s house, in respect it is no ways creditable. One thing she had to do was always done to her hand, without costing her either pains or pence, as a country body says; and besides the discredit, I cannot but think that there is no safety in having such uncertainty creature about one. But I have tied red thread

round the hairs' throats" (so her fondness still called them), "and given ilk one of them a riding-ward of seven-teen, dely serving up a dip of which-els into their doublets; and I wish to know of your reverence if there be any thing mair that a lone woman can do in the matter of gloves and skirts!—Be here! that I should have named their industry names twice over!"

"Dame Glendinning," answered the monk, somewhat abruptly, when the good woman had finished her narrative, "I pray you, do you know the miller's daughter?"

"Did I know Kate Happer?" replied the widow; "as well as the beggar knows his dish—a saute quon was Kate, and a special customer of my ale maybe twenty years since."

"She cannot be the wench I mean," said Father Keston. "She after whom I inquire is scarce fifteen, a black-eyed girl—you may have seen her at the kirk."

"Your reverence must be in the right; and she is my customer's niece, doubtless, that you are pleased to speak of: But I thank God I have always been too distant in attention to the mass, to know whether young wenches have black eyes or green ones."

The good father had so much of the world about him, that he was unable to avoid smiling, when the dame boasted her absolute resistance to a temptation, which was not quite so liable to tempt her as those of the other sex.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "you know her usual dress, Dame Glendinning?"

"Ay, ay, father," answered the dame readily enough, "a white kirtle the wench wears, to hide the dust of the mill as doubtless—and a blue hood, that might well be spared, for pride-fitness."

"Then, may it not be she," said the father, "who has brought back this book, and stepped out of the way when the children came near her?"

The dame paused—was unwilling to combat the notion suggested by the monk—but was at a loss to conceive why the lass of the mill should come so far from home into so wild a corner, merely to have an old book with three children, from whose observation she wished to conceal herself. Above all, she could not understand why, since she had acquaintance in the family, and since the Dame Glendinning had always paid her visits and knowledge duly, the said lass of the mill had

not come in to rest herself and eat a morsel, and tell her the current news of the water.

These very objections satisfied the monk that his conjectures were right. "Dance," he said, "you must be cautious in what you say. This is an instance—I would it were the sole one—of the power of the Scurvy in these days. The matter must be sifted with a serious and careful hand."

"Indeed," said Elspeth, trying to catch and chase in with the ideas of the Sub-Prior, "I have often thought the miller's folk at the Monastery-mill were far over cautious in sifting our master, and in holding it too—some folk say they will not stick at whiles to put in a handful of what amongst Christian folk's corn-must."

"That shall be looked after also, dance," said the Sub-Prior, not displeased to see that the good old woman went off on a false scent; "and now, by your leave, I will see this lady—do you go before and prepare her to see me."

Dance Glendinning left the lower apartment, accordingly, which the monk passed in anxious reflection, considering how he might best discharge, with humanity as well as with effect, the important duty imposed on him. He resolved to approach the bedside of the sick person with expostands, mitigated only by a feeling for her weak condition—he determined, in case of her reply, to which late examples of hardened heretics might encourage her, to be prepared with answers to their customary scruples. High fraught, also, with zeal against her unauthorized intrusion into the priestly function, by study of the Sacred Scriptures, he imagined to himself the answers which one of the modern school of heresy might return to him—the victorious refutation which should lay the eloquent protests at the Confessor's mercy—and the healing, yet awful, exhortation, which, under pain of refusing the last consolations of religion, he designed to make to the penitent, conjuring her, as she loved her own soul's welfare, to disclose to him what she knew of the dark mystery of iniquity, by which heretics were introduced into the most secluded spots of the very patrimony of the Church herself—what agents they had who could thus glide, as it were unseen, from place to place, being back the volume which the Church had interdicted to the spots from which it had been removed under her express anathemas; and who, by encouraging the daring and profane thirst after knowledge

fetters and useless to the laity, had encouraged the fisher of souls to use with effect his old bait of ambition and vainglory.

Each of this protracted disputation escaped the good father, when Elspeth returned, her tears flowing faster than her apron could dry them, and made him a signal to follow her. "Hush," said the monk, "is she there or near her and I—say, the Church must not break or bruise, when comfort is yet possible;" and forgetting his polemics, the good Sub-Prior hastened to the little apartment, where, on the wretched bed which she had occupied since her misfortune had driven her to the Tower of Glendurg, the widow of Walter Arund had rendered up her spirit to her Creator. "My God!" said the Sub-Prior, "and has my unfortunate dellying suffered her to depart without the Church's consolation! Look to her, dear," he exclaimed with eager impatience; "is there not yet a sparkle of the life left?—may she not be comforted—ruffled but for a moment!—Oh! would that she could express, but by the most imperfect word—but by the most feeble motion, her acquiescence in the needful task of penitential prayer!—Does she not breathe!—Art thou sure she doth not?"

"She will never breathe more," said the nun. "Oh! the poor fatherless girl—now motionless also—Oh, the kind companion I have had these many years, whom I shall never see again! But she is in heaven for certain, if ever woman went there; for a woman of better life!"

"Was to me," said the good monk, "if indeed she went not hence in good measure—was to the reckless shepherd, who suffered the wolf to carry a stolen one from the flock, while he busied himself with trimming his sling and his staff to give the monster battle! Oh! if in the long Hereafter, aught but good should that poor spirit share, what has my delay cost!—the value of an immortal soul!"

He then approached the body, full of the deep remorse natural to a good man of his persuasion, who devoutly believed the doctrines of the Catholic Church. "Ay," said he, gazing on the pallid corpse, from which the spirit had parted so placidly as to leave a smile upon the thin blue lips, which had been so long wasted by dross that they had parted with the last breath of existence without the slightest convulsive tremor—"Ay," said Father Rastace, "there lies the faded tree, and,

as it fell, as it lay—would thought for me, should my neglect have left it in danger to an evil direction?" He then again and again conjured Dame Glendower to tell him what she knew of the dangerous and ordinary work of the deceased.

All tended to the high honour of the deceased lady; for her companion, who admired her sufficiently while alive, notwithstanding some trifling points of jealousy, now idolized her after her death, and could think of no attribute of praise with which she did not adorn her memory.

Indeed, the Lady of Arundel, however she might privately doubt some of the doctrines announced by the Church of Rome, and although she had probably tacitly assented from that corrupted system of Christianity to the volume on which Christianity itself is founded, had nevertheless been regular in her attendance on the worship of the Church, not, perhaps, extending her scruples as far as to break off communion. Such indeed was the first sentiment of the earlier reformers, who seemed to have started, for a time at least, to avoid a schism, until the violence of the Pope rendered it inevitable.

Father Bature, on the present occasion, listened with assent to everything which could lead to assure him of the lady's orthodoxy in the main points of belief; for his conscience reproached him sorely, that, instead of protesting conversation with the Dame of Glendower, he had not instantly hastened where his presence was so necessary. "If," he said, addressing the dead lady, "then art yet free from the utmost penalty due to the followers of false doctrine—if thou dost but suffer for a time, to expiate faults done in the body, but partaking of mortal frailty more than of deadly sin, fear not that thy death shall be long in the penal regions to which thou must be doomed—if virgin—if maiden—if pure—if maintenance of my body, till it resembles that corrupted form which the soul hath disowned, may secure thy deliverance. The Holy Church—the gaily foundation—our blessed Patrons herself, shall intercede for one whose errors were counterbalanced by so many virtues.—Leave me, dame—haste, and by her holiest, will I perform those duties which this pious one demands!"

Elphinst left the monk, who employed himself in fervent and devout, though erroneous prayer, for the soul of the departed spirit. For an hour he remained in the apartment of death,

and then returned to the hall, where he found the still weeping friend of the deceased.

But it would be injustice to Mrs. Glanville's hospitality, if we suppose her to have been weeping during this long interval, or rather if we suppose her so entirely absorbed by the tribute of sorrow which she paid freely and plentifully to her deceased friend, as to be incapable of attending to the rights of hospitality due to the holy visitor—who was confessor at once, and Sub-Prior—mighty in all religious and secular considerations, so far as the results of the Monastery were interested.

Her turkey-bread had been tasted—her choicest cake of home-brewed ale had been broached—her best butter had been placed on the hall table, along with her most savory ham, and her choicest cheese, ere she abandoned herself to the extremity of sorrow; and it was not till she had arranged her little repast neatly on the board, that she sat down in the diminary corner, threw her checked apron over her head, and gave way to the current of tears and woe. In this there was no primness or affectation. The good dame held the honours of her house to be as essential a duty, especially when a monk was her visitor, as any other pressing call upon her conscience; nor until these were suitably attended to did she find herself at liberty to indulge her sorrow for her departed friend.

When she was conscious of the Sub-Prior's presence, she rose with the same attention to his reception; but he declined all the offers of hospitality with which she endeavoured to tempt him. Not her butter, as yellow as gold, and the best, she assured him, that was made in the patrimony of Saint Mary—not the turkey sauce, which "the departed saint, God wot her! used to say was as good"—not the ale, nor any other viands which poor Elsie's stores afforded, could prevail on the Sub-Prior to break his fast.

"This day," he said, "I must not taste food until the sun go down, happy if, in so doing, I can expiate my own negligence—happier still, if my sufferings of this trifling nature, undertaken in pure faith and simplicity of heart, may benefit the soul of the deceased. Yet, dame," he added, "I may not so far forget the living as my care for the dead, as to have looked me that look, which is to the ignorant what, to our first parents, the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil unhappily

proved—excellent indeed in itself, but fatal because used by those to whom it is prohibited."

"Oh, kindly, reverend father," said the widow of Simon Glendinning, "will I give you the book, if so be I can while it from the bible; and indeed, poor things, as the case stands with them even now, you might take the heart out of their bodies, and they never find it out, they are no beguiles."²

"Give them this instead instead, good dame," said the father, drawing from his pocket one which was curiously illustrated with paintings, "and I will come myself, or send one at a fitting time, and teach them the meaning of those pictures."

"The bonny images!" said Dame Glendinning, forgetting for an instant her grief in her admiration, "and woe I wot," added she, "it is another sort of a book than the poor Lady of Arden's; and blessed might we have been this day, if your reverence had found the way up the glen, instead of Father Philip, though the Sacristan is a powerful man too, and speaks as if he would get the house fly alarmed, save that the walls are gy thick. Simon's forebears (may he and they be blessed!) took care of that."

The monk ordered his robe, and was about to take his leave; and the good dame was still delaying him with questions about the funeral, when a horseman, armed and accoutred, rode into the little courtyard which surrounded the Keep.

² *Apocrypha—over-sept.*

CHAPTER NINTH.

For thus they rode among our shores
With splent on speard and many spear,
Thair gress as fresh into our fry;
Thus said John Up-ward.

ROBERTSON 1851.

THE Scottish law, which was as wisely and judiciously made as they were carefully and ineffectually executed, had in vain endeavoured to restrain the damage done to agriculture, by the ditch and head proprietors retaining in their service what were called jack-men, from the jack, or doubtful quality, with iron

which they wore as defensive armour. These military retainers conducted themselves with great insolence towards the industrious part of the community—lived in a great measure by plunder, and were ready to execute any commands of their master, however unwise. In adopting this mode of life, men resigned the quiet hopes and regular labours of industry, for an unsettled, precarious, and dangerous trade, which yet had such charms for those once accustomed to it, that they became incapable of following any other. Hence the complaint of John Upland, a fictitious character, representing a countryman, into whose mouth the poets of the day put their general notions upon men and manners.

They ride about in such a style,
By forest, field, and fold,
With hussies, hore, and hound.
In ! where they ride and through the eye !
The Devil not sees the company,
Quoth John Upland.

Christie of the Clithill, the horseman who now arrived at the little Tower of Glendun, was one of the hopeful company of whom the poet complains, as was indicated by his "spunk" (iron plates on his shoulder), his rusted spine, and his long lance. An iron skull-cap, none of the brightest, bore for distinction a sprig of the holly, which was Arnold's badge. A long two-edged straight sword, having a handle made of polished oak, hung down by his side. The ragged condition of his horse, and the wild and unmanicured look of the rider, showed their companions could not be accounted as easy or a thriving one. He saluted Dumas Glendinning with little courtesy, and the monk with less; for the growing disrespect to the religious orders had not failed to extend itself among a class of men of such dissolute habits, although it may be supposed they were tolerably indifferent alike to the new or the ancient doctrines.

"So, our lady is dead, Dumas Glendinning?" said the jack-man; "my master has sent you over now a fat bullock for her meat—it may serve for her funeral. I have left him in the upper church, as he is somewhat kemped,* and is marked both with oat and linn—the sooner the skin is off, and he is in meat-fat, the less like you are to have trouble—yes understand me? Let me have a peck of oats for my horse, and beef and beer for

* *Kemped*—that which is badly managed by the eye.

myself, for I must go on to the Monastery—though I think this much here might do some good.”

“Thine counsel, noble man!” said the Sub-Prior, knitting his brow—

“For God’s sake!” cried poor Dame Glowlind, terrified at the idea of a quarrel between them,—“O Christ!—it is the Sub-Prior—O reversed sit, it is Christ! of the Church, the lady’s chief joyousness; ye know that little harings can be expected from the like of them.”

“Are you a retainer of the Laird of Arundel?” said the monk, addressing himself to the baroness, “and do you speak thus rudely to a brother of Saint Mary’s, to whom thy master is so much beholden?”

“He means to be yet more beholden to your house, Sir Monk,” answered the fellow; “for hearing his sister-in-law, the widow of Walter of Arundel, was on her death-bed, he sent me to say to the Father Abbot and the brethren, that he will hold the funeral-feast at their convent, and invite himself thereto, with a score of home and some friends, and to abide there for three days and three nights,—having horse-meat and men’s meat at the charge of the community; of which his intention he made due notice, that fitting preparation may be timely made.”

“Friend,” said the Sub-Prior, “believe not that I will do to the Father Abbot the indignity of delivering such an errand.—Think’st thou the goods of the church were bestowed upon her by holy princes and pious nobles, now dead and gone, to be consumed in revelry by every prodigal layman who numbers in his train more followers than he can support by honest means, or by his own handiwork? Tell thy master, from the Sub-Prior of Saint Mary’s, that the Priests both taxed his commands to us that we submit no longer to this compulsory exercise of hospitality on slight or false pretences. Our lands and goods were given to relieve pilgrims and pious persons, not to feed bands of idle soldiers.”

“This to me!” said the angry squarer, “this to me and to my master—Look to yourself then, Sir Priest, and try if *we* and *Orto* will keep bellows from wandering, and haystacks from burning.”

“Dost thou renounce the Holy Church’s patrimony with waste and feasting?” said the Sub-Prior, “and that in the face of

the man! I call on all who hear me to bear witness to the words this ruffian has spoken. Remember how the Lord James drowned such as you by scores in the black pool at Jeddart.—To him and to the Prioste will I complain." The soldier shifted the position of his lance, and brought it down to a level with the monk's body.

Dame Glendinning began to shriek for assistance. "Tibb Tacket! Martin! where be ye all!—Christie, for the love of God, consider he is a man of Holy Kirk!"

"I care not for his spear," said the Sub-Prior; "if I am slain in defending the rights and privileges of my community, the Prioste will know how to take vengeance."

"Let him look to himself," said Christie, but at the same time depositing his lance against the wall of the tower; "if the Fife men spoke true who came hither with the Governor in the last raid, Norman Leslie has him at dead, and is like to set him dead. We know Norman a true bloodstained, who will never quit the spot. But I had no design to offend the holy Father," he added, thinking perhaps he had gone a little too far; "I am a rude man, head to knee and stirrup, and not used to deal with book-learned men and prioste; and I am willing to ask his forgiveness—and his blessing, if I have said ought amiss."

"For God's sake! your reverence," said the widow of Glendour apart to the Sub-Prior, "bestow on him your forgiveness—how shall we poor folk sleep in security in the dark nights, if the convent is at feud with such men as he is?"

"You are right, dame," said the Sub-Prior, "your safety should, and must be, in the first instance considered.—Sabbies, I forgive thee, and may God bless thee and send thee honesty."

Christie of the Clithill made an unwilling inclination with his head, and muttered apart, "That is as much as to say, God send thee starvation. But now to my master's demand, Sir Prioste! What answer am I to return?"

"That the body of the widow of Walter of Arund," answered the Father, "shall be interred as becomes her rank, and in the tomb of her valiant husband. For your master's proffered visit of three days, with such a company and retinue, I have no authority to reply to it; you must intimate your Chief's purpose to the Reverend Lord Abbot."

"That will cost me a further ride," said the man, "but it is

all in the day's work.—How now, my lad," said he to Halbert, who was handling the long lance which he had laid aside; "how do you like such a plaything?—Will you go with me and be a moss-trooper?"

"The fash is their money's worth!" said the poor mother; and then, afraid of having displeased Christie by the vivacity of her exclamation, she followed it up by explaining, that since Simon's death she could not lack on a spear or a bow, or any implement of destruction, without trembling.

"Folks!" answered Christie, "they shouldst take another husband, dame, and drive such folks out of thy thoughts—what sayest thou to such a strapping lad as I? Why, this old tower of thine is fimsie enough, and there is no want of dingles, and crags, and bays, and thickets, if one was set hard; a man might hide here and keep his half-score of hds, and as many goldings, and live on what he could lay his hand on, and be kind to thee, old wench."

"Alas! Master Christie," said the mother, "that you should talk to a lone woman in such a fashion, and dwell in the house besides!"

"Lone woman!—why, that is the very reason thou shouldst take a mate. Thy old friend is dead, why, good—choose thou another of somewhat tougher frame, and that will not die of the pip like a young chicken.—Better still—Come, dame, let me have something to eat, and we will talk more of this."

Dame Elspeth, though she well knew the character of the man, whom in that she both disliked and feared, could not help shivering at the personal address which he thought proper to make to her. She whispered to the Sub-Prior, "say thing just to keep him quiet," and went into the tower to sit before the window the food he desired, trusting hermit good sense, and the power of her own charms, to keep Christie of the Cliffhill as well amused, that the altercation between him and the holy father should not be renewed.

The Sub-Prior was equally unwilling to hazard any unnecessary rupture between the community and such a person as John of Arundel. He was sensible that moderation, as well as firmness, was necessary to support the tottering cause of the Church of Rome; and that, contrary to former times, the quarrels between the clergy and laity had, in the present, usually terminated to the advantage of the latter. He resolved, there-

fore, to avoid further strife by withdrawing, but failed not, in the first place, to possess himself of the volume which the Sacristan carried off the evening before, and which had been returned to the glen in such a marvellous manner.

Edward, the younger of Dame Elspeth's boys, made great objections to the book's being removed, in which Mary would probably have joined, but that she was now in her little sleeping chamber with Tibb, who was exerting her single skill to console the young lady for her mother's death. But the younger Glenlaming stood up in defence of her property, and, with a positiveness which had hitherto made no part of his character, declared, that now the kind lady was dead, the book was Mary's, and no one but Mary should have it.

"But if it is not a fit book for Mary to read, my dear boy," said the father, gently, "you would not wish it to remain with her?"

"The lady read it," answered the young champion of property; "and as it could not be wrong—it shall not be taken away.—I wonder where Halbert is!—listening to the broadening tales of gay Christie, I reckon,—he is always wishing for fighting, and now he is out of the way."

"Why, Edward, you would not fight with me, who am both a priest and an old man?"

"If you were as good a priest as the Pope," said the boy, "and as old as the hills to boot, you shall not carry away Mary's book without her leave. I will do battle for it."

"But see you, my love," said the monk, amused with the volatile friendship manifested by the boy, "I do not take it, I only borrow it; and I leave it in the place my own gay nephew, as a pledge I will bring it again."

Edward opened the volume with eager curiosity, and glanced at the pictures with which it was illustrated. "Saint George and the dragon—Halbert will like that; and Saint Michael breasting his sword over the head of the Wicked One—and that will do for Halbert too. And see the Saint John leading his lamb in the wilderness, with his little arms made of reeds, and his scrip and staff—that shall be my favourite; and where shall we find one for poor Mary!—here is a beautiful woman weeping and lamenting herself."

"This is Saint Mary Magdalen repenting of her sins, my dear boy," said the father.

"That will not suit our Mary; for she commits no faults, and is never angry with us, but when we do something wrong."

"Then," said the father, "I will show you a Mary, who will protect her and you, and all good children. See how fairly she is represented, with her gown covered with golden stars."

The boy was lost in wonder at the portraiture of the Virgin, which the Sub-Prior turned up to him.

"This," he said, "is really like our sweet Mary; and I think I will let you take away the black book, that has no such goodly shows in it, and leave this for Mary instead. But you must promise to bring back the book, good father—for now I think upon it, Mary may like that best which was her mother's."

"I will certainly return," said the monk, reading his answer, "and perhaps I may teach you to write and read such beautiful letters as you see there written, and to paint them blue, green, and yellow, and to lincos them with gold."

"Ay, and to make such figures as those blessed Saints, and especially those two Marys!" said the boy.

"With thank blessing," said the Sub-Prior, "I can teach you that art too, so far as I am myself capable of showing, and you of learning it."

"Then," said Edward, "will I paint Mary's picture—and remember you are to bring back the black book; that you must promise me."

The Sub-Prior, anxious to get rid of the boy's pertinacity, and to set forward on his return to the convent, without having any further interview with Christie the gipsies, answered by giving the promise Edward required, mounted his mule, and set forth on his return homeward.

The November day was well spent ere the Sub-Prior resumed his journey; for the difficulty of the road, and the various delays which he had met with at the tower, had detained him longer than he proposed. A still more wily wind was sighing among the withered leaves, and stripping them from the hold they had yet retained on the parent tree.

"Even so," said the monk, "our prospects in this vale of time grow more desolate as the stream of years passes on. Little have I gained by my journey, saving the certainty that living is busy among us with more than his usual activity, and that the spirit of leading religious orders, and plundering the

Church's property, so general in the eastern districts of Scotland, has now come nearer home."

The head of a horse which came up behind him, interrupted his remarks, and he soon saw he was mounted by the same wild rider whom he had left at the tower.

"Good even, my son, and benedictions," said the Sub-Prior as he passed; but the rude soldier scarce acknowledged the greeting, by bowing his head; and dashing the spurs into his horse, went on at a pace which soon left the monk and his mule far behind. "And there," thought the Sub-Prior, "goes another plague of the times—a fellow whose birth designed him to cultivate the earth, but who is perverted by the unbalanced and unchristian divisions of the country, into a daring and dissolute robber. The barons of Scotland are now turned masterful thieves and ruffians, oppressing the poor by violence, and wasting the Church, by exacting free quarters from abbeys and priories, without either shame or reason. I fear ere I shall be too late to command the ability to make a stand against those daring scoundrels—I must make haste." He struck his mule with his riding wand accordingly; but, instead of speeding her pace, the animal suddenly started from the path, and the rider's utmost efforts could not force her forward.

"Art thou, too, infected with the spirit of the times?" said the Sub-Prior; "thou wert wont to be ready and servicable, and art now as restive as any wild jack-man or stubborn harrlot of them all."

While he was contending with the startled animal, a voice, like that of a female, shouted in his ear, or at least very close to it,

"Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
With your mule as his, and your mauls as wife;
But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.
Hark, hark,
The volume black!
I have a warrant to carry it back."

* To assert, in Scotland, to be owed free quarters against the will of the landlord. It is declared equivalent to theft, by a statute passed in the year 1448. The great dissensions oppressed the monasteries very much by exactions of this nature. The community of Abbotcreech complained of one Paul of Angus, I think, who was in the regular habit of stirring them once a year, with a train of a thousand horse, and abiding till the whole winter provisions of the convent were exhausted.

The Sub-Prior looked around, but neither look nor looker was near which could excite an antisedulous suspicion. "May Our Lady have mercy on me!" he said; "I trust my senses have not forsaken me—yet how my thoughts should arrange themselves into raptures which I despise, and sounds which I care not for, or why these should be the sound of a female voice in ears, in which its melody has been so long indifferant, baffles my comprehension, and almost reduces the vision of Philip the Hermitian. Come, good maid, betide thee to the path, and let us leave while our judgment serves us."

But the maid stood as if it had been nailed to the spot, looked from the point to which it was pressed by the rider, and by her ears laid down into her neck, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, testified that she was under great terror.

While the Sub-Prior, by alternate threats and soothing, endeavored to restrain the wayward animal to her duty, the wild musical voice was again heard close beside him.

"What, ho! Sub-Prior, and come you, but here
To request a look from a dead woman's bier!
Behold you, and were you, be wary and wise,
Hide back with the book, or you'll pay the poor price,
Back, back,
There's death in the book!
In the name of my master I bid thee leave back."

"In the name of my Master," said the astonished monk,
"that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus!"

The same voice replied,

"That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to Heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mind, a bubble of the senses,
Fruit of a waking thought and a sleeping disease;
A form that was e'er
With the laid-dust eye,
In the house of the willing ear, art thou!"

"This is more than simple fantasy," said the Sub-Prior, musing himself; though, notwithstanding the natural heartiness of his temper, the unspeakable presence of a supernatural being so near him, failed not to make his blood run cold, and his hair bristle. "I charge thee," he said aloud, "be thine

around what it will, to depart and trouble me no more! False spirit, thou shalt not appeal any more those who do the work negligently."

The voice immediately answered—

"Vainly, the Prince, wouldst thou bar me my right!
 Like the star when it shines, I can dart through the night;
 I can dance on the torrent and fall on the air,
 And travel the world with the heavy night-mare.
 Again, again,
 At the creek of the glen,
 Where hidden the fountain, I'll meet thee again.

The road was now apparently left open; for the male collected himself, and changed from her posture of terror to one which promised advance, although a profuse perspiration, and general trembling of the joints, indicated the badly terror she had undergone.

"I used to doubt the existence of Chivalry and Romance," thought the Sub-Prior, "but, by my Holy Order, I know no longer what to say!—My pulse beats temperately—my hand is cool—I am fasting from everything but sin, and possessed of my ordinary faculties—Either some foul is permitted to baffle me, or the tales of Constantine Aprippe, Paracelsus, and others who treat of occult philosophy, are not without foundation.—At the creek of the glen! I could have desired to avoid a second meeting, but I am on the service of the Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against me."

He moved onward accordingly, but with precaution, and not without fear; for he neither knew the manner in which, or the place where, his journey might be next interrupted by his invisible attendant. He descended the glen without interruption for about a mile further, when, just at the spot where the track approached the steep hill, with a winding as abrupt as to leave scarcely room for a horse to pass, the male was again visited with the same symptoms of terror which had before interrupted her course. Better acquainted than before with the cause of her restlessness, the Priest employed no effort to make her proceed, but addressed himself to the object, which he doubted not was the same that had formerly interrupted him, in the words of solemn exorcism prescribed by the Church of Rome on such occasions.

In reply to his demand, the voice again sang—

"Men of good are told as evilmen,
 Men of evil are told as evilmen;
 Let them will,
 In the end of the bill,
 For those be before than that wish than ill."

While the Sub-Prior listened, with his head turned in the direction from which the sounds seemed to come, he felt as if something rushed against him; and ere he could discover the cause, he was pushed from his saddle with gentle but irresistible force. Before he reached the ground his senses were gone, and he lay long in a state of insensibility; for the sunset had not ceased to gild the top of the distant hill when he fell,—and when he again became conscious of existence, the pale moon was glowering in the landscape. He awakened in a state of terror, from which, for a few minutes, he found it difficult to shake himself free. At length he sat up on the grass, and became sensible, by repeated exertion, that the only personal injury which he had sustained was the numbness arising from extreme cold. The notion of something near him made the blood again run to his heart, and by a sudden effort he started up, and looking around, saw to his relief that the noise was occasioned by the footsteps of his own mule. The passable animal had remained quietly beside her master during his trance, browsing on the grass which grew plentifully in that sequestered nook.

With some exertion he collected himself; remounted the animal, and meditating upon his wild adventure, descended the glen till its junction with the broader valley through which the Tweed winds. The drawbridge was readily dropped at his first summons; and so much had he won upon the heart of the cheerful warden, that Peter appeared himself with a lantern to show the Sub-Prior his way over the perilous pass.

"By my sooth, sir," he said, holding the light up to Father Richard's face, "you look surely travelled and dreadly pale—but a little murther serves to weary out you men of the cell. I now who speak to you—I have children—before I was pushed up here on this pillar betwixt wind and water—it may be thirty Scots miles before I lookie my flesh, and have had the red of a terrible row in my cheek all the while—but will you taste some food, or a cup of distilled waters?"

"*Thanks—thanks.*"

"I may not," said Father Bastase, "being under a vow; but I thank you for your kindness, and pray you to give what I may not accept to the next poor pilgrim who comes hither pale and fasting, for so it shall be the better both with him here, and with you hereafter."

"By my life, and I will do so," said Peter Bridge-Ward, "even for thy sake—it is strange now, how this Sub-Prior gets round men's hearts more than the rest of these awful gentry, that think of nothing but quaffing and stuffing!—Wife, I say—with, we will give a cup of distilled water and a crust of bread unto the next pilgrim that comes over; and so may keep for the purpose the gruels of the last greybeard," and the ill-baked bunnet which the beards could fit on."

While Peter issued these charitable, and, at the same time, prudent injunctions, the Sub-Prior, whose mild interference had answered the Bridge-Ward to such an act of unwelcome generosity, was pacing onward to the Monastery. In the way, he had to converse with and subdue his own rebellious heart, as strong, he was sensible, more formidable than any which the external powers of States could place in his way.

Father Bastase had indeed strong temptation to suppress the extraordinary incident which had befallen him, which he was the more reluctant to confess, because he had passed so severe a judgment upon Father Philip, who, as he was not unwilling to allow, but, on his return from Glendurg, encountered obstacles somewhat similar to his own. Of this the Sub-Prior was the more conscious, when, being in his house for the Book which he had brought off from the Tower of Glendurg, he found it was missing, which he could only account for by supposing it had been stolen from him during his trance.

"If I confess this strange visitation," thought the Sub-Prior, "I become the ridicule of all my brethren—I, whom the Primate and others like to be a watch, as it were, and a check upon their folly. I give the Abbot an advantage over me which I shall never again recover, and Heaven only knows how he may abuse it, in his foolish simplicity, to the dishonour and loss of Holy Kirk.—But then, if I make not true confession of my shame, with what face can I again presume to admonish or constrain others!—Arise, proud heart," continued he, addressing himself, "that the wail of Holy Church interests thee less in this matter

* An old-fashioned name for an action far the better spirits.

than their own humiliation.—Yes, Heaven has punished them even in that point in which they did deem thyself most strong, in thy spiritual pride and thy carnal wisdom. Thou hast laughed at and derided the impotence of thy brethren—steep thyself in turn in their decision—tell what they may not believe—affirm that which they will ascribe to life fear, or perhaps to life falsehood—unsure the disgrace of a silly victory, or a wild delusion.—Be it so; I will do my duty, and make ample confession to my superior. If the discharge of this duty destroys my usefulness in this house, God and Our Lady will send me where I can better serve them."

There was no little work in the resolution thus plainly and generously formed by Father Rastore. To men of any rank the esteem of their order is naturally most dear; but in the monastic establishment, cut off, as the brethren are, from other objects of ambition, as well as from all exterior friendship and relationship, the place which they hold in the opinion of each other is all in all.

But the consciousness how much he should rejoice the Abbot and most of the other monks of Saint Mary's, who were ignorant of the unauthorized, yet irresistible control, which he was wont to exercise in the affairs of the convent, by a confession which would put him in a ludicrous, or perhaps even in a criminal point of view, could not weigh with Father Rastore in comparison with the task which his belief enjoined.

As, strong in his feelings of duty, he approached the exterior gate of the Monastery, he was surprised to see torches gleaming, and men assembled around it, some on horseback, some on foot, while several of the monks, distinguished through the night by their white caparisons, were making themselves busy among the crowd. The Sub-Prince was received with a courteous shout of joy, which at once made him sensible that he had himself been the object of their anxiety.

"There he is! there he is! God be thanked—there he is, hale and fit!" exclaimed the monks; while the monks exclaimed, "To Deus Incumbas—the blood of thy servants is precious in thy sight!"

"What is the matter, children! what is the matter, my brethren?" said Father Rastore, dismounting at the gate.

"Nay, brother, if thou know'st not, we will not tell thee till thou art in the refectory," answered the monks; "suffice it that

the Lord Abbot had ordered these, our soldiers and faithful vassals, instantly to set forth to guard thee from imminent peril—Ye may enlighten your horses, children, and disciples; and moreover, each who was at this dangerous may send to the convent kitchen for a quarter of a yard of roast beef, and a black-jack full of double ale.”

The vassals dispersed with joyful acclamation, and the monks, with equal jubilee, conducted the Sub-Prior into the refectory.

* It was one of the few weaknesses of Old Peter, or Henry Jenkins, I forget which, that at some convent in the vicar's neighbourhood, the community, before the dissolution, used to dole out roast beef by the measure of feet and yards.

CHAPTER TENTH.

Here we stand—

Wonderful and well, say Heaven's high name be bless'd be't
As dead, ere Francis could'd a lesson applied to.

DUNCAN.

No sooner was the Sub-Prior hurried into the refectory by his rejecting companions, than the first person on whom he fixed his eye proved to be Christie of the Clithill. He was seated in the chimney-corner, fattered and guarded, his features drawn into that air of sulky and turbid resolution with which those hardened in guilt are accustomed to view the approach of punishment. But as the Sub-Prior drew near to him, his face assumed a more wild and startled expression, while he exclaimed—"The devil! the devil himself brings the dead back upon the living!"

"Nay," said a monk to him, "say rather that Our Lady bids the attempts of the wicked on her faithful servants—our dear brother lives and moves."

"Lives and moves!" said the rustic, rising and shuffling towards the Sub-Prior as well as his chains would permit; "nay, then, I will never trust such shaft and steel point men—it is even so," he added, as he gazed on the Sub-Prior with astonishment; "swords were not wound—not as much as a rent in his flesh!"

"And whence should my wound have come?" said Father Eustace.

"From the good lance that never failed me before," replied Christie of the Chalkhill.

"Hasten thither then for thy purpose!" said the Sub-Prior; "wouldst thou have slain a servant of the altar?"

"To slay?" answered Christie; "the Friars say, as the whole pack of ye were slain, there were more lost at Flooken."

"Villain! art thou baser as well as surlier?"

"Not I, by Saint Giles," replied the rider; "I returned kindly enough to the Lord of Almonre, when he told me ye were all dead and buried; but when he would have had me go hear me Winkhart, a peepster as they call him, he might as well have persuaded the wild cots that had flung me rider to head down and help another into the saddle."

"There is some goodness about him, yet," said the Sacristan to the Abbot, who at that moment entered.—"He refused to hear a heretic preacher."

"The better for him in the next world," answered the Abbot. "Prepare for death, my son,—we deliver thee over to the secular arm of our hall, for execution on the Gallows-hill by ray of light."

"Amen!" said the ruffian; "in the end I must have come by sooner or later—and what care I whether I find the crows at Saint Mary's or at Chalkhill?"

"Let me implore your reverend patience for an instant," said the Sub-Prior, "until I shall implore"—

"What?" exclaimed the Abbot, observing him for the first time.—"Our dear brother returned to us when his life was unhelped for I—say, kneel not to a slaver like me—stand up—thou hast my blessing. When this villain came to the gate accused by his own evil conscience, and crying out he had murdered thee, I thought that the pillar of our main table had fallen.—no more shall a life so precious be exposed to such risks as occur in this border country; no longer shall one beloved and rescued of Heaven hold so low a station in the church as that of a poor Sub-Prior—I will write by express to the Friars for thy speedy removal and advancement."

"Nay, but let me understand," said the Sub-Prior; "did this villain say he had slain me?"

"That he had transfixed you," answered the Abbot, "in full career with his lance—but it seems he had taken an indifferent aim. But no sooner didst thou fall to the ground mortally gored, as he deemed, with his weapon, than our blessed Patroness appeared to him, as he avowed"—

"I avowed no such thing," said the prisoner; "I said a woman in white intercepted me, as I was about to examine the prince's musket, for they are usually well lined—she had a talisman in her hand, with one touch of which she struck me from my horse, as I might strike down a child of four years old with an iron mace—and then, like a slaying fiend as she was, she sang to me,

"Thank the holy-heads
That rode on thy horse;
So with this slender reed
I had strangled thee now."

I gathered myself up with fear and difficulty, threw myself on my knees, and came hither like a fish to get myself hanged for a roper."

"Then stand, honoured brother," said the Abbot to the Sub-Prior, "in what favour thou art with our blessed Patroness, that she herself becomes the guardian of thy path—Not since the days of our blessed founder hath she shown such grace to any one. All unworthy were we to hold spiritual superiority over thee, and we pray thee to prepare for thy speedy removal to Alchesterwick."

"Alas! my lord and father," said the Sub-Prior, "your words pierce my very soul. Under the seal of confession will I presently tell thee why I consider myself rather the belied spot of a spirit of another sort, than the protected favourite of the heavenly powers. But first let me ask this catalogue man a question or two."

"Do as ye list," replied the Abbot—"but you shall not convince me that it is fitting you remain in this inferior office in the convent of Saint Mary."

"I would ask of this poor man," said Father Ruston, "for what purpose he nourished the thought of putting to death one who never did him evil?"

"Ay! but thou didst menace me with evil," said the ruffian, "and no one but a fiend is menaced twice. Dost thou not remember what you said touching the Prince and Lord

James, and the black pool of Jedwood! Didst thou think me fool enough to wait till thou hadst betrayed me to the sack and the fork! There was small wisdom in that, certainly—as little as in waiting hither to tell my own misdoings—I think the devil was in me when I took this road—I might have remembered the proverb, "Never Frier forget lead!"

"And it was solely for that—for that only lusty word of mine, uttered in a moment of impatience, and forgotten ere it was well spoken?" said Father Easton.

"Ay! for that, and—for the love of thy gold crucifix," said Christie of the Chaffill.

"Gracious Heaven! and could the yellow metal—the glittering earth—so far overcome every sense of what is thereby represented!—Father Abbot, I pray, as a dear boon, you will deliver this guilty person to my mercy."

"Nay, brother," interposed the Sacristan, "in your doom, if you will, not to your mercy—Remember, we are not all equally favoured by our blessed Lady, nor is it likely that every truck in the Court will serve as a coat of proof when a lance is crashed against it."

"For that very reason," said the Sub-Prior, "I would not that for my worthless self the community were to fall at feud with Julius of Avenel, this man's master."

"Our Lady forbid!" said the Sacristan, "he is a second Julius the Apostle."

"With our revered father the Abbot's permission, then," said Father Easton, "I desire this man be freed from his chains, and suffered to depart unharmed;—and here, friend," he added, giving him the golden crucifix, "is the image for which thou wert willing to stain thy hands with murder. View it well, and may it inspire thee with other and better thoughts than those which referred to it as a piece of bullion! Part with it, nevertheless, if thy necessities require, and get thee one of such coarse substance that Maximon shall have no share in any of the reflections to which it gives rise. It was the bequest of a dear friend to me; but scarce service can it never do thee that of winning a soul to Heaven."

The Bowdler, now freed from his chains, stood gazing alternately on the Sub-Prior, and on the golden crucifix. "By Saint Giles!" said he, "I understand ye not!—Am ye give me

gold for coaching my horse at three, what would you give me to level it at a heretic?"

"The Church," said the Sub-Prior, "will try the effect of her spiritual censures in bring those stray sheep into the fold, and she employ the edge of the sword of Saint Peter."

"Ay, but," said the refectory, "they say the Friars themselves are like strongling and hawking in all both of censures and of sword. But fare ye well, I owe you a life, and it may be I will not forget my debt."

The bullock now came bustling in, dressed in his blue coat and bandoliers, and attended by two or three halberdiers. "I have been a thought too late in waiting upon your sacred lordship. I am grown somewhat fatter since the field of Finkle, and my bandoliers coat slips not on so soon as it was wont; but the dragons is ready, and though, as I said, I have been somewhat late."——

Here his intended prisoner walked gravely up to the officer's nose, to his great amusement.

"You have been indeed somewhat late, bullock," said he, "and I am greatly obligated to your half-coat, and to the time you took to put it on. If the weather were had arrived some quarter of an hour sooner, I had been out of the reach of spiritual grace; but as it is, I wish you good even, and a safe retirement out of your garment of darkness, in which you have much the air of a hog in armour."

Wroth was the bullock with this comparison, and exclaimed in ire—"As it were not for the presence of the venerable Lord Abbot, thou knave!"——

"Nay, as thou wouldst try conclusions," said Christie of the Chibbitt, "I will meet thee at day-break by Saint Mary's Well."

"Hastened wretch!" said Father Bontace; "art thou not this instant delivered from death, and dost thou no more nurse thoughts of slaughter?"

"I will meet with thee ere it be long, thou knave," said the bullock, "and teach thee thine Omelette."

"I will meet thy wretch in a moonlight night before that day," said he of the Chibbitt.

"I will have thee by the neck ere ninety morning, thou strong thief," answered the smaller officer of the Church.

"Thou art thyself as strong a thief as ever rode," repeated

Christie; "and if the worms were once feasting on that fat success of thine, I might well hope to have thine office, by favour of those voracious men."

"A coat of their office and a coat of mine," answered the butler; "a coat and a confession, that is all thou wilt have from us."

"Hm," said the Sub-Prior, observing that his hearers began to take more interest than was exactly decorous in this wrangling between justice and inequity, "I pray you both to depart—Master Balle, retire with your halliards, and trouble not the man whom we have disowned—And thou, Christie, or whatever be thy name, take thy departure, and remember thou owest thy life to the Lord Abbot's clemency."

"Nay, as to that," answered Christie, "I judge that I owe it to your own; but impute it to whom ye list, I owe a life among ye, and there is an end!" And whistling as he went, he left the apartment, seeming as if he held the life which he had forfeited not worth further thanks.

"Oustains even to brutality!" said Father Eustace; "and yet who knows but some better use may be made of such an exterior?"

"Save a thief from the gallows," said the Sacristan—"you know the rest of the proverb; and admitting, as may Heaven grant, that our lives and limbs are safe from this outrageous knave, who shall insure our soul and our suit, our hands and our books?"

"Marry, that will I, my brethren," said an aged monk. "Ah, brethren, you little know what may be made of a reportant robber. In Abbot Ingilfrun's days—ay, and I remember them as it were yesterday—the freebooters were the best welcome men that came to Saint Mary's. Ay, they paid tribute of every dress that they brought over from the South, and because they wore something lightly come by, I have known them make the tribute a souvenir—that is, if their confessor knew his business—ay, when we saw from the tower a mass of fat bullocks, or a drove of sheep coming down the valley, with two or three stout men-at-arms behind them with their glittering steel caps, and their black-jacks, and their long lances, the good Lord Abbot Ingilfrun was wont to say—he was a merry man—There come the tithe of the spoils of the Egyptians! Ay, and I have seen the famous John the Armstrong—a fair tale he was and

a gaily, the more pity that hoop was ever hocked for him—I have seen him come into the Abbey-church with nine barrels of gold in his bosom, and every barrel made of nine English nobles, and he would go from chapel to chapel, and from knave to knave, and from squire to squire, on his knees—and leave here a barrel, and there a noble, till there was as little gold on his bosom as on my hood—you will find no such Border thieves now!"

"No truly, Brother Nicolas," answered the Abbot; "they are more apt to take any gold the Church has left, than to beguile or bestow any—and for cattle, bestow me if I think they care whether berries have fed on the meadows of Lancaster Abbey, or of Saint Mary's!"

"There is no good thing left in them," said Father Nicolas; "they are clean naught—Ah, the thieves that I have seen!—such proper men! and as playful as proper, and as pious as playful!"

"It kills not talking of it, Brother Nicolas," said the Abbot; "and I will now dismiss you, my brethren, holding your meeting upon this new legislation concerning the danger of our revered Sub-Prior, instead of the attendance on the lands this evening—Yet let the bells be duly rung for the celebration of the hymns without, and also that the services may give due reverence.—And now, benedictio, brethren! The collar will bestow on each a grace-cup and a morsel as ye pass the battery, for ye have been troubled and anxious, and dangerous it is to fall asleep in such case with empty stomach."

"*Gratias agimus tibi monasterium, Domine conservacionem,*" replied the brethren, departing in their due order.

But the Sub-Prior remained behind, and falling on his knees before the Abbot, as he was about to withdraw, craved him to hear under the seal of confession the adventures of the day. The reverend Lord Abbot yawned, and would have alleged fatigue; but to Father Ruston, of all men, he was advanced to show indifference in his religious duties. The confession, therefore, proceeded, in which Father Ruston told all the extraordinary circumstances which had befallen him during the journey. And being questioned by the Abbot, whether he was not conscious of any secret sin, through which he might have been subjected for a time to the delusions of evil spirits, the Sub-Prior admitted, with frank avowal, that he thought he

might have deserved such penance for having judged with uncharitable rigour of the report of Father Philip the Recluse.

"However," said the penitent, "may have been willing to convince me, not only that he ran at pleasure upon a communication between us and beings of a different, and, as we word it, supernatural class, but also to punish our pride of superior wisdom, or superior courage, or superior knowing."

It is well said that virtue is its own reward; and I question if duty was ever more completely recompensed, than by the satisfaction which the reverend Abbot so unadvisedly yielded to the confession of the Sub-Prior. To find the object of his fear, shall we say, or of his envy, or of both, according himself to the very error with which he had so hastily charged him, was a confirmation of the Abbot's judgment, a softening of his pride, and an allaying of his fears. The sense of triumph, however, rather increased than diminished his natural good-humour; and so far was Abbot Thaddeus from being disposed to tyrannise over his Sub-Prior, in consequence of this discovery, that in his exhortation he hovered somewhat indifferently betwixt the natural exuberance of his own gratified vanity, and his timid reluctance to hurt the feelings of Father Rastase.

"My brother," said he, in rebuke, "it cannot have escaped your judicious observation, that we have often declined our own judgment in favour of your opinion, even about those matters which most nearly concerned the community. Nevertheless, grieved would we be, could you think that we did this, either because we deemed our own opinion less pregnant, or our wit more shallow, than that of our other brethren. For it was done exclusively to give our younger brethren, such as your much esteemed self, my dearest brother, that courage which is necessary to a free deliverance of your opinion,—we oft-times sitting apart our proper judgment, that our brethren, and especially our dear brother the Sub-Prior, may be comforted and encouraged in proposing valiantly his own thoughts. Which our deference and humility may, in some sort, have produced in your mind, most reverend brother, that self-opinion of parts and knowledge, which hath led unfortunately to your over-estimating your own facilities, and thereby subjecting yourself, as is but too visible, to the japes and macheries of evil spirits. For it is assured that Heaven always holdeth us in the least esteem when we deem of ourselves most highly; and also, on the other hand, it may be that we

have somewhat departed from what became our high seat in this Abbey, in suffering ourselves to be too much guided, and even, as it were, controlled, by the voice of our interior. "Whosoever," continued the Lord Abbot, "in both of us such faults shall and must be amended—you hereafter proceeding less upon your gifts and carnal wisdom, and I taking heed not so easily to relinquish mine own opinion for that of one lower in place and in office. Nevertheless, we would not that we should thereby lose the high advantage which we have derived, and may yet derive, from your wise counsels, which hath been so often recommended to us by our most Reverend Primate. Wherefore on affairs of high moment, we will call you to our presence in private, and listen to your opinion, which, if it shall agree with our own, we will deliver to the Chapter, as emanating directly from ourselves; thus sparing you, dearest brother, that seeming victory which is so apt to engender spiritual pride, and avoiding ourselves the temptation of falling into that molten facility of opinion, whereby our office is lessened and our person (were that of consequence) rendered less important in the eyes of the community over which we preside."

Notwithstanding the high notions which, as a rigid Catholic, Father Eustace entertained of the sacrament of confession, as his Church calls it, there was some danger that a sense of the ridiculous might have stolen on him, when he heard his Superior, with such simple reasoning, lay out a little plan for availing himself of the Sub-Prior's wisdom and experience, while he should take the whole credit to himself. Yet his conscience immediately told him that he was right.

"I should have thought more," he reflected, "of the spiritual Superior, and less of the individual. I should have spread my mantle over the frailties of my spiritual father, and done what I might to support his character, and, of course, to extend his utility among the brethren, as well as with others. The Abbot cannot be humbled, without the community being humbled in his person. Her boast is, that over all her children, especially over those called to places of distinction, she can diffuse those gifts which are necessary to render them *Electum*."

Assented by those sentiments, Father Eustace finally assented to the charge which his Superior, even in that manner of authority, had rather intimated than made, and signified his humble acquiescence in any mode of communicating his counsel

which might be most agreeable to the Lord Abbot, and might best remove from himself all temptation to glory in his own wisdom. He then prayed the Reverend Father to assign him such penance as might best suit his offences, intimating, at the same time, that he had already fasted the whole day.

"And it is that I complain of," answered the Abbot, instead of giving him credit for his abstinence; "it is those very passions, fads, and vices, of which we complain; as tending only to generate sin and fumes of vanity, which, ascending from the stomach into the head, do but puff us up with vain-glory and self-opinion. It is meet and becoming that monks should undergo fasts and vigils; for some part of every community must fast, and young stomachs may best endure it. Besides, in them it deters wicked thoughts, and the desire of worldly delights. But, reverend brother, for those to fast who are dead and married to the world, as I and thou, is work of supererogation, and is but the matter of spiritual pride. Wherefore, I exhort thee, most reverend brother, go to the battery, and drink two cups at least of good wine, eating with a comfortable merriment, such as may best suit thy taste and stomach. And in respect that thine opinion of thy own wisdom hath at times made thee less considerate to, and compassionate with, the weaker and less learned brethren, I exhort thee, during the said repast, to choose for thy companion our reverend brother Nicolas, and without interruption or impudence, to listen for a strict hour to his narrative concerning those things which befall in the times of our venerable predecessor, Abbot Ingilram, in whom and may Heaven have mercy! And for each holy exercise as may further advantage your soul, and expiate the faults wherof you have contritely and humbly accused yourself guilty, we will prefer upon that matter, and tomorrow our will unto you the next morning."

It was remarkable, that after this reasonable evening, the feelings of the worthy Abbot towards his abiding were much more kindly and friendly than when he deemed the Sub-Prior the impossible and inflexible person, in whose garment of virtue and wisdom no flaw was to be discerned. It seemed as if this avowal of his own imperfections had recommenced Father Justice to the friendship of the Superior, although at the same time this increase of benevolence was attended with some circumstances, which, to a man of the Sub-Prior's natural elevation

of mind and temper, were more grievous than even undergoing the legends of the cruel and virtuous Father Nicolas. For instance, the Abbot seldom mentioned him to the other monks, without designating him our beloved Brother Eustace, poor man! —and now and then he used to warn the younger brethren against the snare of vain-glory and spiritual pride, which Eustace sets for the more rightly righteous, with such facts and demonstrations as did all but expressly designate the Sub-Prior as one who had fallen at one time under such delusions. Upon these occasions, it required all the vague abstinence of a monk, all the philosophical discipline of the schools, and all the patience of a Christian, to enable Father Eustace to endure the pompous and patronising parade of his honest, but somewhat thick-headed Superior. He began himself to be desirous of leaving the Monastery, or at least he manifestly declined to interfere with its affairs, in that unworldly and uncollective manner which he had at first practised.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

Then call this education, do you not?
 Why 'tis the broad march of a host of battalions
 Before a shouting driver. The plot was
 Mown up at once, and pass a while to mow
 A passing sword from the daisy ground,
 With all the Mares, the caters, the indignation,
 Fell in the crops of the ill-fated sugar
 That supplies in the war.

OUR PLAN.

Two or three years glided on, during which the storm of the approaching alteration in church government became each day louder and more perilous. Owing to the circumstances which we have intimated in the end of the last chapter, the Sub-Prior Eustace appeared to have altered considerably his habits of life. He attended, on all extraordinary occasions, to the Abbot, whether privately, or in the assembled Chapter, the support of his wisdom and experience; but in his ordinary habits he seemed now to live more for himself, and less for the community, than had been his former practice.

He often absented himself for whole days from the convent; and as the adventures of Glendour dwelt deeply on his memory, he was repeatedly inclined to visit that lonely tower, and to take an interest in the orphans who had their shelter under its roof. Besides, he felt a deep anxiety to know whether the volume which he had lost, when so strangely preserved from the hands of the murderer, had again found its way back to the Tower of Glendour. "It was strange," he thought, "that a spirit," for such he could not help judging the being whose voice he had heard, "should, on the one side, seek the advancement of learning, and, on the other, interpose to save the life of a restless Catholic priest."

But from an inquiry which he made of the various inhabitants of the Tower of Glendour could be learn that the copy of the translated Scriptures, for which he made such diligent inquiry, had again been seen by any of them.

In the meanwhile the good father's occasional visits were of no small consequence to Edward Glendinning and to Mary Arved. The former displayed a power of apprehending and retaining whatever was taught him, which filled Father Ruston with admiration. He was at once serious and industrious, short and accurate; one of those rare combinations of talent and industry which are seldom united.

It was the earnest desire of Father Ruston that the excellent qualities thus early displayed by Edward should be dedicated to the service of the Church, to which he thought the youth's own consent might be easily obtained, as he was of a calm, contemplative, retired habit, and seemed to consider knowledge as the principal object, and its subjugation as the greatest pleasure, in life. As to the mother, the Abb-Prior had little doubt that, trained as she was to view the merits of Saint Mary's with such profound reverence, she would be but too happy in an opportunity of enrolling one of her sons in its honoured community. But the good Father proved to be mistaken in both these particulars.

When he spoke to Elspeth Glendinning of that which a mother had never to hear—the probability and abilities of her son—she listened with a delighted ear. But when Father Ruston hinted at the duty of dedicating to the service of the Church, talents which seemed fitted to defend and adorn it, she shuddered always to shift the subject; and when

pressed father, enlarged on her own incapacity, as a lone woman, to manage the fee; on the advantage which her neighbours of the township were often taking of her unprotected state, and on the wish she had that Edward might fill his father's place, reside in the tower, and close her eyes.

Its such conscious the Sub-Prior would answer, that even in a worldly point of view the welfare of the family would be best consulted by one of the sons entering into the community of Saint Mary's, as it was not to be supposed that he would fail to afford his family the important protection which he could then really extend towards them. What could be a more pleasing prospect than to see him, high in honour! or what more sweet than to have the last duties rendered to her by a son revered for his holiness of life, and exemplary manners? Besides, he volunteered to impose upon the dame that her eldest son, Halbert, whose bold temper and headstrong intolerance of a wandering life rendered him incapable of learning, was, for that reason, as well as that he was her eldest born, fitted to bumble through the affairs of the world, and manage the little fee.

Euphath durst not directly dissent from what was proposed, for fear of giving displeasure, and yet she always had something to say against it. Halbert, she said, was not like any of the neighbour boys—he was taller by the head, and stronger by the half, than any boy of his years within the Haldens. But he was fit for no peaceful work that could be desired. If he liked a book ill, he liked a plough or a cattle worse. He had secured his father's old broadsword—suspended it by a belt round his waist, and seldom stirred without it. He was a sweet boy and a gentle if spoken fair, but cross him and he was a horn devil. "In a word," she said, hurrying into tears, "deprive me of Edward, good father, and ye deprive my house of peep and pillar; for my heart tells me that Halbert will take to his father's gait, and do his father's death."

When the conversation came to this crisis, the good-humoured monk was always content to drop the discussion for the time, trusting some opportunity would come of removing her prejudices, for such he thought them, against Edward's proposed destination.

When, leaving the mother, the Sub-Prior addressed himself to the son, instructing him and for knowledge, and pointing out

how amply it might be gratified should he agree to take holy orders, he found the same repugnance which Dame Elspeth had exhibited. Edward pleaded a want of sufficient vocation to so serious a profession—his reluctance to leave his mother, and other objections, which the Sub-Prior treated as evasions.

"I plainly perceive," he said one day, in answer to them, "that the devil has his fancies as well as Heaven, and that they are equally, or, almost the former are perhaps more active, in bespoking for their master the best of the market. I trust, young men, that neither idleness, nor licentious pleasure, nor the love of worldly gain and worldly grandeur, the chief baits with which the great Fisher of souls conceals his hook, are the causes of your declining the career to which I would lead you. But above all I trust—above all I hope—that the vanity of superior knowledge—a sin with which those who have made proficiency in learning are most frequently beset—has not led you into the awful hazard of listening to the dangerous doctrines which are now about concerning religion. Better for you that you were as grossly ignorant as the beasts which perish, than that the pride of knowledge should induce you to lend an ear to the voice of heresies." Edward Glendinning listened to the rebuke with a downcast look, and failed not, when it was concluded, secretly to vindicate himself from the charge of having pushed his studies into any subjects which the Church inhibited; and so the monk was left to form vain conjectures respecting the cause of his reluctance to embrace the monastic state.

It is an old proverb, used by Chaucer, and quoted by Elizabeth, that "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;" and it is as true as if the poet had not rhymed, or the queen reasoned on it. If Father Bostons had not had his thoughts turned so much to the progress of heresy, and so little to what was passing in the tower, he might have read, in the speaking eyes of Mary Arundel, now a girl of fourteen or fifteen, reasons which might distinguish her youthful complexion towards the monastic vows. I have said, that she also was a promising pupil of the good father, upon whom her innocent and infectious beauty had an effect of which he was himself, perhaps, unconscious. Her rank and expectations entitled her to be taught the arts of reading and writing;—and such lessons which the monk assigned her were counsel over in company with Edward, and by him ex-

plained and re-explained, and again illustrated, until she became perfectly mistress of it.

In the beginning of their studies, Halbert had been their school companion. But the idleness and impatience of his disposition soon quarrelled with an occupation in which, without assiduity and unswerving attention, no progress was to be expected. The Sub-Prior's visits were at irregular intervals, and often weeks would intervene between them, in which case Halbert was sure to forget all that had been prescribed for him to learn, and much which he had partly acquired before. His deficiencies on those occasions gave him pain, but it was not of that sort which produces amendment.

For a time, like all who are fond of idleness, he endeavoured to detach the attention of his brother and Mary Arnold from their task, rather than to learn his own, and such dialogues as the following would ensue:—

"Take your hornet, Edward, and make haste—the Lord of Cadoric is at the head of the glass with his hounds."

"I can't see, Halbert," answered the younger brother; "two hours of sleep may kill a deer without my being there to see them, and I must help Mary Arnold with her lesson."

"Ay! you will labour at the monk's lesson till you turn weak yourself," answered Halbert.—"Mary, will you go with me, and I will show you the market's tale I told you of!"

"I cannot go with you, Halbert," answered Mary, "because I must study this lesson—it will take me long to learn it—I am sorry I am so dull; for if I could get my task as fast as Edward, I should like to go with you."

"Should you indeed?" said Halbert; "then I will wait for you—and, what is more, I will try to get my lesson also."

With a smile and a sigh he took up the primer, and began heavily to con over the task which had been assigned him. As if banished from the society of the two others, he sat sad and solitary in one of the deep window-recesses, and after in vain struggling with the difficulty of his task, and his disinclination to learn it, he found himself involuntarily engaged in watching the movements of the other two students, instead of telling any longer.

The picture which Halbert looked upon was delightful in itself, but somehow or other it afforded very little pleasure to him. The beautiful girl, with looks of simple, yet earnest

society, was bent on disentangling these intricacies which obstructed her progress in knowledge, and looking ever and anon to Edward for assistance, while, seated close by her side, and watchful to remove every obstacle from her way, he seemed at once to be proud of the progress which his pupil made, and of the assistance which he was able to render her. There was a bond betwixt them, a strong and interesting tie, the desire of obtaining knowledge, the pain of surmounting difficulties.

Feeling most anxiously, yet ignorant of the nature and source of his own emotions, Halbert could no longer endure to look upon this quiet scene, but, starting up, dashed his book from him, and exclaimed aloud, "To the deed I begone! all books, and the doctors that make them!—I would a score of Sophisms would come up the gale, and we should learn how little all this muzzling and maddling is worth."

Mary Averell and his brother started, and looked at Halbert with surprise, while he went on with great animation, his features swelling, and the tears standing into his eyes as he spoke.—"Yes, Mary—I wish a score of Sophisms came up the gale this very day; and you should see one good hand, and one good sword, do more to protect you, than all the books that were ever spread, and all the pens that ever grew on a goose's wing."

Mary looked a little surprised and a little frightened at his vehemence, but instantly replied affectionately, "You are vexed, Halbert, because you do not get your lesson as fast as Edward can; and so am I, for I am as stupid as you.—But come, and Edward shall sit betwixt us and teach us."

"He shall not teach us," said Halbert, in the same angry mood; "I never can teach him to do any thing that is honorable and manly, and he shall not teach us any of his rascally tricks.—I hate the monks, with their dawdling mood, true like so many frogs, and those long black petticoats like so many women, and their reverence, and their knockings, and their long vessels that do nothing but peddle in the mire with plough and harrow from Vile to Melancholia. I will call some lord, but him who wears a sword to make his title good; and I will call some man, but him that can bear himself manlike and masterful."

"For Heaven's sake, peace, brother!" said Edward; "if such words were taken up and reported out of the house, they would be our mother's ruin."

"Report them yourself, then, and they will be your making, and nobody's marring save mine own. Say that Halbert Glendinning will never be raised to an old man with a sword and shaven crown, while there are twenty barons who wear crests and plumes that lack bold followers. Let them grant you these wretched acres, and much more may they bear you to make your brother." He left the room hastily, but instantly returned, and continued to speak with the same tone of quick and irritated feeling. "And you need not think as much, neither of you, and especially you, Edward, need not think as much of your parchment book there, and your running is reading it. By my faith, I will soon learn to read as well as you; and—for I know a better teacher than your golden old monk, and a better book than his printed history; and since you like schoolcraft as well, Mary Arnes, you shall see whether Edward or I have most of it." He left the apartment, and came not again.

"What can be the matter with him?" said Mary, following Halbert with her eyes from the window, as with hasty and unequal steps he ran up the wild glen—"Where can your brother be going, Edward?—what look!—what teacher does he talk of?"

"It avails not guessing," said Edward. "Halbert is angry, he knows not why, and speaks of he knows not what; let us go again to our lessons, and he will come home when he has tired himself with scrambling among the crags as usual."

But Mary's anxiety on account of Halbert seemed more deeply rooted. She declined prosecuting the task in which they had been so pleasantly engaged, under the excuse of a headache; nor could Edward prevail upon her to resume it again that morning.

Meanwhile Halbert, his head unbowed, his features swelled with jealous anger, and the tear still in his eye, sped up the wild and upper extremity of the little valley of Glendinning with the speed of a roebuck, chasing, as if in desperate defiance of the difficulties of the way, the wildest and most dangerous paths, and voluntarily exposing himself a hundred times to dangers which he might have escaped by turning a little aside from them. It seemed as if he wished his course to be as straight as that of the arrow to its mark.

He arrived at length in a narrow and wooded dingle, or deep ravine, which ran down into the valley, and confronted a solitary

diverted to the supply of the brook with which Glendun is watered. Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the tower, nor did he pause and look around until he had reached the fountain from which the rivulet had its rise.

Here Halbert stopped short, and cast a gloomy, and almost a frightened glance around him. A huge rock rose in front, from a cleft of which grew a wild holly-tree, whose dark green branches rustled over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was at its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unobscured reflection of the sun was dancing in the pellucid fountain.

"It is the noon and the hour," said Halbert to himself; "and now I—I might soon become wiser than Edward with all his pains! Mary should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she reads, and point out every word and every letter. And she loves me better than him—I am sure she does—for she comes of noble blood, and wears cloth and cordons.—And do I myself not stand here doubtful and cowardly as any priest of them all?—Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape!—Already have I entered the vision, and why not again? What can it do to me, who am a man of life and flesh, and have by my side my father's sword? Does my heart beat—do my limbs tremble, at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I fear a band of Southrons in flesh and blood? By the soul of the first Glenduning, I will make proof of the charm!"

He cast the broken brags or buckles from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:—

"Three to the holly brake—
Three to the wall:—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Aweel!"

Now glance on the lake—
Now glance on the Fall—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Aweel!"

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure

of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.

"I guess Youe delighted there to see
A lady richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!"

¹ Colveridge's translation.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, every as it is, our fancy loves.
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock:
Its secret solitude, may well be deem'd
The home of something power, more awful,
And mightier than ourselves.

OLD DRIFT.

YETTER Halbert Glendinning had scarcely pronounced the mystical rhymes, than, as we have mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter, an appearance, as of a beautiful female, dressed in white, stood within two paces of him. His terror for the moment overcame his natural courage, as well as the strong resolution which he had formed, that the figure which he had now twice seen should not a third time desert him. But it would seem there is something thrilling and abhorrent to flesh and blood in the consciousness that we stand in presence of a being in form like to ourselves, but so different in faculties and nature, that we can neither understand its purposes, nor calculate its means of pursuing them.

Halbert stood silent and gasped for breath, his hairs erecting themselves on his head—his mouth open—his eyes fixed, and, as the sole remaining sign of his late determined purpose, his sword pointed towards the apparition. At length, with a voice of ineffable sweetness, the White Lady, for by that name we shall distinguish this being, sang, or rather chanted, the following lines:—

" Youth of the dark eye, whither shalt thou call me?
Whence art thou here, if lovers can appeal thee!

He that seeks to deal with us must know we feel our falling !
 To crawl and crawl our speech is dumb, our gifts are marvelling.
 The tears that brought us hither now, must sweep Egyptian ground.
 The tears that on which I ride for Araby is bound !
 The dewy dew is drifting by ; the tears that light for my stay,
 For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of day."

The withdrawal of Herbert began once more to give way to his resolution, and he pulled voice enough to say, though with a faltering accent, " In the name of God, what art thou ?"
 The answer was in melody of a different tone and measure :—

" What I am I must not share—
 What I am thou couldst not know—
 Something beyond heaven and hell—
 Something that neither stood nor fell—
 Something that through thy will or will
 May work thee good—may work thee ill.
 Herbert's substance quite too shadow,
 Haunting lonely seas and meadows,
 Dancing by the haunted spring,
 Flitting on the whirlwind's wing ;
 Aying in fantastic fashion
 Riffy change of human passion,
 While o'er our heads winds they pass,
 Like shadows from the mirror's glass,
 Wayward, fickle in our mood,
 Hovering between bad and good,
 Happier than mortal-dated man,
 Living twenty times his span,
 Far less happy, for we have
 Help nor hope beyond the grave !
 Man awakes to joy or sorrow ;
 Ours the sleep that knows no sorrow.
 This is all that I can share—
 This is all that thou mayest know."

The White Lady passed, and appeared to smite no answer ; but, as Herbert insisted how to frame his speech, the vision seemed gradually to fade, and became more and more insubstantial. Justly guessing this to be a symptom of her disappearance, Herbert compelled himself to say,—*" Lady, when I saw you in the glass, and when you brought back the black book of Mary of Aragon, thou didst say I should one day learn to read it."*

The White Lady replied,

" Ay ! and I taught thee the word and the spell,
 To waken me here by the Palace Wall ;

But thou hast loved the haughty and the low;
 Where thou hast wept my lamented woe;
 And thou hast loved the brave and the brave,
 Where thou hast wept my lamented woe;
 And thou hast loved the dear to love,
 Where thou hast wept my lamented woe;
 And thou art a ruler of men and of men,
 And thou art a ruler of men and of men.

"I will do so no longer, fair maiden," said Halbert; "I desire to learn; and thou didst promise me, that when I did so desire, thou wouldst be my helper; I am no longer afraid of thy presence, and I am no longer regardless of instruction." As he uttered these words, the figure of the White Maiden grew gradually as distinct as it had been at first; and what had well-nigh faded into an ill-defined and colourless shadow, again assumed an appearance at least of corporeal consistency, although the hues were less vivid, and the outline of the figure less distinct and defined—so at least it seemed to Halbert—than those of an ordinary inhabitant of the earth. "Will thou grant my request," he said, "fair Lady, and give to my keeping the holy book which Mary of Aramid has so often wept for?"

The White Lady replied:

"Thy sorrow has my truth moved;
 Thine Michael my trust moved;
 Be that done to harbour him,
 Most deep without, or least the gate,
 There is a door for those which he'd,
 Be his name known, his name is here;
 Value and courtesy done
 Can bring thee back the crown that's here."

"If I have been a follower, Lady," answered young Glendinning, "thou shalt now find me willing to press forward with double speed. Other thoughts have filled my mind, other thoughts have engaged my heart, within a brief period—and, by Heaven, other occupations shall henceforward fill up my time. I have lived in this day the space of years—I come hither a boy—I will return a man—a man, such as may converse not only with his own kind, but with whatever God permits to be visible to him. I will learn the contents of that mysterious volume—I will learn why the Lady of Aramid loved it—why the priests feared, and would have stolen it—why thou didst twice recover it from their hands. What mystery is

wrought in it?—Speak, I conjure thee!" The lady assumed an air peculiarly sad and solemn, as dropping her head, and holding her arms on her bosom, she replied:

"Within that awful volume lies	To weal, to dole, to hope, to grief,
The mystery of mysteries!	To lift the dead, and show the way;
Happiest they of human race,	And better had they ne'er been born,
To whom God has granted grace	Who read to death, or read to sin."

"Give me the volume, Lady," said young Glendinning. "They call me idle—they call me dull—in this pursuit my industry shall not fail, nor, with God's blessing, shall my understanding. Give me the volume." The apartment again replied:

"Many a lifetime back and they
I have told the book to sleep;
Eden's first wound it glowing—
Eden's wound over flowing—
The sacred pledge of Eve's
All things were,
Back to his sphere,
How men for whom 'twas giv'n:
Lest thy hand, and thou shall say
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye."

Hilbert Glendinning boldly reached his hand to the White Lady.

"Farest thou to go with me?" she said, as his hand trembled at the soft and cold touch of her own—

"Farest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
A promise to death;
Thou mayest drive the devil away,
And chase the King's deer,
But never more shalt thou
This haunted well."

"If what thou sayest be true," said the undaunted boy, "my destiny are higher than thine own. There shall be neither well nor wood which I dare not visit. No fear of night, natural or supernatural, shall bar my path through my native valley."

He had scarce uttered the words, when they both descended through the earth with a rapidity which took away Hilbert's breath and every other sensation, saving that of being hurried on with the utmost velocity. At length they stopped with a

shock as sudden, that the mortal journeyer through this unknown space must have been thrown down with violence, had he not been upheld by his supernatural companion.

It was more than a minute, ere, looking around him, he beheld a grotto, or natural cavern, composed of the most splendid spars and crystals, which returned in a focused pointwise lens the light of a brilliant flame that glowed on an altar of alabaster. This altar, with its fire, formed the central point of the grotto, which was of a round form, and very high in the roof, resembling in some respects the dome of a cathedral. Corresponding to the four points of the compass, there went off four long galleries, or arcades, constructed of the same brilliant materials with the dome itself, and the termination of which was lost in darkness.

No human imagination can conceive, or words suffice to describe, the glorious radiance which, shot fiercely forth by the flame, was returned from so many hundred thousand points of reflection, afforded by the sparre pillars and their numerous angular crystals. The fire itself did not remain steady and unmoved, but rose and fell, sometimes ascending in a brilliant pyramid of condensed flame half-way up the lofty apse, and again falling into a softer and more ray-like, and hovering, as it were, on the surface of the altar to collect its strength for another powerful exertion. There was no visible fuel by which it was fed, nor did it emit either smoke or vapour of any kind.

What was of all the most remarkable, the black volume as often mentioned lay not only unapproached, but untouched in the slightest degree, amid this intensity of fire, which, while it seemed to be of force sufficient to melt adamant, had no effect whatever on the metal, back then subjected to its utmost influence.

The White Lady, having passed long enough to let young Glendinning take a complete survey of what was around him, now said in her usual chant,

"Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it, and take it,—'twill surely be brought!"

Familiarised in some degree with marvels, and desperately desirous of showing the courage he had boasted, Haffert plunged his hand, without hesitation, into the flame, trusting to the rapidity of the motion, to snatch out the volume before the fire could greatly affect him. But he was much disap-

pointed. The flame instantly caught upon his sleeve, and though he withdrew his hand immediately, yet his arm was so dreadfully scorched, that he had well-nigh swooned with pain. He suppressed the natural expression of anguish, however, and only intimated the agony which he felt by a contortion and a muttered groan. The White Lady passed her cold hand over his arm, and, ere she had finished the following magical chant, his pain had entirely gone, and no mark of the scorching was visible :—

"Forth thy doom,
Mortal woe!
To immortal flames applying :
Faster lovest
Him thing of death,
On his own woe worth relying :
Nay, there of woe flames vain,
Forth, and prove thy look again."

Obedient to what he understood to be the meaning of his conductress, Halbert bared his arm to the shoulder, throwing down the remains of his sleeve, which no sooner touched the floor on which he stood than it collected itself together, stirred itself up, and was without any visible fire reduced to light tinder, which a sudden breath of wind dispersed into empty space. The White Lady, observing the surprise of the youth, immediately repeated—

"Mortal woe and mortal woe,
Greatest heark this charmed woe !
All that mortal art hath wrought,
In our cell returns to naught.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polished diamond melts away :
All is alter'd, all is flown,
Naught sturdy fast but truth alone.
Nay, say that thy quest give o'er :
Doomsday ! prove thy chosen doom more."

Inhabited by her words, Halbert Glendinning made a second effort, and, plunging his bare arm into the flame, took out the sacred volume without feeling either heat or inconvenience of any kind. Astonished, and almost terrified at his own success, he beheld the flame collect itself, and shoot up into one long and final stream, which seemed as if it would ascend to the very roof of the cavern, and then, sinking as

weakly, became totally extinguished. The deepest darkness ensued ; but Halbert had no time to consider his situation, for the White Lady had already caught his hand, and they ascended to upper air with the same velocity with which they had sunk into the earth.

They stood by the fountain in the Corrigan-shian when they emerged from the bowels of the earth ; but on casting a hither-darted glance around him, the youth was surprised to observe that the shadows had fallen far to the east, and that the day was well-nigh spent. His gaze on his conductress for explanation, but her figure began to fade before his eyes—her cheeks grew paler, her features less distinct, her form became shadowy, and blended itself with the mist which was ascending the hollow ravine. What had into the symmetry of form, and the delicate, yet clear lines of feminine beauty, now resembled the fitting and pale ghost of some maiden who has died for love, as it is seen indistinctly and by moonlight, by her perfumed lover.

"Stay, spirit!" said the youth, emboldened by his success in the wilderness down, "thy kindness must not leave me, as one unendowed with a weapon he knows not how to wield. Thou must teach me the art to read and to understand this volume ; else what avails it me that I possess it?"

But the figure of the White Lady still waned before his eye, until it became an outline as pale and indistinct as that of the moon when the winter morning is far advanced, and ere she had ended the following chant, she was entirely invisible:—

"Alas ! alas !
Not over the grass
These holy characters to trace :
His form of painted air,
Not in us is given to share
The boon bestow'd on Adam's race !
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The living line, the living path."

The form was already gone, and now the voice itself had melted away in melancholy cadence, softening, as if the Being who spoke had been slowly wafted from the spot where she had commenced her melody.

It was at this moment that Halbert felt the extremity of the terror which he had hitherto so usefully suppressed. The very

necessity of exertion had given him spirit to make it, and the presence of the mysterious Being, while it was a subject of fear in itself, had nevertheless given him the sense of protection being near to him. It was when he could reflect with composure on what had passed, that a cold tremor shot across his limbs, his hair bristled, and he was afraid to look around lest he should find at his elbow something more frightful than the first vision. A breeze stirring suddenly realized the beautiful and wild idea of the most imaginative of our modern bards*—

It rous'd his cheek, it rous'd his hair,
Like a meadow gale in spring;
It stirr'd strangely with his fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The youth stood silent and astonished for a few minutes. It seemed to him that the extraordinary Being he had seen, half his terror, half his protection, was still hovering on the gale which swept past him, and that she might again make herself sensible to his organs of sight. "Speak!" he said, wildly tossing his arms, "speak yet again!—be once more present, lovely vision!—thine have I now seen thee, yet the idea of thy invisible presence around or beside me, makes my heart beat faster than if the earth yawned and gave up a demon."

But neither sound nor appearance indicated the presence of the White Lady, and nothing preternatural beyond what he had already witnessed, was again audible or visible. Halbert, in the meanwhile, by the very exertion of again levelling the presence of this mysterious Being, had recovered his natural sobriety. He looked around once more, and resumed his solitary path down the valley into whose recesses he had penetrated.

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the scene of passion with which he had bounded over stock and cage, in order to plunge himself into the Coon-roasting, and the sobered mood in which he now returned homeward, industriously seeking out the most practicable path, not from a wish to avoid danger, but that he might not by personal toil distract his attention, deeply fixed on the extraordinary scene which he had witnessed. In the former case, he had sought by hazard and heedful exertion to indulge at once the fiery excitation of

* Coleridge.

passion, and to banish the cause of the excitement from his recollection; while now he studiously avoided all interruption to his contemplative walk, lest the difficulty of the way should interfere with, or distract, his own deep reflections. Thus slowly passing forth his course, with the air of a pilgrim rather than of a door-keeper, Halbert about the close of the evening regained his paternal tower.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

The Miller was of merry make,

To meet him was no sorrow;

There durst no foe come him to take,

His necked in their power.

*Chaucer's *Knave* or *Man* *Reverie*.*

It was after sunset, as we have already stated, when Halbert Glendinning returned to the shade of his father. The hour of dinner was at once, and that of supper about an hour after sunset at this period of the year. The former had passed without Halbert's appearing; but this was no uncommon circumstance, for the chase, or any other pastime which occurred, made Halbert a frequent neglecter of home; and his mother, though angry and disappointed when she saw him not at table, was so much accustomed to his occasional absence, and knew so little how to teach him more regularity, that a sorry observation was almost all the reproof with which such occasions were visited.

On the present occasion, however, the wrath of good Dame Elspeth soared higher than usual. It was not merely on account of the speckled top's head and tatters, the haggis and the side of mutton, with which her table was set forth, but also because of the arrival of no less a person than Rob Miller, as he was universally termed, though the man's name was Happer.

The object of the Miller's visit to the Tower of Glendinning was the the purpose of those enthusiasms which potentates send to each other's courts, partly extensible, partly politic. In outward show, Rob came to visit his friends of the Halldons, and share the festivity common among country folk, after the bare-

yard has been filled, and to renew old intimacies by new civility. But in very truth he also came to have an eye upon the contents of each stack, and to obtain such information respecting the extent of the crop raised and gathered in by each farmer, as might prevent the possibility of elemental distress.

All the world knows that the cultivators of each barony or regality, temporal or spiritual, in Scotland, are obliged to bring their oats to be ground at the mill of the territory, for which they pay a heavy charge, called the *lutens* *malis*. I could speak to the thirlage of houses & distilleries, but let that pass. I have said enough to intimate that I talk not without book. Those of the *linnies*, or cultivated ground, were liable to penalties, if, deviating from this thirlage (or thoulding), they carried their grain to another mill. Now each another mill, erected on the banks of a hay-burn, lay within a tempting and convenient distance of Glenslang; and the Miller was so obliging and his charges so moderate, that it required Rob Miller's utmost vigilance to prevent encroachments of his right of monopoly.

The most effectual means he could devise was this show of good fellowship and neighbourly friendship,—under colour of which he made his annual cruise through the barony—numbered every corn-stack, and computed its contents by the boll, so that he could give a shrewd hint afterwards whether or not the grain came to the right mill.

Diana Elphinst, like her compass, was obliged to take these dominial visits in the sense of politeness; but in her case they had not occurred since her husband's death, probably because the Tower of Glenslang was distant, and there was but a trifling quantity of noble or royal land attached to it. This year there had been, upon some speculation of old Martin's, several bells sown in the outfield, which, the season being fine, had ripened remarkably well. Perhaps this circumstance occasioned the honest Miller's including Glenslang, on this occasion, in his annual round.

Diana Glenslang received with pleasure a visit which she used formerly only to endure with patience; and she had changed her view of the matter chiefly, if not entirely, because Rob had brought with him his daughter Nyala, of whose features she could give an slight an account, but whose dress she had described so accurately to the Sub-Prior.

Either this girl had been an object of very trifling con-

attention to the eyes of the good widow; but the Sub-Prior's particular and somewhat mysterious inquiries had set her brain to work on the subject of Myra of the Hill; and she had here asked a broad question, and there she had thrown out an innuendo, and there again she had gradually led on to a conversation on the subject of poor Myra. And from all inquiries and investigations she had collected, that Myra was a dark-eyed, laughter-loving wench, with cherry-cheeks, and a skin as white as her father's sweet belted hose, out of which was made the Abbot's own vestal-band. For her temper, she sang and laughed from morning to night; and for her fortune, a married article, besides that which the Miller might have guessed by means of his proverbial golden chain, Myra was to inherit a good handsome lump of land, with a prospect of the mill and mill-avenue descending to her husband on an easy lease, if a fair word were spoken in season to the Abbot, and to the Prior, and to the Sub-Prior, and to the Sacristan, and so forth.

By turning and again turning these advantages over in her own mind, Elspeth at length came to be of opinion, that the only way to save her son Halbert from a life of "open, open, and scuffle," as they called that of the border-riders, from the dist of a dole-yard shaft, or the loop of an halloo, was, that he should marry and settle, and that Myra Happer should be his destined bride.

As if to her wish, Hal Miller arrived on his strengthbush mare, bounding on a pillion behind him the lovely Myra, with cheeks like a peony-bloss (if Dame Glendinning had ever seen one) aprons all afloat with rustic capriciousness, and a profusion of hair as black as ebony. The dream-ideal which Dame Glendinning had been bodying forth in her imagination, became unexpectedly realised in the beauteous form of Myra Happer, whom, in the course of half-an-hour, she settled upon as the maiden who was to fix the restless and catstowed Halbert. True, Myra, as the damsels soon saw, was like to lore dancing round a May-pole as well as managing a domestic establishment, and Halbert was like to break more heads than he would grind staves of corn. But then a miller should always be of merry make, and has been described so since the days of Chaucer and James I.* Indeed,

* The verse we have chosen for a motto to this chapter is from a poem inserted in James I. of Scotland. As for the Miller who figures among the Canterbury pilgrims, besides his sword and buckles, he boasted other arms

to be able to scold and bully the whole family (once more we use this barbarous phrase), is all athletic exercise, was one way to render easy the collection of dues which men would have disputed with a less formidable champion. Then, as to the deficiencies of the miller's wife, the dame was of opinion that they might be supplied by the activity of the miller's mother. "I will keep house for the young folk myself, for the tower is grown very lonely," thought Dame Glendinning, "and to live near the kirk will be nair comfortable in my auld age—and then Edward may agree with his brother about the fee, more especially as he is a favourite with the Kirk-Prior, and then he may live in the auld tower like his worthy father before him—and who knows but Mary Annet, high-blood as she is, may o'en draw in her stool to the chimney-nook, and sit down here for good and a'!—It's true she has no tocher, but the like of her for beauty and sense ne'er crossed my een; and I have heard every wench in the Haldimans of Saint Mary's—ay, and their mothers that bore them—ay, she is a sweet and a lovely creature as ever that stood ever brown hair—ay, and then, though her uncle keeps her out of her ain for the present time, yet it is to be thought the grey-goose shaft will find a hole in his coat of proof, as, God help us! it has done in many a better man's—And, moreover, if they should stand on their pedigree and gentle race, Edward might say to them, that is, to her gentle kith and kin, 'Whilk o' ye was her best friend when she came down the glen to Glendoring in a misty evening, on a bonny mair like a cocky than aught else?'—And if they tax him with church's blood, Edward might say, that, likey the old proverb, here

*Gaylie dead
Hides gentle kith;*

yet, moreover, there comes no church's blood from Glendinning or Noylons; for, says Edward"—

Notes, all of which, but especially the last, show that he relied more on the strength of the words than that of the truth of his speech.

*The miller was a stout wad for the tower,
Full big he was of bones, and stit of house;
That proved wad, the wisdomer he was,
As wounding he wad have awry the case;
He was stout dundee's'd, broad, a thick gait;
There gies ye nae doubt that he proved house of fate,
Et took it at a running with his head, etc.*

The hoarse voice of the Miller at this moment recalled the dame from her reverie, and compelled her to remember that if she meant to receive her airy castle, she must begin by laying the foundation in civility to her guest and his daughter, whom she was at that moment most strongly neglecting, though her whole plan turned on consolidating their favour and good opinion, and that, in fact, while arranging matters for so intimate a union with her company, she was suffering them to sit unattended, and in their riding gear, as if about to resume their journey. "And so I say, dame," concluded the Miller (for she had not marked the beginning of his speech), "as ye be so basical with your husband, or ought she, wif, Myra and I will trot our way down the glen again to Schenke Brammoath's, who pressed us right kindly to bide with him."

Starting at once from her dream of marriage and intermarriages, with mill-buck, and harrow, Dame Elspeth sat for a moment like the mill-maid in the fable, when she overcast the pitcher, on the contents of which so many golden dreams were founded. But the foundation of Dame Glendinning's hopes was only tottering, not overthrown, and she hastened to restore its equilibrium. Instead of attempting to account for her absence of mind and want of attention to her guests, which she might have found something difficult, she assumed the offensive, like an able general when he finds it necessary, by a bold attack, to disguise his weakness.

A loud exclamation she made, and a passionate complaint she set up against the unkindness of her old friend, who could for an instant doubt the heartiness of her welcome to him and to his hopeful daughter; and then to think of his going back to John Brammoath's, when the mill tower stood where it did, and had room in it for a friend or two in the worst of times—and he too a neighbour that his unquenchable gossip Simon, blessed be his cast, used to think the best friend he had in the Highlands! And so she went urging her complaint with so much seriousness, that she had well-nigh imposed on herself as well as upon Hal Miller, who had no mind to take anything in badger; and as it suited his plans to pass the night at Glendinning, would have been equally contented to do so, even had his reception been less vehemently hospitable.

To all Elspeth's expostulations on the unkindness of his proposal to leave her dwelling, he answered composedly, "Nay,

dame, what could I tell? ye might have had other gild to gild, for ye looked as if ye scarce saw us—or what know I? ye might have in mind the words Martin and I had about the last barley ye sowed—for I can dry *malterns** will sometimes stick in the throat. A man needs but his own, and yet folk shall hold him for both miller and miller's man, that is miller and knows,† all the country over."

"Alas, that you will say so, neighbour Hob," said Dame Elgorth, "or that Martin should have had any words with you about the mill-dam! I will chide him roundly for it, I promise you, on the faith of a true widow. You know full well that a lone woman is sore put upon by her servants."

"Nay, dame," said the miller, unbuttoning the broad belt which made fast his cloak, and served, at the same time, to support by his side a swinging Andrea Parman, "bear no grudge at Martin, for I hear none—I take it on me as a thing of quiet office, to maintain my right of millers, look and gape.‡ And woea good, for so the old song says,

I live by my mill, God bless me;
 Their parent, child, and wife.

The poor old slut, I am beholden to her for my living, and bound to stand by her, as I say in my mill leaves, in right and in wrong. And so should every honest fellow stand by his bread-winner.—And so, Myrie, ye may doff your cloak since our neighbour is so kindly glad to see us—why, I think we are as kinde to see her—not one in the Shalstone pays their *malterns* more duly, *seagals*, *aylages*, and *aylages*, and *mill-servies*, used and went."

With that the Miller hung his ample cloak without further ceremony upon a large pair of stag's antlers, which adorned at

* Dry *malterns* were a fine, or compensation in money, for not grinding at the mill at the first. It was and is considered a wonderful question.

† The under miller is, in the language of things, called the *leaver*, which, indeed, signified originally his lat (*leaver*—*leaver*), but by degrees came to be taken in a worse sense. In the old translation of the Bible, Paul is made to term himself the leaver of our brethren. The allowance of meal taken by the miller's servant was called *leaving*.

‡ The miller was the regular custom for grinding the meal. The bell, signifying a small quantity, and the paper, a hand-bell, were obtained for payment demanded by the miller, and returned to or wanted by the miller in circumstances provided. These and other petty dues were called in general the *seagals*.

near the naked walls of the tower, and served for what we vulgarly call cloak-pins.

In the morning Dame Elspeth awoke to discover her the damsel, whom she destined for her future daughter-in-law, of her head, mantle, and the rest of her riding gear, giving her to appear as became the buxom daughter of the wedding Miller, gay and goodly, in a white kirtle, the seams of which were embroidered with green often lace or fringe, embroidered with some silver thread. An anxious glance did Elspeth cast upon the good-humoured face, which was now more fully shown to her, and was only obscured by a quantity of raven black hair, which the maid of the mill had restrained by a snood of green silk, embroidered with silver, corresponding to the trimmings of her kirtle. The countenance itself was exceedingly comely—the eyes black, large, and regularly good-humoured—the mouth was small—the lips well formed, though somewhat full—the teeth were pearly white—and the skin had a very pleasing gleam to it. The nose belonging to this joyous face was full and round, and firm and fair. It might become comely and masculine some years hence, which is the common fault of Scottish beauty; but in Myrie's sixteenth year she had the shape of a Helen. The anxious Elspeth, with all her maternal partiality, could not help admiring within herself, that a better man than Halbert might go further and fare worse. She looked a little giddy, and Halbert was not mistaken; still it was time he should be settled, for to that point the dance always returned; and here was an excellent opportunity.

The simple meaning of Dame Elspeth now estimated itself in commendations of her fair guest, from the second, as they say, to the single-sided shoe. Myrie listened and blushed with pleasure for the first five minutes; but ere ten had elapsed, she began to view the old lady's compliments rather as evidence of much than of vanity, and was much more disposed to laugh at them to be flattered with them, for Nature had mingled the good-humour with which she had coloured the damsel with no small portion of shrewdness. Even Dick himself began to tire of hearing his daughter's praises, and broke in, with, "Ay, ay, she is a clever quene enough; and were she five years older, she shall lay a knotted sock on an ear" with o'er a lass in the Habbous. But I have been looking for your two sons, dame.

* *Ear*—properly a house of labour.

Now say downy that Halbert's turned a wild springsail, and that we may have word of him from Westminster one moon-light night or another."

"God forbid, my good neighbour; God, in his mercy, forbid!" said Dame Glendinning earnestly; for it was troubling the very lay-cats of her apprehensions to hint any probability that Halbert might become one of the murderers so common in the age and country. But, fearful of having betrayed too much alarm on this subject, she immediately added, "That though, since the last rent at Pinkieburgh, she had been all of a tremble when a gun or a spear was raised, or when even spoils of fighting; yet, thanks to God and our Lady, her sons were like to live and die honest and peaceful tenants to the Abbey, as their father might have done, but for that awful hoisting which he went forth to with many a brave man that never returned."

"Ye need not tell me of it, dame," said the Miller, "since I was there myself, and made two pair of legs (and those were not mine, but my mare's) worth one pair of hands. I judged how it would be when I saw our host break ranks, with rushing on through that broken ploughed field, and as as they had made a prick of two, I was pricked off with myself while the play was good."

"Ay, ay, neighbour," said the dame, "ye were eye a wile and a wary man; if my Simon had had your wit, he might have been here to speak about it this day; but he was age crackling of his good blood and his high kindred, and less would not serve him than to hide the hang to the hat, with the wife, and knights, and esquires, that had no wives to greet for them, or else had wives that could not long soon they were widows; but that is not for the like of us. But, touching my son Halbert, there is no fear of him; for if it should be his misfortune to be in the like case, he has the best pair of heels in the Haldons, and could run almost as fast as your mare herself."

"Is this he, neighbour?" quoth the Miller.

"Na," replied the mother; "that is my youngest son Edward, who can read and write like the Lord Abbot himself, if it were not a sin to say so."

"Ay," said the Miller; "and is that the young clerk the Sub-Prior thinks so much of? they say he will come for him, that lad; who knew but he may come to be Sub-Prior himself!—as broken a ship has come to land."

"To be a Prior, neighbour Miller," said Edward, "a man must first be a priest, and for that I judge I have little vocation."

"He will take to the plough-potile, neighbour," said the good dame; "and so will Halbert too, I trust. I wish you saw Halbert.—Edward, where is your brother?"

"Hunting, I think," replied Edward; "at least he left us this morning to join the Laird of Colonsie and his hounds. I have heard them baying in the glen all day."

"And if I had heard that noise," said the Miller, "it would have done my heart good, ay, and may be taken me two or three miles out of my road. When I was the Miller of Morchattle's knowe, I have followed the hounds from Eckford to the foot of Hume's Law—followed them on foot, Dame Glendinning; ay, and led the chase when the Laird of Gosford and his gay riders were all thrown out by the mosses and gills. I brought the stag on my back to Hume's Cross, when the dogs had pulled him down. I think I see the old gay knight, as he sits so upright on his strong war-horse, all white with down; and 'Miller,' said he to me, 'as thou wilt turn thy back on the mill, and wend with me, I will make a man of thee.' But I chose rather to abide by dog and haggis, and the better luck was mine; for the proud Percy caused hang five of the Laird's handsmen at Alnwick for burning a rickie of houses some gats beyond Forberry, and it might have been my back as well as another man's."

"Ah, neighbour, neighbour," said Dame Glendinning, "you were ayre wise and wary; but if you like hunting, I meet my Halberts the lad to please you. He hath all these fair holiday terms of back and bound as ready as his mouth as Tom with the tuff's tail, that is the Lord Abbot's ranger."

"Ranger he not homeward at dinner-time, dame," demanded the Miller; "for we call none the dinner-hour at Kennapthair!"

The widow was forced to admit that even at this important period of the day Halbert was frequently absent; at which the Miller shook his head, intimating, at the same time, some allusion to the proverb of MacFarlane's geese, which "had their play better than their meal."

* A brood of wild geese, which long frequented one of the uppermost branches in Loch Leven called Inch-Tween, were supposed to have some supernatural connection with the ancient family of MacFarlane of that ilk, and it is said were never seen after the ruin and extinction of that house.

That the delay of dinner might not increase the MILLER's disposition to prejudge Halbert, Dame Glendinning called hastily on Mary Arundel to take her task of entertaining Myrtle Hagger, while she herself rushed to the kitchen, and entering at once into the province of Tidd Tuford, managed among trenchers and dishes, snatched pots from the fire, and placed pans and griddles on it, accompanying her own state of personal activity with such a continued list of injunctions to Tidd, that Tidd at length lost patience, and said, "Here was an awfully weak about meeting an odd miller, as if they had been to banquet the blind of France." But this, as it was supposed to be spoken aside, Dame Glendinning did not think it convenient to hear.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

May, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,
As various as my dishes.—The host's thought,
Where one huge plate predominates. John Palsgrave,
His shall be mighty food, our English staple;
The worthy alderman, a butter'd dumpling;
You pair of wheaten'd Cornels, rolls and eggs;
Their food the Dandy, a green goose in apple.
And so the board is spread at once and all
On the same principle—Variety.

NEW FARR.

"AYO what have here is this?" said Hal MILLER, as Mary Arundel entered the apartment to supply the absence of Dame Glendinning.

"The young Lady of Arundel, father," said the Maid of the Mill, dropping as low a courtesy as her rustic manners enabled her to make. The MILLER, her father, doffed his bonnet, and made his reverence, not altogether as low perhaps as if the young lady had appeared in the pride of rank and riches, yet

The Macfarlane had a house and garden upon that same island of Inch-Turn. Here James VI was on one occasion regaled by the shillshin. His Majesty had been previously much amused by the green printing each other on the loch. But when one which was brought in table was found to be tough and stifiish, James observed—"That Macfarlane's goose that they play better than their meat," a proverb which has been current ever since.

as as to give high birth the due homage which the Scotch for a length of time scrupulously rendered to it.

Indeed, from having had her mother's example before her for so many years, and from a native sense of propriety and even of dignity, Mary Arund had acquired a demureness, which marked her title to consideration, and effectually checked any attempt at familiarity on the part of those who might be her associates in her present situation, but could not be well turned her equals. She was by nature mild, pensive, and contemplative, gentle in disposition, and most placable when accidentally offended; but still she was of a retired and reserved habit, and shunned to mix in ordinary sports, even when the rare occurrence of a fair or wake gave her an opportunity of mingling with companions of her own age. If at such seasons she was seen for an instant, she appeared to behold them with the composed indifference of one to whom their gaiety was a matter of no interest, and who seemed only desirous to glide away from the scene as soon as she possibly could.

Something also had transpired concerning her being born on All-Hallow Eve, and the powers with which that circumstance was supposed to invest her over the invisible world. And from all these particulars combined, the young men and women of the Hallowes used to distinguish Mary among themselves by the name of the Spirit of Arund, as if the fair but fragile form, the beautiful but rather colourless cheek, the dark blue eye, and the dusky hair, had belonged rather to the immaterial than the substantial world. The general tradition of the White Lady, who was supposed to wait on the fortunes of the family of Arund, gave a sort of zest to this piece of rural wit. It gave great offence, however, to the two sons of Simon Glendinning; and when the expression was in their presence applied to the young lady, Edward was wont to check the petulance of those who used it by strength of argument, and Halbert by strength of arm. In such cases Halbert had this advantage, that although he could render no aid to his brother's argument, yet when circumstances required it, he was sure to have that of Edward, who never indeed himself commenced a fray, but, on the other hand, did not testify any reluctance to enter into combat in Halbert's behalf or in his defence.

But the useless attachment of the two youths, being themselves, from the retired situation in which they dwelt, com-

pensive strangers in the Halliway, did not serve in any degree to alter the feelings of the inhabitants towards the young lady, who seemed to have dropt amongst them from another sphere of life. Still, however, she was regarded with respect, if not with fondness; and the situation of the Sub-Prior to the family, not to mention the formidable name of Julia Arvend, which every new incident of these tumultuous times tended to render more famous, attached to his name a certain importance. Thus some aspired to her acquaintance out of pride, while the more timid of the house were anxious to humiliate upon their children the necessity of being respectful to the noble orphan. So that Mary Arvend, little loved because little known, was regarded with a mysterious awe, partly derived from fear of her mother's men-troopers, and partly from her own retired and distant habits, enhanced by the superstitious opinions of the time and country.

It was not without some portion of this awe, that Myrie felt herself left alone in company with a young person so distant in rank, and so different in bearing, from herself; for her worthy father had taken the first opportunity to step out unobserved, in order to mark how the burgard was filled, and what prospect it afforded of grief to the mill. In youth, however, there is a sort of free-masonry, which, without much conversation, teaches young persons to estimate each other's character, and places them at ease on the shortest acquaintance. It is only when taught deceit by the commerce of the world, that we learn to shroud our character from observation, and to disguise our real sentiments from those with whom we are placed in communion.

Accordingly, the two young women were soon engaged in such objects of interest as best became their age. They visited Mary Arvend's pigeon, which she named with the tenderness of a mother; they turned over her slender stores of history, which yet contained some articles that excited the respect of her companion, though Myrie was too good-humoured to cherish envy. A golden casket, and some Spanish ornaments marking superior rank, had been rescued in the moment of their utmost adversity, more by Tibb Tackin's presence of mind, than by the care of their owner, who was at that sad period too much sunk in grief to pay any attention to such circumstances. They struck Myrie with a deep impression of veneration; for, except-

ing what the Lord Albot and the courtiers might possess, she did not believe there was so much real gold in the world as was exhibited in those few trinkets, and Mary, however sage and serious, was not above being pleased with the admiration of her rustic companion.

Nothing, indeed, could exhibit a stronger contrast than the appearance of the two girls;—the good-humoured laughter-loving countenance of the Maid of the Mill, who stood gazing with unexpressed astonishment on whatever was in her inexperienced eyes rare and costly, and with an humble, and at the same time cheerful acquiescence in her inferiority, asking all the little queries about the use and value of the ornaments, while Mary Arundel, with her quiet composed dignity and placidity of manner, produced them one after another for the amusement of her companion.

As they became gradually more familiar, Myrie of the Mill was just venturing to ask, why Mary Arundel never appeared at the Maypole, and to express her wonder when the young lady said she disliked dancing, when a trampling of horses at the gate of the tower interrupted their conversation.

Myrie flew to the shot-window in the tall arched of unextinguished female curiosity. "Saint Mary! sweet lady! how come two well-mounted gallants; will you stop this way to look at them?"

"No," said Mary Arundel, "you shall tell us who they are."

"Well, if you like it better," said Myrie—"but how shall I know them?—Stay, I do know one of them, and so do you, lady; he is a little man, somewhat light of hand, they say, but the gallants of these days think no great harm of that. He is your uncle's henchman, that they call Christie of the Churchill; and he has not his old green jerkin and the rusty black-jack over it, but a scarlet cloak, laid down with silver lace three inches broad, and a breast-plate you might see to dress your hair in, as well as in that looking-glass in the ivory frame that you showed me once now. Come, dear lady, come to the shot-window and see him."

"If it be the man you mean, Myrie," replied the captain of Arundel, "I shall see him soon enough, considering either the pleasure or comfort the sight will give me."

"Nay, but if you will not come to see gay Christie," replied the Maid of the Mill, her face flushed with eager curiosity,

"come and tell me who the gallant is that is with him, the hushband, the very loveliest young man I ever saw with sight."

"It is my foster-brother, Halbert Glendinning," said Mary, with apparent indifference; for she had been accustomed to call the sons of Elspeth her foster-brothers, and to live with them as if they had been brothers in earnest.

"Nay, by Our Lady, that it is not," said Myrie; "I know the favour of both the Glendinnings well, and I think this rider be not of our country. He has a crimson velvet bonnet, and long brown hair falling down under it, and a beard on his upper lip, and his chin close and close shaven, save a small patch on the point of the chin, and a sky-blue jockey slashed and lined with white satin, and trunk-bree to suit, and no weapon but a rapier and dagger—Well, if I was a man, I would never wear weapon but the rapier! It is so slender and becoming, instead of having a cut-throat of iron at my back, like my father's broadsword with its great rusty basket-hilt. Do you not delight in the rapier and poindard, lady?"

"The best sword," answered Mary, "if I must needs carve a question of the sort, is that which is drawn in the best cause, and which is best used when it is out of the scabbard."

"But can you not guess who this stranger should be?" said Myrie.

"Indeed, I cannot even attempt it; but, to judge by his companion, it is no matter how little he is known," replied Mary.

"My bonnet on his bonny face," said Myrie, "if he is not going to alight here! Now, I am as much pleased as if my father had given me the silver earrings he has promised me so often;—nay, you had as well come to the window, for you must see him by and by whether you will or not."

I do not know how much longer Mary Arden might have sought the point of observation, if she had not been wared from it by the unobscured curiosity expressed by her bonnet friend; but at length the more feeling prevailed over her sense of dignity, and satisfied with having displayed all the indifference that was necessary in point of decorum, she no longer thought herself bound to restrain her curiosity.

From the out-shot or projecting window, she could perceive that Charles of the Gliskill was attended on the present occa-

sion by a very gay and gallant cavalier, who from the nobleness of his countenance and manner, his rich and handsome dress, and the showy appearance of his horse and furniture, must, she agreed with her new friend, be a person of some consequence.

Christie also seemed conscious of something, which made him call out with more than his usual looseness of manner, "What, ho! so ho! the horses! Ours peasants, will no one answer when I call!—Ho! Martin,—Tith,—Dane Gleding!—a warning on you, must we stand keeping our horses in the cold here, and they steaming with heat, when we have ridden so sharply!"

At length he was obeyed, and old Martin made his appearance. "Ha!" said Christie, "art thou there, old Trospeyry! here, stable up these steeds and see them well bedded, and stretch thine old limbs by rubbing them down; and see thou quit not the stable till there is not a turned hair on either of them."

Martin took the horses to the stable as commanded, but suppressed not his indignation a moment after he could vent it with safety. "Would not any one think," he said to Jasper, an old ploughman, who, in coming to his assistance, had heard Christie's imperious injunctions, "that this lord, this Christie of the Chertail, was lord or lord at least of him? No such thing, man! I remember him a little dirty tawny boy in the house of Aynod, that everybody in a frosty morning like this warmed his fingers by kicking or cuffing; and now he is a gentleman, and swears, d—a him and reconcile him, as if the gentleman could not so much as keep their own wickedness to themselves, without the like of him going to hell in their very company, and by the same road. I have as much a mind as ever I had to my dinner, to go back and tell him to sort his horse himself, since he is as able as I am."

"Hut tant, man!" answered Jasper, "keep a calm tongue; better to smelt a fool than fight with him."

Martin notwithstanding the truth of the proverb, and much comforted therewith, betook himself to cleaning the stranger's horse with great assiduity, remarking, it was a pleasure to handle a handsome nag, and turned over the other to the charge of Jasper. Nor was it until Christie's commands were literally complied with that he deemed it proper, after fitting ablutions, to join the party in the apence; not for the purpose

of waiting upon them, as a more modern reader might possibly expect, but that he might have his share of dinner in their company.

In the meanwhile Christie had presented his companion to Dame Glendinning as Sir Francis Shafton, a friend of his and of his master, come to spend three or four days with little din in the tower. The good dame could not conceive how she was entitled to such an honour, and would fain have pleaded her want of every sort of convenience to entertain a guest of that quality. But, indeed, the visitor, when he sat his eyes round the bare walls, eyed the huge black chimney, scrutinised the rags and broken furniture of the apartment, and beheld the embarrassment of the mistress of the house, indicated great reluctance to intrude upon Dame Glendinning a visit, which could mean, from all appearances, more otherwise than an inconvenience to her, and a poverty to himself.

But the reluctant hostess and her guest had to do with an inexorable man, who allowed all suppositions with, "wasn't was his master's pleasure. And, moreover," he continued, "though the Baron of Avenel's will must and ought to prove law to all within ten miles round him, yet here, dame," he said, "is a letter from your particular baron, the lord-privy-pouch, who enjoys you, as you regard his pleasure, that you afford to this good knight such decent accommodation as is in your power, suffering him to live as privately as he shall desire. — And for you, Sir Francis Shafton," continued Christie, "you will judge for yourself, whether money and safety is not more your object even now, than soft beds and high cheer. And do not judge of the dame's griefs by the weakness of her settings; for you will see by the dinner she is about to spread for us, that the vessel of the kirk is seldom found with her locked bars." To Mary Arden Christie presented the stranger, after the best fashion he could, as to the niece of his master the laird.

While he thus laboured to reconcile Sir Francis Shafton to his fate, the widow, having consulted her son Edward on the real import of the Lord Abbot's injunction, and having found that Christie had given a true exposition, saw nothing else left for her but to make that fine as easy as she could to the stranger. He himself also seemed reconciled to his lot by some feeling probably of strong necessity, and accepted with a good

grace the hospitality which the dame offered with a very indifferent one.

In fact, the dinner, which soon smoked before the assembled guests, was of that substantial kind which warrants plenty and wastes. Dame Glendinning had cooked it after her best manner; and, delighted with the handsome appearance which her good cheer made when placed on the table, forgot both her place and the reveries which interrupted them, in the hospitable duty of pressing her assembled visitors to eat and drink, wasting every tumbler as it went empty, and loading it with fresh supplies as the guest could utter a negative.

In the meanwhile, the company attentively regarded each other's motions, and seemed endeavoring to form a judgment of each other's character. Sir Percie Shafton condescended to speak to no one but to Mary Arden, and on her he conferred exactly the same familiar and compassionate, though somewhat scornful sort of attention, which a pretty fellow of those days will sometimes condescend to bestow on a country wile, when there is no prettier or more fashionable woman present. The manner indeed was different, for the stigmate of those times did not permit Sir Percie Shafton to pick his teeth, or to yawn, or to gestic like the beggar whose tongue (as he says) was cut out by the Turks, or to affect deafness or blindness, or any other infirmity of the organs. But though the embroidery of his conversation was different, the groundwork was the same, and the high-flown and ornate compliments with which the gallant knight of the sixteenth century interlarded his conversation, were as much the offspring of egotism and self-conceit, as the jargon of the comedians of our own days.

The English knight was, however, something charmed at finding that Mary Arden listened with an air of indifference, and answered with wonderful brevity, to all the fine things which ought, as he conceived, to have dazzled her with their brilliancy, and pained her by their obscurity. But if he was disappointed in making the desired, or rather the expected impression, upon her when he addressed, Sir Percie Shafton's discourse was marvellous in the ears of Myra the Miller's daughter, and not the less so that she did not comprehend the meaning of a single word which he uttered. Indeed, the gallant knight's language was far too courtly to be understood by persons of much greater coarseness than Myra's.

It was about this period, that the "only rare poet of his time, the witty, cordial, facetiously-quick, and quickly-forgotten, John Lyly—he that sits at Apollo's table, and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of his own hairs without waiting"—he, in short, who wrote that singularly ornamented work, called *Euphues* and his *Euphues*, was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his *Shepherd of Paphos*, had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary—all the court ladies were his scholars, and to "paraphrase Euphues," was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant, as those of understanding how to use his rapier or to dance a measure.^{*}

It was no wonder that the Maid of the Mill was won as effectually blinded by the intricacies of this evasive and courtly style of conversation, as she had ever been by the dust of her father's own meanderings. But there she sits with her mouth and eyes as open as the mill-door and the two windows, showing teeth as white as her father's bolted flour, and endeavouring to secure a word or two for her own future use out of the pearls of rhetoric which Sir Francis Shafton scattered around him with such homely profusion.

For the male part of the company, Edward felt ashamed of his own manner and slowness of speech, when he observed the handsome young courtier, with an ease and volubility of which he had no conception, run over all the commonplace topics of high-dress gallantry. It is true the good sense and natural taste of young Glendinning soon informed him that the gallant cavalier was speaking nonsense. But, alas! where is the man of modest merit, and real talent, who has not suffered from being cautious in conversation, and outstripped in the race of life, by men of less reserve, and of qualities more showy, though less substantial! and well constituted must the mind be that can yield up the prize without cry to competitors more unworthy than himself.

^{*} Such, and yet more extravagant, are the compliments paid to this author by his editor, Elzevir. Notwithstanding all exaggeration, Lyly was really a man of wit and imagination, though both were distorted by the most monstrous abridgement that ever appeared a printed page.

† [The Author, in a note to Chapter XXII, says the readers of romances are indebted to accurate observers; otherwise some misadventures might be copied here—*Euphues*; the *Shepherd of Paphos*, and *Euphues and his Euphues*, by John Lyly, were not published till 1591.]

Edward Glendinning had no such philosophy. While he despised the jargon of the gay cavalier, he carried the facility with which he could run on, as well as the courtly tone and expression, and the perfect ease and elegance with which he offered all the little acts of politeness to which the duties of the table gave opportunity. And if I am to speak truth, I must own that he availed those qualities the more as they were all enmeshed in Mary Arden's service, and, although only so far accepted as they could not be refused, indicated a wish on the stranger's part to place himself in her good graces, as the only person in the room to whom he thought it worth while to recommence himself. His talk, rash, and very handsome figure, together with some sparks of wit and spirit which flashed across the dross of nonsense which he uttered, rendered him, as the words of the old song say, "a lad for a lady's viewing;" so that poor Edward, with all his real worth and acquired knowledge, in his homely doublet, blue cap, and downy trowsers, looked like a clown beside the stranger, and, feeling the full inferiority, nourished no good-will to him by whom he was eclipsed.

Christie, on the other hand, as soon as he had satisfied to the full a voracious appetite, by means of which persons of his profession could, like the wolf and eagle, gorge themselves with as much food at one meal as might serve them for several days, began also to feel himself more in the background than he liked to be. This worthy had, amongst his other good qualities, an excellent opinion of himself; and, being of a bold and forward disposition, had no mind to be thrown into the shade by any one. With an impudent familiarity, which such persons mistake for graceful ease, he looked to upon the knight's final speeches with as little reserve as he would have driven the point of his lance through a hard doublet.

Sir Pierre Shalton, a man of rank and high birth, by no means unmannered or cultured this familiarity, and regarded the intruder either with total neglect, or such laconic replies as indicated a sovereign contempt for the rude sportsman, who affected to converse with him upon terms of equality.

The Miller held his peace; for, as his usual conversation turned chiefly on his dagger and toll-dish, he had no mind to brag of his wealth in presence of Christie of the Clithill, or to intrude his discourse on the English cavalier.

A little specimen of the conversation may not be out of place,

were it but to show young ladies what fine things they have lost by living when Euphrosine is out of fashion.

"Good! no, sweet lady," said the knight, "that such is the meaning of our English courtiers, of the bohemian stunts, that, as they have infinitely refined upon the plain and rustical discourse of our fathers, which, as I may say, more besotted the masses of sturdy nobility in a blagueuse than that of courtly gallants in a galhard, so I hold it infinitely and veritably impossible, that those who may succeed us in that garden of wit and courtesy shall alter or amend it. You are delighted but in the language of Marigny, Euphrosine will stoop to no one but Alexander, none can sound Apollo's pipe but Ovidius."

"Valiant sir," said Mary, who could scarcely help laughing, "we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honoured this solitude with a glimpse of the sun of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us."

"Pretty and quaint, sweet lady," answered the Euphoist. "Ah, that I had with me my *Anatomy of Wit*—that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that capitalised-plumet-to-wind, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual, of all that is worthy to be known—which indelustrous the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it by its own name of Euphrosine, we bestow on it its richest panegyric."

"By Saint Mary," said Christie of the Chiswell, "if your worship had told me that you had lost such stores of wealth as you talk of as *Profrase Geste*, *Long Dickie* and I would have had them off with us if man and horse could have carried them; but you told us of no treasure I wot of, save the silver tongs for turning up your nostrils."

The knight treated this intruder's mistake—he certainly Christie had no idea that all those epithets, which sounded so rich and splendid, were heaped upon a small quarto volume—with a stare, and then turning again to Mary Arden, the only person whom he thought worthy to address, he proceeded in his strain of high-drawn courtesy, "Even thus," said he, "do boys estimate the splendour of Oriental jewels; even these are the

delicacies of a choice repast is vain offered to the long-suffered grace of the manna, who turneth from them to devour a dialle. Surely as idle is it to pour forth the treasures of history before the eyes of the ignorant, and to spend the dialectics of the intellectual banquet before those who are, morally and metaphysically speaking, no better than asses."

"So Knight, since that is your quality," said Edward, "we cannot strive with you in loftiness of language; but I pray you in fair courtesy, while you honour my father's house with your presence, to spare us such vile comparisons."

"Peace, good village," said the knight, gracefully waving his hand, "I praise peace, kind rustic; and you, my guide, whom I may scarce call honest, let me prevail upon you to imitate the humble tactfulness of that honest yeoman, who sits as mute as a mill-post, and of that comely dame, who comes as with her ears she drink in what she did not altogether comprehend, even as a palfrey listening to a tale, whereof, howsoever, he knoweth not the gist."

"Marvellous fine words," at length said Dame Glenkewring, who began to be tired of sitting so long silent, "marvellous fine words, neighbour! Happen, are they not?"

"Rare words—very rare words—very exceeding good words," answered the Miller; "nevertheless, to speak my mind, a lipp of leam were worth a bushel of them."

"I think so too, under his worship's favour," answered Christie of the Cheshall. "I well remember that at the race of Minton, as we call it, near Darwich, I took a young Southern fellow out of saddle with my lance, and cast him, it might be, a gaffe length from his nag; and as, as he had some gold on his back doubtless, I thought he might ha' the like on it in his pocket too, though that is a rule that does not aye hold good—So I was speaking to him of manners, and cut he comes with a handful of seek turns as his honour there both glanced up, and cried me for mercy, as I was a true son of Mars, and suchlike."

"And obtained no mercy at thy hand, I dare be sworn," said the knight, who desired not to speak English excepting to the fair sex.

"By my trogg," replied Christie, "I would have thrust my lance down his throat, but just then they flung open that accursed pasture-gate, and forth peeped old Hamsham and Henry Grey, and as many fellows as their heels as turned the chase northward

again. So I've pinched Bayard with the spur, and went off with the rest; for a man should ride when he may not waddle, as they say in Tyroshia."

"Trust me," said the knight, again turning to Mary Arden, "if I do not pity you, lady, who, being of noble blood, are thus in a manner compelled to abide in the cottage of the ignorant, like the precious stone in the hand of the fool, or like a precious gem set on the brow of an ass.—But soft, what gallant have we here, whose garb savoureth more of the rustic than doth his demeanour, and whose looks seem more lofty than his habit; stay!"

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Mary, "to spare your courtly similes for refined ears, and give me leave to name unto you my father-brother, Halbert Glanville."

"The son of the good dame of the cottage, as I spoke," answered the English knight; "for by some such name did my guide discriminate the mistress of this mansion, which you, madam, enrich with your presence.—And yet, touching this jewel, he hath that about him, which belongeth to higher birth, for all are not black who dig coal!"

"For all white who are millers," said honest Happer, glad to get in a word, as they say, elsewhere.

Halbert, who had sustained the glance of the Englishman with some impatience, and knew not what to make of his manner and language, replied with some asperity, "Sir Knight, we have in this land of Scotland an ancient saying, 'Scorn not the hawk that hides you'—you are a guest of my father's house to shelter you from danger, if I am rightly informed by the domestics. Scorn not its homeliness, nor that of its inmates—we might long have shined at the court of England ere we had sought your haven, or honoured you with our society. Since your fate has sent you hither amongst us, be contented with such fare and such converse as we can afford you, and deem us not for our kindness; for the Scots wear short patience and long daggers."

All eyes were turned on Halbert while he was thus speaking, and there was a general feeling that his countenance had an expression of intelligence, and his person an air of dignity, which they had never before observed. Whether it were that the wonderful being with whom he had so lately held communication, had bestowed on him a grace and dignity of look and

bearing which he had not before, or whether the being conversant in high matters, and called to a destiny beyond that of other men, had a natural effect in giving bounding confidence to his language and manner, we pretend not to determine. But it was evident to all, that from this day young Hubert was an altered man; that he acted with a steadiness, promptitude, and determination, which belonged to riper years, and bore himself with a manner which appertained to higher rank.

The knight took the rebuke with good humour. "By mine honour," he said, "there hath reason on thy side, good ferschal—nevertheless, I speak not as in ridicule of the roof which shelters me, but rather in your own praise, to whom, if this roof be native, thou mayest nevertheless rise from its lowliness; even as the lark, which maketh its humble nest in the furrow, soareth towards the sun, as well as the eagle which buildeth her eyry in the dell."

This high-sown discourse was interrupted by Dame Glendinning, who, with all the busy anxiety of a mother, was loading her son's transfer with food, and dining in his ear her reproaches on account of his prolonged absence. "And see," she said, "that you do not one day get wash a sight, while you are walking about among the haunts of them that are not of our flesh and bone, as befell Mungo Murray when he slept on the grassward ring of the Auld Kirkhill at sunset, and wakened at daybreak in the wild hills of Broadalban. And see that, when you are looking for deer, the red ring does not gill you as he did Diana Thorburn, who never overcast the wound that he took from a buck's horn. And see, when you go swaggering about with a long broadsword by your side, while it becomes so powerful unto to do, that ye diana meet with them that have broadsword and lance both—there are now of rank riders in this land, that neither fear God nor regard man."

Here her eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," fell full upon that of Christie of the Kirkhill, and at once her frowns for having given offence interrupted the current of maternal rebuke, which, like rebuke matrimonial, may be often better meant than heard. There was something of dry and watchful significance in Christie's eye, an eye grey, keen, stern, yet wily, formed to express at once cunning and malice, which made the dame instantly conjecture she had said too much, while she saw in imagination her twelve

gently now go lying down the glen in a moonlight night, with half a score of Border spearmen at their heels.

Her voice, therefore, sank from the elevated tone of maternal authority into a whispering apologetic sort of strain, and she proceeded to say, "It is no that I have any ill thoughts of the Border sides, for Tibb Thicket there has often heard me say that I thought spear and bridle as natural to a Borderman as a pen to a priest, or a feather fan to a lady; and—have you not heard me say it, Tibb?"

Tibb showed something less than her expected shrewdness in attesting her mistress's deep respect for the framers of the southern life; but then conjured, did at length reply, "Hast ye, mistress, the warrant I have heard you say something like that?"

"Nichter!" said Halkert, in a firm and commanding tone of voice, "what or whom is it that you fear under my father's roof!—I well hope that it harbours not a guest in whose presence you are afraid to say your pleasure to me or my brother! I am sorry I have been detained so late, being ignorant of the fair company which I should encounter on my return.—I pray you let this excuse suffice: and what wishes you, will, I trust, be nothing less than acceptable to your guests."

An answer calculated so justly to rivet the admiration due to his parent, and the natural feeling of dignity in one who was by birth master of the mansion, excited extreme satisfaction. And as Elspeth herself confined to Tibb on the same evening, "She did not think it had been in the cabinet. Till that night he took pots and pans as if he was spoke to, and tap through the house like a four-year-old at the least word of advice that was related at him, but now he spoke as grave and as dense as the Lord Abbot himself. She knows," she said, "what might be the effect of it, but it was like he was a wondrous' cabinet even now."

The party then separated, the young men retiring to their apartments, the elder to their household cares. While Christie went to see his horse properly accommodated, Edward busied himself to his book, and Halkert, who was as ingenious in employing his hands as he had hitherto appeared imperfect in mental exercise, applied himself to constructing a place of concealment in the floor of his apartment by raising a plank, beneath which he resolved to deposit that copy of the Italy

Scriptures which had been so strongly repined from the possession of man and spirits.

In the meanwhile Sir Pierre Elaphon sat still as a stone, in the chair in which he had deposited himself, his hands folded on his breast, his legs stretched straight out before him and resting upon the heels, his eyes cast up to the ceiling as if he had meant to count every mark of every cobweb with which the arched roof was canopyed, wearing at the same time a frown of an solemn and imperturbable gravity, as if his existence had depended on the accuracy of his calculation.

He could scarce be roused from his listless state of contemplative absorption so as to take some supper, a meal at which the younger brothers appeared not. Sir Pierre stared around twice or thrice as if he missed something; but he asked not for them, and only renewed his sense of a proper audience being wanting, by his distraction and absence of mind, seldom speaking until he was twice addressed, and then replying, without trope or figure, in that plain English, which nobody could speak better when he had a mind.

Christie, finding himself in undisturbed possession of the conversation, indulged all who chose to listen with details of his own wild and inglorious warfare, while Dame Elaphon's march bristled with hauber, and Tibb Tackett, rejoined to find himself once more in the company of a jact-man, listened to his tales, like Desdemona to Othello's, with unqualified delight. Sometimes the two young Glendinninge were each wrapped up in his own reflections, and only interrupted in them by the signal to move forward.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

He strives to win, 'tis true, but vain are phantasies,
And vain those folk as labour vain glim'd crevices,
Which vain men seek, and find except in payment.

OLD PLANT.

In the morning Christie of the Chastell was nowhere to be seen. As this worthy personage did seldom please himself on sounding a trumpet before his movements, no one was surprised at his twilight departure, though some alarm was excited lest he had

not made it empty-handed. So, in the language of the national ballad,

None was to explore, and none to bid,
But sought was every that could be said.

All was in order, the key of the stable left above the door, and that of the iron-grate in the inside of the lock. In short, the retreat had been made with scrupulous attention to the security of the garrison, and so far Charles left them nothing to complain of.

The safety of the premises was ascertained by Halbert, who, instead of catching up a gun or cross-bow, and sullying out for the day as had been his frequent custom, now, with a gravity beyond his years, took a survey of all around the tower, and then returned to the spouse, or public apartment, in which, at the early hour of seven, the morning meal was prepared.

There he found the Euphrist in the same elegant posture of abstract calculation which he had exhibited on the preceding evening, his arms folded in the same angle, his eyes turned up to the same orbicula, and his heels resting on the ground as before. Tired of this affectation of indifferent importance, and not much flattered with his guest's persevering in it to the last, Halbert resolved at once to break the ice, being determined to know what circumstance had brought to the Tower of Glendinning a guest at once so supercilious and so silent.

"Sir Knight," he said with some firmness, "I have twice given you good morning, to which the absence of your mind both, I presume, prevented you from yielding attention, or from making return. This exchange of courtesy is at your pleasure to give or withhold—But, as what I have further to say concerns your comfort and your motions in an especial manner, I will entreat you to give me some signs of attention, that I may be sure I am not wasting my words on a monumental image."

At this unexpected address, Sir Piers Shotton opened his eyes, and affected the speaker a broad stare; but as Halbert retained the glance without either confusion or dismay, the knight thought proper to change his posture, draw in his legs, raise his eyes, fix them on young Glendinning, and assume the appearance of one who listens to what is said to him. Nay, to make his purpose more evident, he gave voice to his resolution in these words, "Speak! we do hear."

"Sir Knight," said the youth, "it is the custom of this Hall-dome, or parsonage of Saint Mary's, to trouble with inquiries no guests who need our hospitality, providing they tarry in our house only for a single revolution of the sun. We know that both students and doctors come hither for sanctuary, and we seem to extort from the pilgrim, whom chance may make our guest, an avowal of the cause of his pilgrimage and journey. But when one so high above our rank as yourself, Sir Knight, and especially one to whom the possession of such pre-eminence is not indifferent, shows his determination to be our guest for a longer time, it is our usage to inquire of him whence he comes, and what is the cause of his journey?"

The English knight gaped twice or thrice before he answered, and then replied in a hasting tone, "Truly, good village, your question hath in it somewhat of embarrassment, for you ask me of things concerning which I am not as yet altogether determined what answer I may find it convenient to make. Let it suffice then, kind parson, that thou hast the Lord Abbot's authority for treating me to the best of that power of thine, which, indeed, may not always so well suffice for my accommodation as either of us would desire."

"I must have a more precise answer than this, Sir Knight," said the young Glendinning.

"Friend," said the knight, "be not outrageous. It may suit your northern manners thus to press harshly upon the secrets of thy betters; but believe me, that even as the lute, struck by an unskilful hand, doth produce discord, so"—At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Mary Arden presented herself—"But who can talk of discord," said the knight, assuming his complimentary vein and humour, "when the spell of harmony descends upon us in the presence of surpassing beauty! For even as furies, wolves, and other animals void of sense and reason, do fly from the presence of the resplendent sun of heaven, when he arises in his glory, so do stult, weak, and all brutal passions retreat, and, as it were, stand away, from the face which now beams upon us, with power to compose our angry passions, illuminate our smog and difficulties, soothe our wounded minds, and hail to rest our disordered apprehensions; for as the heat and warmth of the eye of day is to the material and physical world, so is the eye which I now bow down before to that of the intellectual microcosm."

He concluded with a profound bow; and Mary Arwell, gazing from one to the other, and plainly seeing that something was amiss, could only say, "For heaven's sake, what is the meaning of this?"

The newly-acquired tact and intelligence of her sister-brother was as yet insufficient to enable him to give an answer. He was quite uncertain how he ought to deal with a guest, who, preserving a singularly high tone of assumed superiority and importance, assumed nevertheless as little concern in what he said, that it was quite impossible to discern with accuracy whether he was in jest or earnest.

Fearing, however, the internal resolution to bring Sir Francis Shafton to a reckoning at a more fit place and season, he resolved to postpone the matter as far as possible at present; and the entrance of his mother with the damsel of the Mill, and the return of the honest Miller from the stock-yard, where he had been numbering and calculating the probable amount of the assent's gnat, rendered further discussion impossible for the moment.

In the course of the calculation it could not but strike the man of moral and grudgefulness, that, after the church's dues were paid, and after all which he himself could by any means deduct from the crop, still the residue which must revert to Dame Glendinning could not be less than considerable. I wot not if this led the honest Miller to nourish any plans similar to those adopted by Elspeth; but it is certain that he accepted with grateful alacrity an invitation which the dame gave to his daughter, to remain a week or two as her guest at Glendinning.

The principal persons being thus in high good humour with each other, all business gave place to the bluntness of the morning report; and so much did Sir Francis appear gratified by the attention which was paid to every word that he uttered by the unlettered Myra, that notwithstanding his high birth and distinguished quality, he bestowed on her some of the more ordinary and second-rate topics of his discussion.

Mary Arwell, when relieved from the awkwardness of feeling the full weight of his conversation addressed to herself, enjoyed it much more; and the good knight, encouraged by these flattering marks of approbation from the sex, for whose sake he cultivated his ostentatious talents, made speedy intimation of his purpose to be more communicative than he had shown himself

in his conversation with Halbert Glenelawing, and gave them to understand, that it was in consequence of some pressing danger that he was at present their involuntary guest.

The conclusion of the breakfast was a signal for the separation of the company. The Miller went to prepare for his departure; his daughter to arrange matters for her unexpected stay; Edward was summoned to consultation by Maria concerning some agricultural matter, in which Halbert could not be brought to interest himself; the dame left the room upon her household concerns, and Mary was in the act of following her, when she suddenly recollected, that if she did so the strange knight and Halbert must be left alone together, at the risk of another quarrel.

The maiden no sooner observed this circumstance, than she instantly returned from the door of the apartment, and, seating herself in a small stone window seat, resolved to maintain that curb which she was sensible her presence imposed on Halbert Glenelawing, of whose quick temper she had some apprehensions.

The stranger marked her motions, and, either interpreting them as inviting his society, or obedient to those laws of gallantry which permitted him not to leave a lady in silence and solitude, he instantly placed himself near to her side and opened the conversation as follows:—

"Credit me, fair lady," he said, addressing Mary Arundel, "it much rejoiceth me, being, as I am, a banished man from the delights of mine own country, that I shall find here, in this cloister and silent cottage of the north, a fair form and a ready soul, with whom I may explain my mutual sentiments. And let me pray you in particular, lovely lady, that, according to the universal custom now predominant in our court, the garden of superior wits, you will exchange with me some epithet whereby you may mark my devotion to your service. Be backward named, for example, my Protection, and let me be your Affinity."

"Our northern and country manners, Sir Knight, do not permit us to exchange epithets with those to whom we are strangers," replied Mary Arundel.

"Nay, but see now," said the knight, "how you are startled! even as the rainbow stood, which swerves aside from the striking of a handkerchief, though he trust in time encounter

the giving of a person. This courtly exchange of epithets of honour, is no more than the compliments which pass between valour and beauty, whenever they meet, and under whatever circumstances. Elizabeth of England herself calls Philip Sydney her Cousin, and he in return calls that princess his Inspiration. Wherefore, my fair Protection, for by such epithet it shall be mine to denounce you"——

"Not without the young lady's consent, sir," interrupted Halbert; "must truly do I hope your courtly and quaint breeding will not so far prevail over the more ordinary rules of civil behaviour."

"Fair tenant of an indifferent cottage," replied the knight, with the same coolness and civility of mind, but in a tone somewhat more lofty than he used to the young lady, "we do not, in the southern parts, much interchange discourse, save with those with whom we may stand on some footing of equality; and I trust in all discretion, remind you, that the necessity which makes us inhabitants of the same walls, does not place us otherwise on a level with each other."

"By Saint Mary," replied young Glendinning, "it is my thought that it does; for plain men hold, that he who asks the shelter is indebted to him who gives it; and so far, therefore, is our rank equalized while this roof covers us both."

"Thus art altogether deceived," answered Sir Percie; "and that thou mayest fully adapt thyself to our relative condition, know that I account not myself thy guest, but that of thy master, the Lord Abbot of Saint Mary's, who, for reasons best known to himself and me, deigneth to administer his hospitality to me through the means of thee, his servant and vassal, who art, therefore, in good truth, as passive an instrument of my accommodation as this flimsy and ragged joint-stool on which I sit, or as the wooden trestle from which I eat my coarse repast. Wherefore," he added, turning to Mary, "silence mine-eyes, or rather, as I said before, most lovely Protection"——

Mary Arden was about to reply to him, when the stern, fierce, and resentful expression of voice and countenance with which Halbert exclaimed, "Not from the King of Scotland, did he live, would I brook such terms!" induced her to throw herself between him and the stranger, exclaiming, "For God's sake Halbert, beware what you do!"

* Note F. Quaint Epithets.

"Fear not, fairest Protection," replied Sir Piercie, with the utmost serenity, "that I can be provoked by this rustic and misinstructed jernal to do ought unbecoming your presence or ruin our dignity; for as soon shall the gamester's livestock give fire unto the kirk, as the spark of passion inflame my blood, tempered as it is to serenity by the respect due to the presence of my gracious Protection."

"You may well call her your Protection, Sir Knight," said Halbert; "by Saint Andrew, it is the only sensible word I have heard you speak! But we may meet where her protection shall no longer afford you shelter."

"Fairest Protection," continued the warrior, not even honouring with a look, far less with a direct reply, the thrust of the insinuated Halbert, "doubt not that thy faithful Affinity will be more concerned by the speech of this rascally, than the knight and serious man is perturbed by the lying of the cottage-woman, proud of the height of his own daughter, which, in his conceit, lifteth him nearer unto the majestic luncheon."

To what lengths so necessary a smile might have debased Halbert's indignation, is left uncertain; for at that moment Edward rushed into the apartment with the intelligence that two most important officers of the Convent, the Kitchen-master and Refectory-master, were just arrived with a sumpter-train, loaded with provisions, announcing that the Lord Abbot, the Sub-Prior, and the Sacristan, were on their way thither. A circumstance so very extraordinary had never been recorded in the annals of Saint Mary's, or in the traditions of Glenlesgair, though there was a faint legendary report that a certain Abbot had dined there in old days, after having been bewildered in a hunting expedition amongst the wilds which lie to the northward. But that the present Lord Abbot should have taken a voluntary journey to so wild and dreary a spot, the very Kautschaka of the Highlands, was a thing never dreamt of; and the news excited the greatest surprise in all the members of the family sitting round the table.

This fiery youth was too full of the insult he had received to think of anything so unconnected with it. "I am glad of it," he exclaimed; "I am glad the Abbot comes hither. I will know of him by what right this stranger is sent hither to disturb ever so much our father's roof, as if we were slaves and not freemen. I will tell the proud priest to his beard!"—

"Alas! alas! my brother," said Edward, "think what those words may cost thee!"

"And what will, or what can they cost me," said Halbert, "that I should sacrifice my human feelings and my justifiable resentment to the fear of what the Abbot can do?"

"Our mother—our mother!" exclaimed Edward; "think, if she is deprived of her home, expelled from her property, how can you amend what your rashness may ruin?"

"It is too true, by Heaven!" said Halbert, striking his forehead. Then, stamping his foot against the floor to express the full energy of the passion to which he dared no longer give vent, he turned round and left the apartment.

Mary Arden looked at the stranger knight, while she was endeavoring to frame a request that he would not report the intemperate violence of her father-brother, to the prejudice of his family in the mind of the Abbot. But Sir Percie, the very peak of courtesy, conjectured her meaning from her embarrassment, and waited not to be entreated.

"Quick me, thine Protection," said he, "your Affability is less than capable of seeing or hearing, far less of redressing or retarding, sight of an unwelcome nature which may have glanced while I enjoyed the Elysium of your presence. The whole of this passion may indeed rapidly agitate the bosom of the ruler; but the heart of the counsellor is polished to resist them. As the house like receives not the influence of the breeze, even so"—

The voice of Dame Glouching, in still silence, here demanded Mary Arden's attendance, who instantly obeyed, not a little glad to escape from the compliments and smiles of this courtlike gallant. Nor was it apparently less a relief on his part; for no sooner was she past the threshold of the room, than he exchanged the look of formal and elaborate politeness which had accompanied each word he had uttered hitherto, for an expression of the utmost hostility and scorn; and after indulging in one or two petulant yawns, broke forth into a soliloquy.

"What the fool hand sent this wench hither! As if it were not sufficient plague to be harboured in a hotel that would hardly serve for a dog's kennel in England, baited by a rude peasant boy, and dependent on the faith of a mercenary refugee, but I cannot even have time to revolve over my own misdeeds,

but must come aloft, fish, fidget, and make speeches, to please this pale hectic phantom, because she has gentle blood in her veins! By nine o'clock, setting prejudice aside, the mill-wheel is the more attractive of the two—But patients, Pierce Shafton; thou must not lose thy well-earned claim to be accounted a devoted servant of the fair sex, a witty-brained, prompt, and accomplished courtier. Rather thank heaven, Pierce Shafton, which hath sent thee a subject, wherein, without despoiling from thy rank (since the honour of the Arundel family are beyond dispute), thou mayest find a whetstone for thy wily compliments, a stop whorl to sharpen thine acute logic, a butt wherewith to shoot the arrows of thy gallantry. For even as a filices blade, the more it is rubbed the brighter and the sharper will it prove, so——But what need I waste my stock of similes in holding converse with myself!—Yonder comes the monkish retinue, like some half-score of cranes winging their way slowly up the valley—I hope, a'gad, they have not forgotten my trunk-maid of apparel until the ample provision they have made for their own belly-timber—Mercy a'gad, I were fainly helped up if the venture has miscarried among the thievish Beodones!"

Stung by this reflection, he ran hastily down stairs, and caused his horse to be saddled, that he might, as soon as possible, ascertain this important point, by meeting the Lord Abbot and his retinue as they came up the glen. He had not ridden a mile before he met them advancing with the slowness and decorum which become persons of their dignity and profession. The knight failed not to greet the Lord Abbot with all the formal compliments with which men of rank at that period exchanged courtesies. He had the good fortune to find that his mule was numbered among the train of baggage which attended upon the party; and, satisfied in that particular, he turned his horse's head, and accompanied the Abbot to the Tower of Glanbury.

Great, in the meanwhile, had been the turmoil of the good Dame Elspeth and her confidants, to prepare for the fitting reception of the Father Lord Abbot and his retinue. The monks had indeed taken care not to trust too much to the state of her party; but she was not the less anxious to make such additions as might enable her to claim the thanks of her feudal lord and spiritual father. Meeting Halbert, as, with his blind

on fire, he returned from his altercation with her guest, she commanded him instantly to go forth to the Mill, and not to return without venison; reminding him that he was apt enough to go farther for his own pleasure, and must now do so for the credit of the house.

The Miller, who was now hastening his journey homewards, promised to send up some venison by his own servant. Dame Elspeth, who by this time thought she had guests enough, had begun to regret of her invitation to poor Myrie, and was just concluding by what means, short of giving offence, she could weed off the bladd of the Mill behind her father, and adjourn all her own social architecture till some future opportunity, when this unexpected generosity on the part of the she conferred any present attempt to return his daughter on his hands too highly expensive to be further thought on. So the Miller departed alone on his homeward journey.

Dame Elspeth's sense of hospitality proved in this instance its own reward; for Myrie had dwelt too near the Current to be altogether ignorant of the noble art of cooking, which her father patronised to the extent of consuming on festival days such delicacies as his daughter could prepare in emulation of the luxuries of the Abbot's kitchen. Laying aside, therefore, her boiling kirkie, and adopting a dress more suitable to the occasion, the good-humoured maiden bared her smoky arms above the stoves; and, as Elspeth acknowledged, in the language of the time and country, took "cuisine and schield part with her" in the labours of the day; showing unparalleled talents, and indefatigable industry, in the preparation of soups, Mac-namers, and havers known what delicacies besides, which Dame Glenshinny, unassisted by her skill, dared not even have dreamt of presenting.

Leaving this able substitute in the kitchen, and regretting that Mary Arneal was so brought up, that she could interest nothing to her care, unless it might be seeing the great chamber stored with makes, and ornamented with such flowers and branches as the season afforded, Dame Elspeth hastily donned her best attire, and with a beating heart presented herself at the door of her little tower, to make her obeisance to the Lord Abbot as he crossed her family's threshold. Edward stood by his mother, and felt the same palpitation, which his philosophy was at a loss to account for. He was yet to learn how long it

in one our reason is enabled to triumph over the force of external circumstances, and how much our feelings are affected by novelty, and blunted by use and habit.

On the present occasion, he witnessed with wonder and awe the approach of some halfscore of riders, who sat upon other palfreys, muffled in their long black garments, and only relieved by their white surcotes, showing more like a funeral procession than aught else, and not quickening their pace beyond that which permitted easy conversation and easy digestion. The solemnity of the scene was indeed somewhat softened by the presence of Sir Pierre Bontine, who, to show that his skill in the manage was not inferior to his other accomplishments, kept alternately prodding and checking his gay courser, forcing him to piaffe, to manege, to passage, and to do all the other feats of the school, to the great annoyance of the Lord Abbot, the wanted solemnity of whose palfrey became at length dissipated by the vivacity of its companion, while the dignitary kept crying out in hoarse alarm, "I do pray you, sir—Sir Knight—good woe, Sir Pierre—Be quiet, Boncellet, there is a good steed—ah, poor fellow!" and uttering all the other precursory and soothing exclamations by which a timid horseman usually bespeaks the favour of a risky companion, or of his own unquiet nag, and concluding the business with a stoop. Sir Pierre as soon as he alighted in the courtyard of the Tower of Glendower.

The inhabitants unanimously knelt down to kiss the hand of the Lord Abbot, a ceremony which even the monks were often condemned to. Good Abbot Boniface was too much flattered by the incidents of the latter part of his journey, to go through this ceremony with much solemnity, or indeed with much patience. He kept wiping his brow with a snow-white handkerchief with one hand, while another was abandoned to the homage of his vassals; and then signing the men with his outstretched arm, and exclaiming, "Ehew ye—Hew ye, my children!" he hastened into the house, and rummaged not a little in the darkness and stupor of the ragged winding stair, whereby he at length reached the space destined for his entertainment, and, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, I do not say into an easy chair, but into the easiest apartment afforded.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

A mortal extraordinary, who by diet
 Of meats and dainties, his temperate storied,
 Cheese made, frequent bath, his heavy shifts
 Of shifts and waistcoats, comes to immortality
 Merely itself, and makes the measure
 Of his whole happiness the time of meat.
 MURDOCK LARRY.

When the Lord Abbot had suddenly and superciliously vanished from the eyes of his expectant vassals, the Sub-Prior made amends for the negligence of his principal, by the kind and affectionate greeting which he gave to all the members of the family, but especially to Dame Elspeth, her foster-daughter, and her son Edward. "Where," he even condescended to inquire, "is that naughty Nimrod, Halbert?—He hath not yet, I trust, turned, like his great prototype, his hunting-spear against man!"

"O no, as it please your reverence," said Dame Glendinning, "Halbert is up at the glen to get some venison, or surely he would not have been absent when such a day of honour dawned upon me and mine."

"Oh, to get venery meat, such as our soul loveth," muttered the Sub-Prior; "it has been at times an acceptable gift.—I bid you good morrow, my good dame, as I must attend upon his lordship the Father Abbot."

"And oh, reverend sir," said the good widow, detaining him, "if it might be your pleasure to take part with us if there is anything wrong; and if there is anything wanted, to say that it is just coming, or to make some excuses your learning best knows how. Every bit of vessel and silver work have we been spoiled of since Pridelough, when I lost poor Simon Glendinning, that was the ward of a."

"Never mind—never fear," said the Sub-Prior, gently extricating his garment from the anxious grasp of Dame Elspeth; "the Refectory has with him the Abbot's plate and drinking-cups; and I pray you to believe that whatever is short in your entertainment will be dowered amply made up in your goodwill."

So saying, he escaped from her and went into the spence,

where such preparations as haste permitted were making for the noon collation of the Abbot and the English knight. Here he found the Lord Abbot, for whom a cushion, composed of all the plaids in the house, had been unable to render Simon's huge elbow-chair a soft or comfortable place of rest.

"Benedicite!" said Abbot Benedict, "now hurry to open those hard benches with all my heart—they are as uneasy as the anabala of our monks. Saint Jude be with us, Sir Knight, how have you contrived to pass over the night in this dungeon! An your bed was as softer than your seat, you might as well have slept on the stone roach of Saint Fiacre's. After trotting a full ten miles, a man needs a softer seat than has fallen to my hard lot."

With sympathising faces, the Sacristan and the Refectour ran to raise the Lord Abbot, and to adjust his seat to his mind, which was at length accomplished in some sort, although he continued alternately to bewail his fatigue, and to exult in the conscious sense of having discharged an arduous duty. "You earnest cavaliers," said he, addressing the knight, "may now perceive that others have their travail and their toils to undergo as well as your honoured society. And this I will say for myself and the soldiers of Saint Mary, among whom I may be termed captain, that it is not our wont to flinch from the heat of the service, or to withdraw from the good fight. No, by Saint Mary!—no sooner did I learn that you were here, and dared not for certain reasons come to the Monastery, where, with as good will, and with more convenience, we might have given you a better reception, than, striking the table with my hammer, I called a brother—Timothy, said I, let there saddle Bonadile—let them saddle my black palfrey, and bid the Sub-Prior and some half-dozen of attendants be in readiness to narrow after sunrise—we would ride to Glendurg.—Brother Timothy stared, thinking, I imagine, that his cure had scarce done him justice—but I repeated my commands, and said, Let the Kitcheners and Refectours go before to aid the poor wretch to whom the place belongs in making a suitable collation. So that you will consider, good Sir Piercie, our mutual inconveniences, and forgive whatever you may find amiss."

"By my faith," said Sir Piercie Shafte, "there is nothing to forgive.—If you spiritual warriors have to submit to the grievous inconveniences which your lordship narrates, it would

He became not, a stout and slender man, in complete of a bed as hard as a board, of breath which relished as if made of laurel wood, of flesh, which, in its subtle and sinewy shape, seemed to put me on a level with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, when he ate up the head of a Moor carabashed, and of other virile avenging marks of the reality of this northern region."

"By the good Saints, ah," said the Abbot, attentively tracked in point of his demand for hospitality, of which he was in truth a most faithful and zealous professor, "it grieves me to the heart that you have found our monks no better provided for your reception.—Yet I crave leave to observe, that if Sir Pierre Blanche's affairs had permitted him to honour with his company our poor house of Saint Mary's, he might have had less to complain of in respect of manners."

"To give your lordship the reasons," said Sir Pierre Blanche, "why I could not at this present time approach your dwelling, or avail myself of its well-known and undoubted hospitality, craves either some delay, or," looking around him, "a limited malice."

The Lord Abbot immediately issued his mandate to the Refectory: "He then to the Kitchen, Brother Hilarius, and there make inquiry of our brother the Kitchenier, within what time he opines that our collation may be prepared, since six and seven it were, considering the hardships of this noble and gallant knight, as well maintaining as weighing those we ourselves have endured, if we were now either to advance or retard the hour of refectory beyond the time when the monks are fit to be set before us."

Brother Hilarius parted with an eager alacrity to execute the will of his Superior, and returned with the assurance, that practically at tea afternoon would the collation be ready.

"Before that time," said the accurate Refectory, "the wafers, fumes, and pastyme, will scarce have had the just degree of fire which burned pottages profitable as fitness for the body; and if it should be past one o'clock, were it but ten minutes, our brother the Kitchenier opines, that the stomach of virtue would suffer in spite of the skill of the little turn-brake whom he has recommended to your holiness by his praise."

"How!" said the Abbot, "a breach of vigils!—from whence comes that delay? I remember not thee didst intimate its presence in thy hamper of vivens."

"So please your holiness and lordship," said the Reboisier, "he is a son of the woman of the house who hath shot it and sent it in—killed but now; yet, as the animal hath not left the body, the Kitchen undertakes it shall not so tender as a young chicken—and this youth hath a special gift in shooting deer, and never misses the heart or the brain; so that the blood is not driven through the flesh, as happens too often with us. It is a hart of grease—your holiness has seldom seen such a hart."

"Miserere, Brother Hilarie," said the Abbot, wiping his mouth; "it is not becoming our order to talk of food so eagerly, especially as we must oft have our animal powers exhausted by fasting, and be accessible (as being ever more mortals) to these signs of longing" (he again wiped his mouth) "which arise on the mention of victuals to an hungry man.—Miserere down, however, the name of that youth—it is fitting merit should be rewarded, and he shall hereafter be a *frater* of convenience in the kitchen and buttery."

"Alas! reverend Father, and my good lord," replied the Reboisier, "I did inquire after the youth, and I learn he is one who prefers the cupus to the sword, and the sword of the flesh to the weapons of the spirit."

"And if it be so," said the Abbot, "see that thou retain him as a deputy-keeper and man-at-arms, and not as a lay brother of the Monastery—for old Tullboy, our forerster, was once dim-eyed, and hath twice spoiled a noble buck, by hitting him unwarily on the hams. Ah! 'tis a foul fault, the slaying by evil-killing, evil-dressing, evil-appetite, or otherwise, the good creatures indulged to us for our use. Wherefore, scarce on the service of this youth, Brother Hilarie, in the way that may best suit him.—And now, Sir Pierre Shafton, since the fates have assigned us a space of well-nigh an hour, are we dare hope to enjoy more than the vapour or shadow of our repast, may I pray you, of your courtesy, to tell me the cause of this visit; and, above all, to inform us, why you will not approach our more pleasant and better furnished larder."

"Reverend Father, and my very good lord," said Sir Pierre Shafton, "it is well known to your wisdom, that there are stone walls which have ears, and that secrecy is to be looked to in matters which concern a man's head."

The Abbot signed to his attendants, excepting the Sub-Prior,

to leave the room, and then said, "Your reverend, Sir Florio, may freely subscribe yourself before our faithful friend and counsellor Father Bastian, the benefits of whose advice we may too soon lose, inasmuch as his merits will speedily recommend him to a higher station, in which, we trust, he may find the blessing of a friend and adviser as valuable as himself, since I may say of him, as our dear old rhyme goes,"

*"That Abbot of priors,
To us home bred monks,
Gave deeper mystery,
If not due credit."*

Indeed," he added, "the office of Sub-Prior is altogether beneath our dear brother; nor can we elevate him unto that of Prior, which, for certain reasons, is at present kept vacant amongst us. However, Father Bastian is fully possessed of my confidence, and worthy of yours, and well may it be said of him, *Antoni in meritis nostris.*"

Sir Florio Elarton bowed to the reverend brethren, and, having a sigh, as if he would have burst his steel corrus, he thus commenced his speech:—

"Cortes, reverend sirs, I may well heave such a sigh, when, as it were, exchanged heaven for purgatory, leaving the lightsome sphere of the royal court of England, for a remote rock in this inaccessible desert—quitting the tiltyard, where I was ever ready among my comrades to splinter a lance, either for the love of honour, or for the honour of love, in order to crash my knightly spear against base and pilfering boogymen and murderers—exchanging the lighted halls, wherein I used simply to pass the swift comets, or to move with a loftier grace in the stately galliard, for this rugged and despoiled dungeon of rusty-coloured stone—quitting the gay theatre, for the solitary chimney-stack of a Scottish farmhouse—bartering the sounds of the soul-reviving lute, and the love-overflowing viol-de-gambes, for the discordant squeak of a northern bagpipe—above all, exchanging the smiles of those beauties, who form a galaxy around the thrones of England, for the cold courtesy of an untalented damsel, and the bearded stare of a miller's maiden. More might I say, of the exchange of the conversation of gallant knights and gay courtiers of mine own order and

* The rest of this doggerel rhyme may be found in Furbush's learned work on British Rhymology.

equality, whose counsils are bright and vivid as the lightning, for that of monks and churchmen—but it were discourteous to urge that topic.”

The Abbot listened to this list of complaints with great round eyes, which evinced no exact intelligence of the orator's meaning; and when the knight paused to take breath, he looked with a doubtful and inquiring eye at the Sub-Prior, not well knowing in what tone he should reply to an oration so extraordinary. The Sub-Prior accordingly stopped in to the relief of his principal.

“We deeply sympathize with you, Sir Knight, in the several mortifications and hardships to which this has subjected you, particularly in that which has thrown you into the society of those, who, as they were conscious they deserved not such an honour, so neither did they at all desire it. But all this goes little way to expound the cause of this train of misfortunes, or, in plainer words, the reason which has compelled you into a situation having so few charms for you.”

“Gentle and revered sir,” replied the knight, “forgive an unhappy person, who, in giving a history of his miseries, distrusts upon them extremely, even as he who, having fallen from a precipice, looketh upward to measure the height from which he hath been precipitated.”

“You, Sir,” said Father Erasmus, “methinks it were wiser in him to tell those who come to lift him up, which of his bones have been broken.”

“Yea, revered sir,” said the knight, “here, in the encounter of our wife, made a fair stroke; whereas I may be in some sort said to have broken my staff across.” Pardon me, grave sir, that I speak the language of the tilt-yard, which is doubtless strange to your reverend ears.—Ah! leave secret of the noble, the fair, and the gay!—Ah! thrives of love, and objects of honour!—Ah! celestial beauties, by whose bright eyes it is graced! Never more shall Florio Shafton advance, as the centre of your radiant glances, coach his lance, and spur his horse at the sound of the spirit-stirring trumpets, nobly called

**Estocade* was a term of tilting used to express the champion's having attacked his mark, or in other words, struck his lance straight and fair against the helmet or breast of his adversary. Whereas to break the lance across, signified a total failure in directing the point of the weapon on the object of his aim.

the voice of war—never more shall he baffle his adversary's encounter boldly, break his spear desperately, and walking around the lovely circle, receive the rewards with which beauty honours chivalry!"

Here he paused, wrung his hands, looked upwards, and seemed lost in contemplation of his own fallen fortunes.

"What, very mad," whispered the Abbot to the Sub-Prior; "I would we were fairly rid of him; for, of a truth, I expect he will proceed from raving to mischief—Were it not better to call up the rest of the brethren?"

But the Sub-Prior knew better than his Superior how to distinguish the jargon of affectation from the ravings of insanity, and although the extremity of the knight's passion seemed altogether fantastic, yet he was not ignorant to what extravaganzas the fancies of the day can conduct its votaries.

Allowing, therefore, two minutes' space to permit the knight's enthusiastic feelings to exhaust themselves, he again gravely reminded him that the Lord Abbot had taken a journey, unavowed to his age and habits, solely to learn in what he could serve Sir Piercie Shafton—that it was altogether impossible he could do so without his receiving distinct information of the situation in which he had now sought refuge in Scotland.—"The day wore on," he observed, looking at the window; "and if the Abbot should be obliged to return to the Monastery without obtaining the necessary intelligence, the worst might be feared, but the inconvenience was like to be all on Sir Piercie's own side."

The hint was not thrown away.

"O goddess of courtesy!" said the knight, "can I have as for forgotten thy behests as to make this good prelate's ease and time a sacrifice to my vain complaints! Know, then, most worthy, and not less worshipful, that I, your poor visitor and guest, am by birth nearly bound to the Pierds of Northumberland, whose name is as widely blown through all parts of the world, where English worth hath been known. Now, this present Earl of Northumberland, of whom I propose to give you the brief history"—

"It is altogether unnecessary," said the Abbot; "we know him to be a good and true gentleman, and a sworn upholder of our Catholic faith, in the spite of the heretical woman who now sits upon the throne of England. And it is specially so his

kinsman, and as knowing that ye partake with him in such devout and faithful belief and adherence to our holy Mother Church, that we say to you, Sir Francis Shafton, that ye be heartily welcome to us, and that, as we visit here, we would labour to do you good service in your adversity."

"For such kind offer I rest your most humble debtor," said Sir Francis; "nor need I at this moment say more than that my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, having derived with me and some others, the choice and picked spirits of the age, here and by what means the vanity of God, according to the Catholic Church, might be again introduced into this distracted kingdom of England (even as one derbeth, by the assistance of his friend, to catch and to bridle a runaway steed), it pleased him so deeply to interest me in those communications, that my personal safety becomes, as it were, estranged or complicated therewith. Notwithstanding, as we have had sudden reason to believe, this Princess Elizabeth, who maintaineth around her a sort of councillors skilful in tracking wintered schemes may be pursued for bringing her title into challenge, or for evading again the discipline of the Catholic Church, has obtained certain knowledge of the trains which we had laid before we could give fire unto them. Wherefore, my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, thinking it best belike that one man should take both blows and chance for the whole, did lay the burden of all this trafficking upon my back; which load I am the rather content to bear, in that he hath always shewn himself my kind and honourable kinsman, as well as that my estate, I wot not how, hath of late been somewhat insufficient to maintain the expense of these traverses, wherewith it is incumbent on us, who are chosen and selected spirits, to distinguish ourselves from the vulgar."

"So that possibly," said the Sub-Poet, "your private affairs rendered a foreign journey less inconvenient to you than it might have been to the noble earl, your right worthy uncle?"

"You are right, reverend sir," answered the courtier; "you are—you have touched the point with a needle—My cost and expense had been indeed somewhat lavish at the late triumphs and tourneys, and the flat-cap'd citizens had shewn themselves unwilling to furnish my pockets for new gallantries for the honour of the nation, as well as for mine own particular glory—and, to speak truth, it was in some part the hope of seeing

these matters amended that led me to desire a new world in England."

"So that the miscarriage of your public enterprise, with the disengagement of your own private affairs," said the Sub-Prior, "have induced you to seek Scotland as a place of refuge?"

"Now see, once again," said Sir Pierre; "and not without good cause, since my neck, if I remained, might have been brought within the circumstances of a halter—and so speedy was my journey northward, that I had but time to exchange my post-coloured doublet of Genoa velvet, thickly laid over with goldsmith's work, for this cutress, which was made by Bonasino of Milan, and travelled northward with all speed, judging that I might do well to visit my Right Honourable Counts of Northumberland, at one of his numerous castles. But as I posted towards Alnwick, even with the speed of a star, which, darting from its native sphere, shoots wildly downwards, I was met at Northallerton by one Henry Vaughan, a servant of my right honourable kinsman, who showed me, that as then I might not with safety come to his presence, seeing that, in obedience to orders from his court, he was obliged to turn out letters for my incarceration."

"This," said the Abbot, "seems but hard measure on the part of your honourable kinsman."

"It might be so judged, my lord," replied Sir Pierre; "nevertheless, I will stand to the death for the honour of my Right Honourable Counts of Northumberland. Also Henry Vaughan gave me, from my said cousin, a good horse, and a purse of gold, with two Border-keepers, as they are called, for my guides, who conducted me, by such roads and by-paths as have never been seen since the days of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram, into this Kingdom of Scotland, and to the house of a certain baron, or one who holds the style of such, called Julian Arund, with whom I found such reception as the place and party could afford."

"And that," said the Abbot, "must have been right wretched; for, to judge from the appetite which Julian sheweth when abroad, he hath not, I judge, over-abundant provision at home."

"You are right, sir—your sentence is to the right," continued Sir Pierre; "we had but luttons there, and, what was worse, a score to clear at the departure; for though this Julian

Arnold called us to no reckoning, yet he did so extravagantly admire the fashion of my pendant—the point being of silver exquisitely hatched, and indeed the weapon being altogether a piece of exceeding rare device and beauty—that in truth I could not for my dame's sake but pray his acceptance of it; words which he gave me not the trouble of repeating twice, before he had stuck it into his grony half-belt, where, credit me, reversed air, it showed more like a butcher's knife than a gentleman's dagger."

"So greatly a gift might at least have purchased you a few days' hospitality," said Father Confess.

"Reverend sir," said Sir Pierre, "had I obdied with him, I should have been complimented out of every remnant of my wardrobe—actually looted, by the hospitable gods I swear it! Sir, he snared my spare doublet, and had a pluck at my galligallies—I was enforced to hunt a catenat before I was altogether unrigged. That Becker knows, his serving-man, had a pluck at me too, and usurped a scarlet cassock and steel cutices belonging to the page of my lady, whom I was fain to leave behind me. In good time I received a letter from my Right Honourable Cousin, shewing me that he had written to you in my behalf, and sent to your charge two mauls filled with wearing apparel—namely, my rich crimson silk doublet, slashed out and lined with cloth of gold, which I wore at the last maske, with habits and trappings to correspond—also two pair black silk slugs, with hanging garters of carnation silk—also the Red-coloured siliem doublet, with the trimmings of fur, in which I danced the mince man at the Gray's Inn masquerade—also!"

"Sir Knight," said the Sub-Prior, "I pray you to spare the further inventory of your wardrobe. The monks of Saint Mary's are no frothooting barons, and whatever part of your vestments arrived at our house, have been this day faithfully brought hither, with the mauls which contained them. I may presume from what has been said, as we have indeed been given to understand by the Earl of Northumberland, that your desire is to remain for the present as unknown and as unnoticed, as may be consistent with your high worth and distinction."

"Alas, reverend father!" replied the courtier, "a blade when it is in the scabbard cannot give lustre, a diamond when it is in the cushion cannot give light, and worth, when it is compelled by

circumstances to choose itself, cannot draw observation—my retreat can only attract the admiration of those few to whom circumstances permit its displaying itself."

"I conceive now, my venerable father and lord," said the Sub-Prior, "that your wisdom will judge such a course of conduct to this noble knight, as may be able consistent with his safety, and with the weal of the community. For you wot well, that perilsous strifes have been made in these turbulent days, in the destruction of all ecclesiastical foundations, and that our holy community has been repeatedly menaced. Hitherto they have found us slow in our movement; but a party, friendly as well to the Queen of England, as to the heretical doctrines of the sodomitical church, or even to worse and wilder forms of heresy, prevails now at the court of our sovereign, who dare not yield to her suffering clergy the protection she would gladly extend to them."

"My lord, and reverend sir," said the knight, "I will gladly relieve you of my presence, while ye discuss this matter at your freedom; and to speak truly, I am desirous to see in what case the chamberlains of my noble kinsman hath found my wardrobe, and how he hath packed the same, and whether it has suffered from the journey—these are four suits of as pure and elegant device as ever the fancy of a fair lady deputed upon, every one having a tulle, and appropriate change of ribbons, trimmings, and fringes, which, in case of need, may as it were ransom each of them, and multiply the four into twelve.—There is also my red-coloured riding-suit, and three cut-work shirts with falling bands—I pray you, pardon me—I must needs see how matters stand with these without further dallying."

Thus speaking, he left the room; and the Sub-Prior, looking after him significantly, added, "Where the treasure is will the heart be also."

"Saint Mary preserve our wits!" said the Abbot, stammered with the knight's abundance of words; "were man's brain over so stuffed with silk and broadcloth, cut-work, and I wot not what besides! And what could move the Earl of Northumberland to assume for his chosen counsellor, in matters of death and danger, such a fluster-brained coxcomb as this!"

"Had he been other than what he is, venerable father," said the Sub-Prior, "he had been less fitted for the part of messenger to which his Right Honourable Cousin had probably

destined him from the commencement, in case of their plot failing. I know something of this Pierce Shafton. The legitimacy of his mother's descent from the Pierce family, the point on which he is most jealous, hath been called in question. If hardhearted courage, and an outrageous spirit of gallantry, can make good his pretensions to the high lineage he claims, these qualities have never been denied him. For the rest, he is one of the raffish gallants of the time, like Rowland Yorke, Stakely,* and others, who wear out their fortunes, and endanger their lives, in idle adventures, in order that they may be accounted the only choice gallants of the time; and afterwards endeavour to repair their estate, by engaging in the desperate plots and conspiracies which wiser heads have devised. To use one of his own conceited similitudes, such courageous fools resemble hawks, which the wiser conspirator keeps hooded and blinded on his wrist until the quarry is on the wing, and who see them flown at them."

"Saint Mary," said the Abbot, "he were an evil guest to introduce into our quiet household. Our young monks make bustle enough, and more than is becoming God's servants, about their outward attire already—this knight were enough to turn their brains, from the Psalterium down to the very sabbion boy."

"A worse evil might follow," said the Sub-Prior: "in these bad days, the patrimony of the church is bought and sold, forfeited and distrained, as if it were the unhallowed and appertaining to a secular baron. Think what penalty awaits us, were we convicted of harbouring a rebel to her whom they call the Queen of England! There would neither be wanting Scottish parasites to beg the hands of the foundation, nor an army from England to burn and harry the Hallowens. The men of Scotland were once Scotsmen, firm and united in their love of their country, and throwing every other consideration aside when the frontier was menaced—now they are—what shall I call them—the one part French, the other part English, considering their dear native country merely as a prize-fighting stage, upon which foreigners are welcome to decide their quarrels."

"Rascals!" replied the Abbot, "they are indeed slippery and evil times."

"And therefore," said Father Bastian, "we must walk warily

* Note G. Rowland Yorke and Stakely.

—we must not, for example, bring this man—this Sir Pierre Shafton, to our house of Saint Mary's."

"But how then shall we dispose of him?" replied the Abbot; "bethink thee that he is a sufferer for holy Church's sake—that his patron, the Earl of Northumberland, hath been our friend, and that, lying so near us, he may work us good or vice according as we deal with his kinsman."

"And, accordingly," said the Sub-Prior, "for these reasons, as well as for discharge of the great duty of Christian charity, I would protect and relieve this man. Let him not go back to Julian Arundel—that unscrupulous lawyer would not stick to plunder the cowed stranger—Let him remain here—the spot is secluded, and if the accommodation be beneath his quality, discovery will become the less likely. We will make such means for his convenience as we can devise."

"Will he be persuaded, thinkst thou?" said the Abbot; "I will leave my own travelling bed for his repose, and send up a suitable easy-chair."

"With such assurances," said the Sub-Prior, "he must not complain; and then, if threatened by any sudden danger, he can soon come down to the sanctuary, where we will harbour him in secret until means can be devised of discharging him in safety."

"Were we not better," said the Abbot, "send him on to the court, and get rid of him at once?"

"Ay, but at the expense of our friends—this latterly may add his wings and lie under cover in the wild air of Glendoung; but were he at Holyrood, he would, did his life depend on it, expand his spangled drapery in the eyes of the queen and court—Rather than fall of distinction, he would sue for loss to our gracious sovereigns—the eyes of all men would be upon him in the course of three short days, and the international peace of the two ends of the island endangered for a creature, who, like a silly moth, cannot elude from fluttering round a light."

"Thou hast prevailed with me, Father Rector," said the Abbot, "and it will go hard but I improve on thy plan—I will send up in secret, not only household staff, but wine and waxed-bread. There is a young swain here who shoots various well. I will give him directions to see that the knight lacks none."

"Whatever accommodation he can have, which infer not a

risk of discovery," said the Sub-Prior, "it is our duty to afford him."

"Nay," said the Abbot, "we will do more, and will instantly dispatch a servant express to the keeper of our revelatory to send us such things as he may want, even this night. See it done, good father."

"I will," answered Father Eustace; "but I hear the gail charivars for some one to trim his points.* He will be fortunate if he lights on any one here who can do him the office of groom of the chamber."

"I would he would appear," said the Abbot, "for here comes the Reformation with the collation—By my faith, the rite hath given me a sharp appetite!"

* The points were the strings of cord or ribbon he called, because pointed with metal like the hoes of women's stays, which attached the bodices to the loins. They were very numerous, and required assistance to tie them properly, which was called *dressing*.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

I'll seek for other aid—Spirits, they say,
Fit round tortoise, as thick as water
Dance in the earthen: If that spell
Of necromancer's skill can compel them,
They shall hold council with me.

JAMES DEWE.

THE reader's attention must be recalled to Halbert Glendinning, who had left the Tower of Glendun immediately after his quarrel with his new guest, Sir Pierce Shafton. As he walked with a rapid pace up the glen, Old Martin followed him, beseeching him to be less hasty.

"Halbert," said the old man, "you will never live to have white hair, if you take fire thus at every spark of provocation."

"And why should I wish it, old man," said Halbert, "if I am to be the butt that every fool may aim a shaft of scorn against?—What ails it, old man, that you yourself move, sleep, and walk, eat thy rugged meal, and repose on thy hard pallet?—Why art thou so well pleased that the morning should call thee up to daily toil, and the evening again lay thee down a

wearied-out wretch! Were it not better sleep and wake no more, than to undergo this dull exchange of labour for inactivity, and of inactivity for labour?"

"God help me," answered Martin, "there may be truth in what thou sayest—but walk slower, for my old limbs cannot keep pace with your young legs—walk slower and I will tell you why age, though unlovely, is yet endurable."

"Speak on then," said Halbert, slackening his pace, "but remember we must seek rest even to refresh the fatigue of these holy men, who will this morning have achieved a journey of ten miles; and if we reach not the Brooksburn head we are scarce like to see an antler."

"Then know, my good Halbert," said Martin, "where I lose as my own son, that I am unwilling to live till death calls me, because my Maker wills it. Ay, and although I spend what men call a hard life, plucked with cold in winter, and burnt with heat in summer, though I feed hard and sleep hard, and am held mean and dogged, yet I bethink me, that were I of no use on the face of this fair creation, God would withdraw me from it."

"Then poor old man," said Halbert, "and can such a vain conceit as this of thy faded one, reconcile thee to a world where thou playest so poor a part?"

"My part was ready as thou," said Martin, "my person nearly as much dogged, the day that I saved my mistress and her child from perishing in the wilderness."

"Right, Martin," answered Halbert; "there, indeed, thou didst what might be a sufficient apology for a whole life of inactivity."

"And do you account it for nothing, Halbert, that I should have the power of giving you a lesson of patience, and submission to the dictates of Providence? Methinks there is use for the grey hairs on the old scalp, were it but to instruct the green head by precept and by example."

Halbert held down his face, and remained silent for a minute or two, and then resumed his discourse: "Martin, soon thou wilt be changed in me of late?"

"Scarcely," said Martin. "I have always known you heady, wild, and inconsiderate, rude, and prompt to speak at the volley and without reflection; but now, methinks, your bearing, without being so natural free, has something in it of force and

digress which it had not before. It seems as if you had fallen asleep a while, and awakened a gentleman."

"Then cannot judge, then, of noble bearing!" said Halford.

"Surely," answered Martin, "in some sort I may; for I have travelled through court, and camp, and city, with my master Walter Arden, although he could do nothing for me in the long run, but give me room for two score of sheep on the hill—and surely even now, while I speak with you, I feel sensible that my language is more refined than it is my wont to use, and that—though I know not the reason—the rude northern dialect, so familiar to my tongue, has given place to a more cultivated speech."

"And this change in thyself and me, thou canst by no means account for?" said young Glendinning.

"Change!" replied Martin, "by our Lady it is not so much a change which I feel, as a recasting and renewing sentiments and expressions which I had some thirty years since, ere Till and I set up our humble household. It is singular, that your society should have this sort of influence over me, Halford, and that I should never have experienced it ere now."

"Thinkest thou," said Halford, "then wert in no sight that can raise me from this base, low, degraded state, into one where I may rank with those proud men, who now despise my devious poverty!"

Martin paused an instant, and then answered, "Doubtless you may, Halford; as broken a ship has come to land. Heard ye never of Haggle Doo, who left this Hallidene some thirty-five years gone by? A delfruth fellow was Haggle—could read and write like a priest, and could wield brand and buckler with the best of the riders. I mist him—the like of him was never seen in the Hallidene of Saint Mary's, and so was sent of the prebend that God sent him."

"And what was that?" said Halford, his eyes sparkling with eagerness.

"Nothing less," answered Martin, "than body-servant to the Archbishop of Saint Andrews!"

Halford's countenance fell—"A servant—and to a priest! Was this all that knowledge and activity could raise him to!"

Martin, in his turn, looked with wistful surprise in the face of his young friend. "And to what could fortune lead him farther?" answered he. "The son of a kirk-fear is not the

stuff that lords and knights are made of. Courage and school-craft cannot change church's blood into gentle blood, I know. I have heard, derby, that Hughie Don left a good five hundred pounds of Scots money to his only daughter, and that she married the Duke of Fitzmaurice."

At this moment and while Halbert was embarrassed with devising a suitable answer, a door bounded across their path. In an instant the cross-bow was at the youth's shoulder, the bolt whistled, and the door, after giving one bound upright, dropped dead on the greenward.

"There lies the venison our dame wanted," said Martin; "who would have thought of an out-lying stag being so low down. the glen at this season looked it is a hart of grease too, in full season, and three inches of fat on the brisket. Now this is all your luck, Halbert, that follows you, go where you like. Were you to put in for it, I would warrant you were made one of the Abbot's yeomen-pickers, and ride about in a purple doublet as bold as the best."

"Tush, man," answered Halbert, "I will serve the Queen or no one. Take them care to have down the venison to the Tower, since they expect it. I will on to the moor. I have two or three bird-bolts at my girdle, and it may be I shall find wildfowl."

He hastened his pace and was soon out of sight. Martin paused for a moment, and looked after him. "There goes the making of a right gallant stripling, an ambition have not the spoiling of him—Serve the Queen! said he. By my faith, and the hark worse servants, from all that I am heard of him. And whosoever should he not keep a high head! They that ride to the top of the ladder will at least get up some rounds. They that wait* at a gown of gold will always get a clove of it. But come, sir (addressing the stag), you shall go to Glendurg on my two legs somewhat more slowly than you were frisking it even now on your own four stible shanks. Nay, by my faith, if you be so heavy, I will content me with the best of you, and that's the harness and the ambles, and o'en leave up the rest on the old oak-tree yonder, and come back for it with one of the ponds."†

While Martin returned to Glendurg with the venison, Hal-

* Wait—sit at.

† Ponds—horns; more particularly horns of labour.

best presented his walk, breathing more easily since he was free of his companion. "The domestic of a proud and lazy priest—holy-squire to the Archbishop of Saint Andrew," he repeated to himself; "and this, with the privilege of allying his blood with the Bells of Pittenweem, is thought a preferment worth a brave man struggling for;—nay more, a preferment which, if allowed, should crown the hopes past, present, and to come, of the son of a kirk-vassal! By Heaven, but that I find in me a reluctance to practise their acts of nocturnal rapine, I would rather take the jack and lance, and join with the Border-riders.—Something I will do. Here, degraded and dishonoured, I will not live the scorn of each wildling stranger from the South, because, far north, he wears talking upon on a tawny boar. This thing—this phantom, be it what it will, I will see it once more. Since I spoke with her, and touched her hand, thoughts and feelings have dawned on me, of which my former life had not even dreamed; but shall I, who feel my father's glass too narrow for my expanding spirit, brook to be boarded in it by this vain gurgler of a scuttler, and in the sight too of Mary Arneil! I will not stoop to it, by Heaven!"

As he spoke thus, he arrived in the acquisition-glen of Corriesandholm, as it verged upon the hour of noon. A few moments he remained looking upon the fountain, and dwelling in his own mind with what countenance the White Lady might receive him. She had not indeed expressly forbidden his again evoking her; but yet there was something like such a prohibition implied in the farewell, which recommended him to wait for another gale.

Halbert Glendinning did not long, however, allow himself to pause. Hardihood was the natural characteristic of his mind; and under the expansion and modification which his feelings had lately undergone, it had been augmented rather than diminished. He drew his sword, and the hush from his foot, bowed three times with deliberation towards the fountain, and as often towards the tree, and repeated the same rhyme as formerly,—

"Thrice to the holy bush—
Thrice to the well;—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Arneil!"

Noon glows on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thou, O wake,
White Maid of Arneil!"

His eye was on the holy bush as he spoke the last line; and

it was not without an involuntary shuddering that he saw the air betwixt his eye and that object become more dim, and condense, as it were, into the faint appearance of a form, through which, however, so thin and transparent was the first appearance of the phantom, he could discern the outline of the back, as through a veil of fine craps. But, gradually, it darkened into a more substantial appearance, and the White Lady stood before him with displeasure on her brow. She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant; but, as if now more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank-verse, and at other times in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting.

"This is the day when the fairy died,
 Her weeping done for their hopeless lot,
 And the woe-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
 And the marmalite weeps in her crystal gob:
 For this is the day that a deed was wrought,
 In which we have neither part nor share,
 For the children of clay was salvation brought,
 But not for the forms of sea, or air!
 And over the mortal is meet before,
 Who matcheth our race on the Friday noon."

"Fairy," said Halbert Glendinning, boldly, "it is foolish to threaten one who holds his life at no rate. Thine anger can but slay; nor do I think thy power extendeth, or thy will stretcheth, so far. The terrors which your race produce upon others, are vain against me. My heart is hardened against fear, as by a sense of despair. If I am, as thy words infer, of a race more peculiarly the care of heaven than thine, it is mine to call, it must be thine to answer. I am the nobler being."

As he spoke, the figure looked upon him with a fierce and awful countenance, which, without losing the similitude of that which it usually exhibited, had a wilder and more exaggerated cast of features. The eyes seemed to contract and become more fiery, and slight convulsions passed over the face, as if it was about to be transformed into something hideous. The whole appearance resembled those faces which the imagination summons up when it is disturbed by horrors, but which do not remain; under the visionary's command, and, beautiful in their first appearance, become wild and grotesque as we can arrest them.

But when Halbert had concluded his bold speech, the White Lady stood before him with the same pale, fixed, and melan-

daily aspect which she usually bore. He had expected the agitation which she exhibited would conclude in some frightful metamorphosis. Folding her arms on her bosom, the phantom replied,—

"Daring youth! for thee it is well,
 Knew calling me in haunted dell,
 That thy heart has not quail'd,
 But thy courage fail'd,
 And that thou couldst brook
 The angry look
 Of Her of Arundel.
 Had one look shiver,
 Or an eyelid quiver,
 Thou wert lost for ever,
 Though I am turn'd from the other line,
 And my blood is of the warlike dye,
 And thou art framed of mud and dust,
 'Tis time to speak, reply I must."

"I demand of thee, then," said the youth, "by what charm it is that I am thus altered in mind and in wisdom—that I think no longer of deer or dog, of love or hate—that my soul spurns the bounds of this obscure glen—that my blood boils at an insult from one by whose stripes I would some days since have run for a whole summer's morn, contented and honored by the name of a single word! Why do I now seek to mate me with princes, and knights, and robbers?—Am I the same, who but yesterday, as it were, slumbered in contented obscurity, but who am to-day awakened to glory and ambition?—Speak—tell me, if thou canst, the meaning of this change?—Am I spell-bound?—or have I till now been under the influence of a spell, that I feel as another being, yet am conscious of remaining the same? Speak and tell me, is it to thy influence that the change is owing?"

The White Lady replied,—

"A mightier wizard be thou I
 Within o'er the universe his power;
 Him were the eagle in the sky,
 The turtle in the bow,
 Changed to be shape, yet mightiest still,
 He dwells the heart of man, at will,
 From ill to good, from good to ill,
 In cot and castle-tower."

"Speak not thus darkly," said the youth, colouring so deeply,

that face, neck, and hands were in a magical glow; "make me sensible of thy purpose."

The spirit answered,—

"Ask thy heart, whose secret tell
Is told with Mary Arden!
Ask thy gills, why mortal look
In Mary's view it will not break!
Ask it, why thou wilt'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise!—
Why thou speakest thy love's tale!
Why thy passions are forgot!
Why thou wilt'st in bloody strife,
Mend thy look or lose thy life!
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Arden."

"Tell me, then," said Halbert, his cheek still deeply crimsoned, "then who hast said to me that which I dared not say to myself, by what means shall I urge my passion—by what means make it known?"

The White Lady replied,—

"Do not ask me;
On deaths like these thou must not task me
We only are the passing show
Of human passion's ebb and flow;
And view the paperer's idle glance
As mortals eye the southern cross,
When thousand streamers, fluting bright,
Crown it o'er the brow of night,
And gales make their changeful glances,
But feel no influence from their beams."

"Yet thine own fate," replied Halbert, "unless man greatly errs, is linked with that of mortals!"

The phantom answered,—

"By the mysterious link, our fated race
Holds strange connection with the stars of men,
The star that rose upon the House of Arden,
When Norman lords first crossed the seas,
That star, when calculating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And the bright dew perfumed it—and a spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Drew co-existence with the House of Arden,
And with the star that rules it."

"Speak yet more plainly," answered young Glendinning;
 "of this I can understand nothing. Say, what hath forged
 thy wretched link of destiny with the House of Arneil? Say
 especially, what fate now exchanges that house?"

The White Lady replied,—

"Look on my grille—on this thread of gold—
 'Tis thus as web of lightest gauze;
 And, lo! there is a spell on't, would not bleed,
 Light as they are, the fates of my thin robe.
 But when 'twere torn'd, it was a massive chain,
 Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
 Even when his locks were longest—'t had defied,
 Hadn't mine'd it in its substance and its strength,
 As much the greatness of the House of Arneil.
 When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements
 Bequeath the principles of life they lend me.
 And see no more of this!—the stars forbid it."

"Then must thou read the stars," answered the youth;
 "and must tell me the fate of my passion, if thou must not
 aid it?"

The White Lady again replied,—

"Ere hush the moon bright star of Arneil,
 Dim as the moon when the moon is high,
 And the star-worried wander leaves the light-house;
 There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
 That dims its downward storm. Dismal passion,
 Fear, hate and rivalry, set in the aspect
 That browns upon its fortunes."

"And rivalry?" repeated Glendinning; "it is, then, as I
 feared!—But shall that English villain's presence be heard me
 in my father's house, and in the presence of Mary Arneil?—
 Give me to meet him, spirit—give me to do away the vain
 distinction of rank on which he refuses me the combat. Place
 us on equal terms, and gleam the stars with what aspect they
 will, the sword of my father shall contest their influence."

She answered as promptly as before,—

"Complain not of me, child of day,
 It to thy hour I yield the way.
 We, who wear thy sphere above,
 Know not ought of hate or love;
 As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
 My gifts to thee turn, or good."

"Give me to redeem my honour," said Halbert Glendinning—"give me to return on my proud rival the insults he has thrown on me, and let the rest fare as it will. If I cannot revenge my wrong, I shall sleep quiet, and know naught of my disgrace."

The phantom failed not to reply,—

"When Florida Shatten breatheth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is winking from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!"

As the White Lady spoke or chanted these last words, she wadded from her locks a silver ballad, around which they were twisted, and gave it to Halbert Glendinning; then shaking her dishevelled hair till it fell like a veil around her, the outline of her form gradually became as diffuse as her flowing tresses, her countenance grew pale as the moon in her first quarter, her features became indistinguishable, and she melted into the air.

Halbt leaves us to wonder; but the youth did not find himself alone by the fountain without experiencing, though in a much less degree, the revelation of spirits which he had felt upon the phantom's former disappearance. A doubt strongly pressed upon his mind, whether it were safe to avail himself of the gifts of a spirit which did not even pretend to belong to the class of angels, and might, for aught he knew, have a much worse lineage than that which she was pleased to avow. "I will speak of it," he said, "to Edward, who is clerically learned, and will tell me what I should do. And yet, no—Edward is scrupulous and wary.—I will prove the effect of her gift on Sir Florida Shatten if he again leaves me, and by the issue, I will be myself a sufficient judge whether there is danger in resorting to her counsel. Home, then, home—and we shall soon learn whether that home shall longer hold me; for not again will I brook insult, with my father's sword by my side, and blay for the spectator of my disgrace."

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

*I give thee eightpence a-day,
 And my love shall thou have,
 And over all the north country;
 I make thee the abbot's cyder.
 And I thirtypence a-day, quoth the queen,
 By God and by my faye,
 Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
 No man shall say thee nay.*

WILLIAM OF CROUCHBURY.

THE PASSIONS of the age did not permit the inhabitants of Glendurg to partake of the collation which was placed in the space of that ancient tower, before the Lord Abbot and his attendants, and Sir Pierce Shafton. Dame Glenduring was excluded both by inferiority of rank and by sex, for (though it was a rule often suggested) the Superior of Saint Mary's was deterred from taking his meals in female society. To Mary Avenel the latter, and to Edward Glenduring the former, hospitably attached, but it pleased his lordship to require their presence in the apartments, and to say sundry kind words to them upon the ready and hospitable reception which they had afforded him.

The smoking harness now stood upon the table; a napkin, white as snow, was, with due reverence, tucked under the chin of the Abbot by the Refectoryer; and thought was wanting to commence the repast, save the presence of Sir Pierce Shafton, who at length appeared, glittering like the sun, in a cornelian-velvet doublet, slashed and puffed out with cloth of silver, his hat of the newest black, surrounded by a husband of goldsmith's work, while around his neck he wore a collar of gold, set with rubies and topazes so rich, that it vindicated his anxiety for the safety of his baggage from being founded upon his love of mere show. This gorgeous collar of state, resembling those worn by the knights of the highest orders of chivalry, fell down on his breast, and terminated in a medallion.

"We waited for Sir Pierce Shafton," said the Abbot, hastily ascending his place in the great chair which the Refectoryer advanced to the table with ready hand.

"I pray your pardon, reverend father, and my good lord,"

replied that pink of courtesy; "I did but wait to cast my riding slough, and to transfigure myself into some civil form meetier for this wonderful company."

"I cannot but praise your gallantry, Sir Knight," said the Abbot, "and your prudence, also, for choosing the fitting time to appear thus adorned. Certain, had that gaudy chain been visible in some part of your late progress, there was risk that the heretic cancer might have parted company therewith."

"This chain, said your reverence?" answered Sir Florio; "surely it is but a toy, a trifle, a slight thing which shows but poorly with this doublet—namely, when I wear that of the maroon-coloured double-piled Gama velvet, padded out with alpaca, the gams, being relieved and set off by the darker and more grave ground of the stuff, show like stars giving a lustre through dark clouds."

"I nothing doubt it," said the Abbot, "but I pray you to sit down at the board."

But Sir Florio had now got into his element, and was not easily interrupted—"I own," he continued, "that slight as the toy is, it might perchance have had some captivation for Julius—Santa Maria!" said he, interrupting himself; "what was I about to say, and my fair and business Protection, or shall I rather term her my Discretion, here in presence!—Indiscreet hath it been in your Affability, O most lovely Discretion, to suffer a stray word to have broke out of the perfid of his mouth, that might overlap the fence of civility, and trespass on the margin of decorum."

"Marry!" said the Abbot, somewhat impatiently, "the greatest discretion that I can see in the matter is, to eat our victuals, being hot—Father Eustace, say the Benedicite, and cut up the haunch."

The Sub-Prior readily obeyed the first part of the Abbot's instruction, but paused upon the second—"It is Friday, most reverend," he said in Latin, desiring that the first should escape, if possible, the ears of the stranger.

"We are travellers," said the Abbot in reply, "and viaticum becometh us—You know the canon—a traveller must eat what find his hand sets out before him. I grant you all a dispensation to eat flesh this day, conditionally that you, brethren, say the Confiteor at Carfours time, that the knight give alms to his ability, and that all and each of you fast from flesh on such

day within the next month that shall seem most convenient ; whosoever fail to eat out your food with cheerful countenance, and you, Father Reflector, do witness."

While the Abbot was thus stating the conditions on which his indulgence was granted, he had already half finished a slice of the noble haunch, and now washed it down with a flagon of Rhenish, modestly tempered with water.

"Well is it said," he observed, as he required from the Reflector another slice, "that virtue is its own reward ; for though this is but humble fare, and hastily prepared, and eaten in a poor chamber, I do not remember me of having had such an appetite since I was a simple brother in the Abbey of Dunelm, and was wont to labour in the garden from mornning until noon, when our Abbot struck the *Quintales*. Then would I enter keen with hunger, parched with thirst (as such virtuous quest, or *carum vitæ*), and partake with appetite of whatever was set before us, according to our rule ; fast or fast-day, service or pastiche, was the same to me. I had no stomach complaints then, which now crave both the aid of wine and choice cookery, to render my food acceptable to my palate, and easy of digestion."

"It may be, holy father," said the Sub-Prior, "an continual ride to the extremity of Saint Mary's patrimony, may have the same happy effect on your health as the air of the garden at Dunelm."

"Perchance, with our patroness's blessing, such progress may advantage us," said the Abbot ; "having an especial eye that our venison is carefully killed by some woodsman that is master of his craft."

"If the Lord Abbot will permit me," said the Kitchener, "I think the best way to secure his lordship in that important point, would be to retain as a poorman-priester, or *disputy-sanger*, the eldest son of this good woman, Dame Glodfinsing, who is here to wait upon us. I should know by mine own what belongs to killing of game, and I can wellly promise, that never saw I, or any other capitalman, a bolt so justly shot. It has cloven the very heart of the buck."

"What speak you to us of one good shot, father?" said Sir Pierre ; "I would advise you that such no more maketh a shooter, than doth one reueler make a surmer—I have seen this springald of whom you speak, and if his hand can stand forth his shafts as boldly as his tongue doth utter pro-

scriptures speeches, I will own him as good an archer as Robin Hood."

"Marry," said the Abbot, "and it is fitting we know the truth of this matter from the dame herself; for I advised were we to give way to any rashness in this matter, whereby the homies which becomen and our piousness provide might be uselessly mingled, and rendered unfit for worthy men's use. —Stand forth, therefore, Dame Glendinning, and tell to us, as thy legs lord and spiritual Superior, using plainness and truth, without either fear or favour, as being a matter wherein we are deeply interested, Deth this son of thine use his bow as well as the Father Kitchener uses to us!"

"So please your noble fatherhood," answered Dame Glendinning, with a deep courtesy, "I should know somewhat of archery to my cost, seeing my husband—God sanctify him!—was slain in the field of Pilsie with an arrow-shot, while he was fighting under the Kirk's banner, as became a legs man of the Halldome. He was a valiant man, please your reverence, and an honest; and seeing that he loved a bit of varience, and shifted for his living at a time as Border-men will sometimes do, I was not of six that he did. And yet, though I have paid for mass after mass to the matter of a forty shilling, besides a quarter of wheat and four fishs of eys, I can have no assurance yet that he has been delivered from purgatory."

"Dame," said the Lord Abbot, "this shall be looked into heartily; and since thy husband kil, as thou sayest, in the Kirk's quarrel, and under her banner, only upon it, that we will have him out of purgatory forthwith—that is, always provided he be there.—But it is not of thy husband whom we now desire to speak, but of thy son; not of a shot footsman but of a shot deer.—Wherefore, I say, answer me to the point, is thy son a practised archer, ay or no?"

"Alack! my reverend lord," replied the widow, "and my craft would be better tilled, if I could answer your reverence that he is not.—Practised archer!—marry, holy sir, I would he would practice something else—cross-bow and long-bow, hand-gun and backbet, falconet and other, he can shoot with them all. And if it would please this right honourable gentleman, our guest, to hold out his hat at the distance of a hundred yards, our Halbert shall send shaft, bolt, or ballis through it (so that right honourable gentleman overwe not, but hold

not steady), and I will furnish a quarter of barley if he touch but a knot of his ribbands. I have seen our old Martin do as much, and so has our right reverend the Sub-Prior, if he be pleased to remember it."

"I am not like to forget it, dame," said Father Easton; "for I have not which most to admire, the compass of the young marksmen, or the steadiness of the old mark. Yet I presume not to advise Sir Pierce Shafton to subject his valuable hunter, and yet more valuable person, to such a risk, unless it should be his own special pleasure."

"Be assured it is not," said Sir Pierce Shafton, something hastily; "be well assured, holy father, that it is not. I dispute not the lady's qualities, for which your reverence reasons. But bows are but wood, strings are but fax, or the silk-worm's excrement at best; archers are but men, fingers may slip, eyes may dazzle, the blindest may hit the butt, the best marker may shoot a bow's length beside. Therefore will we try no perilous experiments."

"Be that as you will, Sir Pierce," said the Abbot; "sometimes we will name this youth bow-bearer in the forest granted to us by good King David, that the chase might recreate our wearied spirits, the flesh of the deer improve our poor commons, and the hills cover the backs of our Henry; thus tending at once to the sustenance of body and soul."

"Kneel down, woman, kneel down," said the Refectory and the Kitchen, with one voice, to Dame Glorindis, "and kiss his lordship's hand, for the grace which he has granted to thy son."

They then, as if they had been chanting the service and the responses, set off in a sort of dance, maneuvering the advantages of the situation.

"A good gown and a pair of lustrous gilligaites every Penitent," said the Kitchen.

"Four marks by the year at Candlemas," answered the Refectory.

"An hundred of ale at Martinmas, of the double strike, and single ale at pleasure, as he shall agree with the cellarer"——

"Who is a reasonable man," said the Abbot, "and will encourage an active servant of the convent."

"A stew of broth and a Sole of mutton or beef, at the Kitchen's, on each high holiday," resumed the Kitchen.

"The gang of two cows and a palfrey on our Lady's meadow," answered his brother officer.

"An ox-hide to make bickins of party, because of the brandies," echoed the Kitchenier.

"And various other perquisites, you saw prescribers began," said the Abbot, answering, with his own hoarse voice, the advantages attached to the office of conventual how-beaver.

During Glanville's time all this while on her knees, her head mechanically turning from the one church officer to the other, which, as they stood one on each side of her, had much the appearance of a figure moved by clock-work, and so soon as they were silent, most devoutly did she kiss the magnificent hand of the Abbot. Conscious, however, of Halbert's intractability in some points, she could not help qualifying her grateful and reverent thanks for the Abbot's beautiful profile, with a hope that Halbert would see his wisdom, and accept of it.

"Haw," said the Abbot, bending his brows, "accept of it!—Woman, is thy son in his right wits?"

Elspeth, stunned by the tone in which this question was asked, was altogether unable to reply to it. Indeed, any answer she might have made could hardly have been heard, as it pleased the two office-bearers of the Abbot's table again to recommence their alternate dialogues.

"Refuse!" said the Kitchenier.

"Refuse!" answered the Refectoryer, echoing the other's word in a tone of still louder astonishment.

"Refuse four marks by the year!" said the one.

"Ale and beer—bread and mutton—cover grass and palfrey's!" shouted the Kitchenier.

"Gown and gulligaskins!" responded the Refectoryer.

"A moment's patience, my brethren," answered the Sub-Prior, "and let us not be thus astonished before cause is afforded of our amazement. This good dame here knoweth the temper and spirit of her son—this much I can say, that it beth not towards letters or learning, of which I have in vain endeavoured to instil into him some thimble. Nevertheless, he is a youth of no common spirit, but much like those (in my weak judgment) whom God raises up among a people when he meaneth that their deliverance shall be wrought out with strength of hand and valour of heart. Such men we have seen married by a vagrancy, and even an obstinacy of character,

which both appeared intractability and stupidity in those among whom they walked and were conversant, until the very opportunity hath arisen in which it was the will of Providence that they should be the fitting instrument of great things."

"Now, in good time hast thou spoken, Father Abbot," said the Abbot; "and we will see this evening before we decide upon the means of employing him.—How say you, Sir Fierce Shafton, is it not the court fashion to suit the man to the office, and not the office to the man?"

"So please your reverence and lordship," answered the Northampton knight, "I do partly, that is, in some sort, subscribe to what your wisdom hath delivered.—Nevertheless, under reverence of the Sub-Prior, we do not look for gallant leaders and rational deliverers in the hovels of the mean common people. Credit me, that if there be some flashes of martial spirit about this young parson, which I am not called upon to dispute (though I have seldom seen that presumption and arrogance were made good upon the upstart by deed and action), yet still these will prove insufficient to distinguish him, save in his own limited and lowly sphere.—even as the glow-worm, which makes a goodly show among the grass of the field, would be of little avail if deposited in a bonny-grate."

"Now in good time," said the Sub-Prior, "and here comes the young husbandman to speak for himself;" for, being placed opposite to the window, he could observe Halbert as he ascended the little ascent on which the tower was situated.

"Summon him to our presence," said the Lord Abbot; and with an obedient start the two attendant monks went off with anxious alacrity. Dame Glendinning sprang away at the same moment, partly to gain an instant to recommend obedience to her son, partly to prevail with him to change his apparel before coming in presence of the Abbot. But the Hiltener and Reformation, both speaking at once, had already seized each an arm, and were leading Halbert in triumph into the apartment, so that she could only ejaculate, "He will be done; but as he had but had on him his Sunday's hose!"

Limited and humble as this notice was, the fact did not grieve it, for Halbert Glendinning was hurried into the presence of the Lord Abbot and his party without a word of explanation, and without a moment's time being allowed to assume his

holiday box, which in the language of the time, implied both brushes and stockings.

Yet, though these suddenly presented unto the vision of all eyes, there was something in Halbert's appearance which commanded a certain degree of respect from the company into which he was so unconsciously intruded, and the greater part of whom were disposed to consider him with hauteur if not with absolute contempt. But his appearance and reception we must devote to another chapter.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

Now close thy, gilded, material wealth and honour,
 These lies the path, in vain to bear thee through
 The dunes of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,
 Yet leave enough for age's chimney-corner;
 But on thee grasp to it, farewell ambition,
 Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
 And raising thy low rank above the clouds
 That fill the earth for bread.

OUR PART.

It is necessary to dwell for some brief space on the appearance and demeanour of young Glendinning, and we proceed to describe his interview with the Abbot of Saint Mary's at this momentous crisis of his life.

Halbert was now about nineteen years old, tall and active rather than strong, yet of that hardy conformation of limb and share, which promises great strength when the growth shall be complete, and the system confirmed. He was perfectly well made, and, like most men who have that advantage, possessed a grace and natural ease of manner and carriage, which prevented his height from being the distinguished part of his external appearance. It was not until you had compared his stature with that of those amongst or near to whom he stood, that you became sensible that the young Glendinning was upwards of six feet high. In the combination of unusual height with perfect symmetry, ease, and grace of carriage, the young heir of Glendinning, notwithstanding his rustic birth and education, had greatly the advantage even of Sir Percie Shafter.

himself, whose stature was lower, and his limbs, though there was no particular point to object to, were on the whole less exactly proportioned. On the other hand, Sir Pierce's very handsome countenance afforded him as decided an advantage over the Bortreas, as regularity of features and brilliancy of complexion could give over traits which were rather strongly marked than beautiful, and upon whose complexion the "skyey influence," to which he was constantly exposed, had blended the red and white into the purely nut-brown taw, which coloured olive cheeks, neck, and forehead, and blushed only in a darker glow upon the former.—Halbert's eyes supplied a marked and distinguished part of his physiognomy. They were large and of a hazel colour, and sparkled in moments of animation with such uncommon brilliancy, that it seemed as if they actually emitted light. Nature had closely curled the locks of dark-brown hair, which relieved and set off the features, such as we have described them, displaying a bold and animated disposition, much more than might have been expected from his situation, or from his previous manners, which hitherto had seemed basical, homely, and awkward.

Halbert's dress was certainly not of that description which sets off to the best advantage a presence of itself prepossessing. His jerkin and hose were of coarse rustic cloth, and his cap of the same. A belt round his waist served at once to sustain the broadsword which we have already mentioned, and to hold five or six arrows and bird-bolts, which were stuck into it on the right side, along with a large knife blined with back-bone, or, as it was then called, a *daggon-dagger*. To complete his dress, we must notice his hose looking of deer's-hide, formed as as to draw up on the leg as high as the knee, or at pleasure to be thrust down lower than the calves. These were generally used at the period by such as either had their principal occupation, or their chief pleasure, in alvyn sports, as they served to protect the legs against the rough and tangled thickets into which the pursuit of game frequently led them.—And thus trifling particulars complete his external appearance.

It is not so easy to do justice to the manner in which young Glenfinlag's soul spoke through his eyes when introduced so suddenly into the company of those whom his earliest education had taught him to treat with awe and reverence. The degree of embarrassment, which his demeanour evinced, had nothing

in it either meanly servile, or wildly disconcerted. It was no more than became a generous and impetuous youth of a bold spirit, but totally inexperienced, who should for the first time be called upon to think and act for himself in such society and under such disadvantageous circumstances. There was not in his carriage a grain either of forwardness or of timidity, which a friend could have wished away.

He knelt and kissed the Abbot's hand, then rose, and making two paces, bowed respectfully to the circle around, smiling gently as he received an encouraging nod from the Sub-Prior, to whom alone he was personally known, and blacking as he encountered the anxious look of Mary Arnes, who beheld with painful interest the sort of ordeal to which her foster-brother was about to be subjected. Recovering from the transient flurry of spirits into which the encounter of her glance had thrown him, he stood composedly awaiting till the Abbot should express his pleasure.

The ingenuous expression of countenance, noble form, and graceful attitude of the young man, failed not to possess in his favour the chancemen in whose presence he stood. The Abbot looked round, and exchanged a gracious and approving glance with his counsellor Father Rustace, although probably the appointment of a ranger, or bow-bearer, was one in which he might have been disposed to proceed without the Sub-Prior's advice, were it but to show his own free agency. But the good sense of the young man now in nomination was such, that he rather hastened to exchange congratulation on meeting with so proper a subject of promotion, than to indulge any other feeling. Father Rustace enjoyed the pleasure which a well-constituted mind derives from seeing a benefit light on a deserving object; for as he had not seen Halbert since circumstances had made so material a change in his manner and feelings, he scarce doubted that the proffered appointment would, notwithstanding his mother's uncertainty, suit the disposition of a youth who had appeared devoted to woodland sports, and a far slier to sedentary or settled occupation of any kind. The Refectory and Kitcheners were so well pleased with Halbert's prepossessing appearance that they seemed to think that the salary, emoluments, and perquisites, the dote, the grazing, the gow, and the gilligowies, could scarce be better bestowed than on the active and graceful figure before them.

Sir Pierre Shafon, whether from being more deeply engaged in his own cogitations, or that the subject was unworthy of his notice, did not seem to partake of the general feeling of appreciation excited by the young man's presence. He sat with his eyes half shut, and his arms folded, appearing to be wrapped in contemplations of a nature deeper than those arising out of the scene before him. But, notwithstanding his seeming abstraction and absence of mind, there was a flutter of vanity in Sir Pierre's very handsome countenance, an occasional change of posture from one striking attitude (or what he assumed to be such) to another, and an occasional stolen glance at the female part of the company, to spy how far he succeeded in rivetting their attention, which gave a marked advantage, in comparison, to the less regular and more harsh features of Halbert Glendinning, with their composed, manly, and deliberate expression of mental fortitude.

Of the females belonging to the family of Glendinning, the Miller's daughter alone had her mind sufficiently at leisure to admire, from time to time, the graceful attitudes of Sir Pierre Shafon; for both Mary Arund and Dame Glendinning were waiting in anxiety and apprehension the answer which Halbert was to return to the Abbot's proposal, and fearfully anticipating the consequences of his probable refusal. The conduct of his brother Edward, for a lad constitutionally shy, respectful, and once timid, was at once affectionate and noble. This younger son of Dame Elspeth had stood unnoticed in a corner, after the Abbot, at the request of the Sub-Prior, had honoured him with some passing notice, and asked him a few commonplace questions about his progress in *Donatus*, and in the *Præceptorium Parvulorum*, without waiting for the answers. From his corner he now glided round to his brother's side, and keeping a little behind him, slid his right hand into the gentleman's left, and by a gentle pressure, which Halbert instantly and solemnly returned, expressed at once his interest in his situation, and his resolution to share his fate.

The group was thus arranged, when, after the pause of two or three minutes, which he employed in slowly sipping his cup of wine, in order that he might enter on his proposal with due and deliberate dignity, the Abbot at length expressed himself thus:—

"My son—no, your lawful Superior, and the Abbot, under

God's favour, of the community of Saint Mary's, have heard of your manifold good gifts—a-hen—especially teaching wood-craft—and the huntsman-like fashion in which you strike your game, truly and as a poorman should, not allowing Heaven's good benefits by spoiling the fish, as is too often seen in careless rangers—a-hen." He made here a pause, but observing that Glendinning only replied to his compliment by a bow, he proceeded,—“My son, we commend your modesty; nevertheless, we will that thou shouldst speak freely to us touching that which we have promediated for thine advancement, meaning to confer on thee the office of bow-bearer and ranger, as well over the chase and forests wherein our house hath privilege by the gifts of pious kings and nobles, whose souls now enjoy the fruits of their bounty to the Church, as to those which belong to us in exclusive right of property and perpetuity. Thy knee, my son—that we may, with our own hand, and without loss of time, induct thee into office.”

“Kneel down,” said the Kitchener on the one side; and

“Kneel down,” said the Reboisier on the other.

But Halbert Glendinning remained standing.

“Were it to show gratitude and good-will for your revealed lordship's noble offer, I could not,” he said, “kneel low enough, or remain long enough kneeling. But I may not kneel to take investiture of your noble gift, my Lord Abbot, being a man determined to seek my fortune otherwise.”

“How is that, sir?” said the Abbot, knitting his brows; “do I hear you speak aright? and do you, a born vassal of the Hallons, at the moment when I am bestowing to you such a noble expression of my good-will, propose exchanging my service for that of any other?”

“My lord,” said Halbert Glendinning, “it grieves me to think you hold me capable of underrating your gracious offer, or of exchanging your service for another. But your noble profile doth but hasten the execution of a determination which I have since formed.”

“Ay, my son,” said the Abbot, “is it indeed so!—right early have you learned to form resolutions without consulting those on whom you naturally depend. But what may it be, this singular resolution, if I may so far pray you?”

“To yield up to my brother and mother,” answered Halbert, “mine interest in the hel of Glendoung, kindly possessed by my

father, Simon Glendinning: and having passed your lordship to be the same kind and generous master to them, that your predecessors, the venerable Abbots of Saint Mary's, have been to my fathers in time past; for myself, I am determined to seek my fortune where I may best find it."

Dame Glendinning here sustained, emboldened by maternal anxiety, to break silence with an exclamation of "O my son!" Edward, clinging to his brother's side, half spoke, half whispered, a similar ejaculation, of "brother! brother!"

The Sub-Prior took up the matter in a tone of grave reprehension, which, as he conceived, the interest he had always taken in the family of Glendour required at his hand.

"Wifful young man," he said, "what folly can urge thee to push back the hand that is stretched out to aid thee! What visionary aim hast thou before thee, that can compensate for the decent and sufficient independence which thou art now rejecting with scorn!"

"Four marks by the year, duly and truly," said the Kitchenier.

"Cover grass, ditch, and gulligastie," responded the Refectory.

"Peace, my brethren," said the Sub-Prior; "and may it please your lordship, venerable father, upon my petition, to allow this headstrong youth a day for consideration, and it shall be my part so to indoctrinate him, as to convince him what is due on this occasion to your lordship, and to his family, and to himself."

"Your kindness, revered father," said the youth, "owes my dearest thanks—it is the continuance of a long train of benevolence towards me, for which I give you my gratitude, for I have nothing else to offer. It is my wish, not your fault, that your intentions have been frustrated. But my present resolution is fixed and unalterable. I cannot accept the generous offer of the Lord Abbot; my fire calls me elsewhere, to some where I shall and it or mend it."

"By our Lady," said the Abbot, "I think the youth he must indeed—or that you, Sir Pierre, judged of him most truly, when you prophesied that he would prove unfit for the promotion we designed him—it may be you knew something of this wayward humour before!"

"By the mass, not I," answered Sir Pierre Shafter, with his usual indifference. "I but judged of him by his birth and

breeding; for seldom doth a good hawk come out of a kite's egg."

"Thou art thyself a kite, and hastil to boot," replied Halbert Glendinning, without a moment's hesitation.

"This is our presence, and to a man of worship!" said the Abbot, the blood rushing to his face.

"Yea, my Lord," answered the youth; "even in your presence I return to this gay man's face, the senseless dabbance which he has flung on my name. My brave father, who fell in the cause of his country, demands that justice at the hands of his son!"

"Unmanly boy!" said the Abbot.

"Nay, my good lord," said the knight, "praying pardon for the same interruption, let me entreat you not to be wroth with this rustic—Credit me, the north wind shall as soon puff one of your robes from the back, as wight which I hold so slight and inconsiderate as the scurfish speech of an untought churl, shall move the spleen of Florio Shafton."

"Proud as you are, Sir Knight," said Halbert, "in your imagined superiority, be not too confident that you cannot be moved."

"Faith, by nothing that thou canst urge," said Sir Florio.

"Knowest thou, then, this token?" said young Glendinning, offering to him the silver buckle which he had received from the White Lady.

Never was such an instant change, from the most contemptuous sneer, to the most furious state of passion, as that which Sir Florio Shafton exhibited. It was the difference between a cunning lying quail in its embrace, and the same gun when touched by the flintlock. He started up, every limb quivering with rage, and his features so inflamed and agitated by passion, that he more resembled a demoniac, than a man under the regulation of reason. He dashed both his fists, and thrusting them forward, offered them furiously at the face of Glendinning, who was even himself startled at the frantic state of excitation which his action had occasioned. The next moment he withdrew them, struck his open palm against his own forehead, and rushed out of the room in a state of insupportable agitation. The whole matter had been so sudden, that no person present had time to interfere.

When Sir Florio Shafton had left the apartment, there was

a moment's pause of astonishment; and then a general demand that Halbert Glendinning should instantly explain by what means he had produced such a violent change in the deportment of the English cavalier.

"I did ought to him," answered Halbert Glendinning, "but what you all saw—an I to answer for his fantastic frocks of honour!"

"Bey," said the Abbot, in his most authoritative manner, "these subtleties shall not avail thee. This is not a man to be driven from his temperance without some sufficient cause. That cause was given by thee, and must have been known to thee. I committed thee, as thou wilt have thyself from worse measures, to explain to me by what means thou hast moved our friend thus—We decree not that our vassals shall drive our guests mad in our very presence, and we retain ignorant of the means whereby that purpose is effected."

"So may it please your reverence, I did but show him this token," said Halbert Glendinning, delivering it at the same time to the Abbot, who looked at it with much attention, and then, shaking his head, gravely delivered it to the Sub-Prior, without speaking a word.

Father Balthus looked at the mysterious token with some attention; and then, addressing Halbert in a stern and severe voice, said, "Young man, if thou wouldst not have us suspect thee of some strange double-dealing in this matter, let us instantly know whence thou hast this token, and how it possesses an influence on Sir Piercie Shafton!"—It would have been extremely difficult for Halbert, thus hard pressed, to have either evaded or answered as pending a question. To have avowed the truth might, in those times, have occasioned his being burnt at a stake, although, in our, his confession would have only gained for him the credit of a lie beyond all rational credibility. He was fortunately relieved by the return of Sir Piercie Shafton himself, whose ear caught, as he entered, the sound of the Sub-Prior's question.

Without waiting until Halbert Glendinning replied, he came forward, whispering to him as he passed, "Be secret—thou shalt have the satisfaction thou hast dared to ask for."

When he returned to his place, there were still marks of discomposure on his brow; but, becoming apparently collected and calm, he looked around him, and apologized for the in-

curse of which he had been guilty, which he merited to suffer and severe indisposition. All were silent, and looked on each other with some surprise.

The Lord Abbot gave orders for all to retire from the apartment, save himself, Sir Pierre Shafton, and the Sub-Prior. "And have an eye," he added, "on that bold youth, that he escape not; for if he hath practised by charms or otherwise, on the health of our venerated guest, I swear by the abb and mitre which I wear, that his punishment shall be most exemplary."

"My lord and venerable father," said Halbert, having respectfully, "fear not but that I will abide my doom. I think you will best learn from the venerated knight himself what is the cause of his indisposition, and how slight my share in it has been."

"Be assured," said the knight, without looking up, however, while he spoke, "I will satisfy the Lord Abbot."

With these words the company retired, and with them young Glendinning.

When the Abbot, the Sub-Prior, and the English knight were left alone, Father Eustace, contrary to his custom, could not help speaking the first. "Exposed unto us, noble sir," he said, "by what mysterious means the production of this simple toy could so far move your spirit, and overcome your patience, after you had shown yourself proof to all the provocation offered by this self-confident and singular youth?"

The knight took the silver bowl from the good father's hand, looked at it with great composure, and, having examined it all over, returned it to the Sub-Prior, saying at the same time, "In truth, venerable father, I cannot but marvel, that the wisdom implied alike in your silver hair, and in your eminent rank, should, like a babbling brook (excuse the similitude), open thus readily on a false secret. I were, indeed, more slight to be moved than the leaves of the aspen-tree, which wag at the least breath of heaven, could I be touched by such a trifle as this, which in no way concerns me more than if the same quantity of silver were striken into as many grains. Truth is, that from my youth upward, I have been subjected to such a malady as you may be visited with even now—a cruel and scorching pain, which gnath through nerve and bone, even as a good brand in the back of a brave soldier shoots through

link and shew—but it passes away speedily, as you yourselves may judge."

"Still," said the Sub-Prior, "this will not amount for the youth offering to you this piece of silver, as a token by which you were to understand something, and, as we must needs conjecture, something disagreeable."

"Your reverence is to conjecture what you will," said Sir Florio; "but I cannot pretend to lay your judgment on the right scent when I see it at fault. I hope I am not liable to be called upon to account for the foolish actions of a misapport boy!"

"Assuredly," said the Sub-Prior, "we shall prosecute no inquiry which is disagreeable to our guest. Nevertheless," said he, looking to his Superior, "this chance may, in some sort, alter the plan your lordship had formed for your worshipful guest's residence for a brief term in this tower, as a place alike of secrecy and of security; both of which, in the terms which we now stand on with England, are circumstances to be desired."

"In truth," said the Abbot, "and the doubt is well thought on, were it as well removed; for I cannot know in the Halliwell as fitting a place of refuge, yet see I not how to recommend it to our worshipful guest, considering the unextinguished petulance of this headstrong youth."

"Tush! screened sin—what would you make of me!" said Sir Florio Stafton. "I protest, by mine honour, I would shide in this house were I to chauce. What! I take no exception at the youth for showing a flash of spirit, though the spark may light on mine own head. I honour the lad for it. I protest I will shide here, and he shall aid me in striking down a dun. I must needs be friends with him, as he be such a shot: and we will speedily send down to my lord Abbot a buck of the best head, killed so artfully as shall satisfy even the renowned Kitchener."

This was said with such apparent ease and good-humour, that the Abbot made no further observation on what had passed, but proceeded to acquaint his guest with the details of furniture, hangings, provisions, and so forth, which he proposed to send up to the Tower of Glendower for his accommodation. This discourse, seasoned with a cup or two of wine, served to passing the time until the screened Abbot ordered his carvards to prepare for their return to the Monastery.

"As we have," he said, "in the course of this our welcome

journey, lost our meritum,* indulgence shall be given to those of our attachants who shall, from very weariness, be unable to attend the duty at prima;† and this by way of misnamed or indulgentia."‡

Having benevolently intimated a boon to his faithful followers which he probably judged would be far from unacceptable, the good Abbot, seeing all ready for his journey, bestowed his blessing on the assembled household—gave his hand to be kissed by Dame Glendinning—himself kissed the cheek of Mary Aronell, and even of the Miller's maiden, when they approached to render him the same homage—commanded Halbert to ride his charger, and to be aiding and obedient in all things to the English Knight—commanded Edward to be discipline imperious stresser—then took a courteous farewell of Sir Florio Chaston, advising him to be close, for fear of the English Borderers, who might be employed to kidnap him; and having discharged these various offices of courtesy, moved forth to the courtyard, followed by the whole establishment. Here, with a heavy sigh approaching to a groan, the venerable father heaved himself upon his palfrey, whose dark purple housings swept the ground; and, greatly comforted that the distraction of the animal's pace would be no longer disturbed by the gambolings of Sir Florio and his prancing war-horse, he set forth at a sober and steady trot upon his return to the Monastery.

When the Sub-Prior had mounted to accompany his principal, his eye sought out Halbert, who, partly hidden by a projection of the external wall of the court, stood apart from and gazing upon the departing caravans, and the group which assembled around them. Unsatisfied with the explanation he had received concerning the mysterious transaction of the silver hockie, yet interesting himself in the youth, of whose character he had formed a favourable idea, the worthy monk resolved to take an early opportunity of investigating that matter. In the meanwhile, he looked upon Halbert with a serious and warning

* The hour of repose at noon, which, in the middle ages, was employed in slumber, and which the monastic rules of nocturnal vigils rendered necessary.

† Prima was the midnight service of the monks.

‡ Misnamed, according to the learned work of Fœdericus on British Monachism, meant not only an indulgence or remission from particular duties, but also a particular apartment in a convent, where the monks assembled to enjoy such indulgences or dispensations as were granted beyond the rule.

ascent, and held up his finger to him as he signed farewell. He then joined the rest of the choristers, and followed his Superior down the valley.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
And do me right with your sword, sir, as becomes
One gentleman of honour to another;
All this is fair, sir—let us make no days wait,
I'll lead your way.

LOVE'S PROLOGUE.

THE look and sign of warning which the Sub-Prior gave to Halbert Glendinning as they parted, went to his heart; for although he had profited much less than Edward by the good man's instructions, he had a sincere reverence for his person; and even the short time he had for deliberation tended to show him he was embarked in a perilous adventure. The nature of the provocation which he had given to Sir Pierre Shafton he could not even conjecture; but he saw that it was of a mortal quality, and he was now to abide the consequences.

That he might not force these consequences forward by any premature renewal of their quarrel, he resolved to wait apart for an hour, and consider on what terms he was to meet this haughty foreigner. The time seemed propitious for his doing so without having the appearance of wilfully shunning the stranger, as all the members of the little household were disposing either to perform such tasks as had been interrupted by the arrival of the dignitaries, or to put in order what had been damaged by their visit.

Leaving the Tower, therefore, and descending unobserved as he thought, the knoll on which it stood, Halbert gained the little piece of level ground which extended between the descent of the hill, and the first sweep made by the brook after washing the foot of the entrance on which the Tower was situated, where a few straggling birch and oak trees served to secure him from observation. But scarcely had he reached the spot, when he was surprised to feel a smart tap upon the shoulder,

and, turning around, he perceived he had been closely followed by Sir Pierre Shafton.

When, whether from our state of animal spirits, want of confidence in the justice of our cause, or any other motive, our own courage happens to be in a wavering condition, nothing tends so much altogether to disconcert us, as a great appearance of promptitude on the part of our antagonist. Halbert Glendinning, both morally and constitutionally intrepid, was nevertheless somewhat troubled at seeing the stranger, whose resentment he had provoked, appear at once before him, and with an aspect which looked hostile. But though his heart might beat somewhat thicker, he was too high-spirited to exhibit any external signs of emotion—"What is your pleasure, Sir Pierre?" he said to the English knight, enduring without apparent discomposure all the taunts which his antagonist had summoned into his aspect.

"What is my pleasure?" answered Sir Pierre; "a goodly question after the part you have acted towards me!—Young man, I know not what infatuation has led thee to place thyself in direct and insolent opposition to one who is a guest of the hospitable the Abbot, and who, even from the courtesy due to thy mother's roof, had a right to remain there without meeting insult. Neither do I ask, or care, by what means thou hast become possessed of the fatal sword by which thou hast dared to offer me open shame. But I must now tell thee, that the possession of it hath cost thee thy life."

"Not, I trust, if my hand and sword can defend it," replied Halbert, boldly.

"True," said the Englishman, "I mean not to deprive thee of thy fair chance of self-defence. I am only sorry to think, that, young and country-bred as thou art, it can but little avail thee. But thou must be well aware, that in this quarrel I shall use no terms of quarter."

"Rely on it, good man," answered the youth, "that I shall ask none; and although thou speakest as if I lay already at thy feet, trust me, that as I am determined never to ask thy mercy, so I am not fearful of needing it."

"Thou wilt, then," said the knight, "do nothing to avert the certain fate which thou hast provoked with such wantonness?"

"And how were that to be purchased?" replied Halbert

Glendinning, more with the wish of obtaining some further insight into the terms on which he stood with this stranger, than to make him the submission which he might require.

"Explain to me instantly," said Sir Pierre, "without equivocation or delay, by what means thou wert enabled to wound my honour as deeply—and shouldst thou point out to me by so doing an enemy more worthy of my resentment, I will permit thine own obscure insignificance to draw a veil over thine insolence."

"This is too high a flight," said Glendinning, fiercely, "for thine own presumption to soar without being checked. Thou hast come to my father's house, as well as I am gone, a fugitive and an exile, and thy first greeting to its inhabitants has been that of contempt and injury. By what means I have been able to retort that contempt, let thine own conscience tell thee. Enough for me that I stand on the privilege of a free Scotchman, and will brook no insult unreturned, and no injury unrequited."

"It is well, then," said Sir Pierre Shafton; "we will dispute this matter to-morrow morning with our swords. Let the time be daybreak, and do thou assign the place. We will go forth as if to strike a duel."

"Content," replied Halbert Glendinning; "I will guide thee to a spot where an hundred men might fight and fall without any chance of interruption."

"It is well," answered Sir Pierre Shafton. "Hence then we part.—May I well say, that in thus intruding the right of a gentleman to the son of a stud-breaking peasant, I derogate from my sphere, even as the blessed are would derogate should he be condemned to compare and match his golden beard with the twinkle of a pale, blinking, expiring, green-fed taper. But no consideration of rank shall prevent my avenging the insult thou hast offered me. We have a smooth face, observe me, Sir Village, before the worshipful inmates of powder mills, and to-morrow we try conclusions with our swords." So saying, he turned away towards the tower.

It may not be unworthy of notice, that in the last speech only, had Sir Pierre used some of those forms of rhetoric which characterised the usual style of his conversation. Apparently, a sense of wounded honour, and the deep desire of vindicating his injured feelings, had proved too strong for the fantastic

affectation of his acquired habits. Indeed, such is usually the influence of energy of mind, when called forth and excited, that Sir Florio Shafton had never appeared in the eyes of his youthful antagonist half so much deserving of esteem and respect as in this brief dialogue, by which they exchanged mutual defiance. As he followed him closely to the tower, he could not help thinking to himself, that, had the English knight always displayed this superior tone of bearing and feeling, he would not probably have felt so earnestly disposed to take offence at his hand. Mortal offence, however, had been exchanged, and the matter was to be put to mortal arbitrament.

The family met at the evening meal, when Sir Florio Shafton extended the benignity of his countenance and the grace of his conversation far more generally over the party than he had hitherto contemplated to do. The greater part of his attention was, of course, still engrossed by his divine and inimitable Marston, as he chose to term Mary Arden; but, nevertheless, there were interjectorial flourishes to the Maid of the Mill, under the title of Comedy Damsel, and to the Dame, under that of Worthy Matron. Nay, lest he should fail to excite their admiration by the grace of his rhetoric, he generously, and without solicitation, added those of his voice; and after regretting bitterly the absence of his *viol-de-gambe*, he regaled them with a song, "which," said he, "the inimitable *Astrucy*, whom mortals call Philip Sidney," composed in the homage of his muse, to show the world what they are to expect from his riper years, and which will one day see the light in that not-to-be-paralleled perfection of human wit, which he has addressed to his sister, the matchless *Parthenope*, whom men call Countess of Pembroke; a work," he continued, "whereof his friendship hath permitted me, though unworthy, to be an occasional partner, and whereof I may well say, that the deep afflictive tale which unweakeneth our sorrows, is as relieved with brilliant similitudes, delicate descriptions, pleasant poems, and engaging interludes, that they seem as the stars of the firmament, beautifying the dusky robe of night. And though I wet well how much the lovely and quaint language will suffer by

"[*His Astrucy and Stella*," originally published at London in 1599, was inserted in the numerous editions of the Countess of Pembroke's "*Arcadia*," by Sir Philip. It would be in vain to attempt to verify the words put into the mouth of Sir Florio Shafton.]

my widowed voice, widowed in that it is no longer matched by my beloved viol-de-gamba, I will essay to give you a taste of the ravishing sweetness of the poetry of the un-to-be-imitated *Astrophel*."

So saying, he sang without intercy or remorse about five hundred verses, of which the two first and the four last may suffice for a specimen:—

"What tongue can her perfection tell,
On whose each part all powers may dwell.
Of whose high praise and princely bliss,
Constant the pen, forever paper less;
The ink immortal flame dash out,
As I begin so I must end."

As Sir Percie Shafton always sang with his eyes half shut, it was not until, agreeably to the promise of poetry, he had fairly made an end, that looking round, he discovered that the greater part of his audience had, in the meanwhile, yielded to the charms of repose. Mary Avenel, indeed, from a natural sense of politeness, had contrived to keep awake through all the perfections of the divine *Astrophel*; but Myra was transported in dreams back to the dusty atmosphere of her father's mill. Edward himself, who had given his attention for some time, had at length fallen fast asleep; and the good church's nose, could its tentacles have been put under regulation, might have supplied the loss of the lamented viol-de-gamba. Halbert, however, who had no temptation to give way to the charms of slumber, remained awake with his eyes fixed on the songster; not that he was better entertained with the words, or more enriched with the conceits, than the rest of the company, but rather because he admired, or perhaps envied, the composer, which would then spend the evening in interminable madrigals, when the next morning was to be devoted to deadly combat. Yet it struck his natural senseless of observation, that the eye of the gallant cavalier did now and then, furtively as it were, seek a glance of his countenance, as to discover how he was taking the exhibition of his antagonist's composure and severity of mind.

He shall read nothing in my countenance, thought Halbert, proudly, that can make him think my indifference less than his own.

And taking from the shelf a bag full of miscellaneous matters collected for the purpose, he began with great industry to dress hooks, and had finished half-a-dozen of them (we are enabled, for the benefit of those who admire the antiquities of the gentle art of angling, to state that they were brown hackles) by the time that Sir Fiacre had arrived at the conclusion of his long-winded strophes of the divine Astrophel. So that he also testified a magnificent contempt of that which to-morrow should bring forth.

As it now moved late, the family of Glendowry separated for the evening; Sir Fiacre first saying to the dams, that "her son Albert!"

"Halbert," said Elspeth, with emphasis, "Halbert, after his go-bye, Halbert Byrdane."

"Well, then, I have prayed your son Halbert, that we may strive to-morrow, with the sun's ardour, to wade a stag from his lair, that I may see whether he be as prompt at that sport as some suppose him."

"Alas! sir," answered Dame Elspeth, "he is but too prompt, as you talk of promptitude, at any thing that has stood at one end of it, and mischief at the other. But he is at your honourable disposal, and I trust you will teach him how obedience is due to our venerable father and lord, the Abbot, and prevail with him to take the low-bearer's place in sin; for, as the two worthy monks said, it will be a great help to a wicker woman."

"Trust me, good dams," replied Sir Fiacre, "it is my purpose so to indoctrinate him, teaching his conduct and bearing towards his betters, that he shall not lightly depart from the reverence due to them.—We meet, then, beneath the black-tree in the plain," he said, looking to Halbert, "so soon as the eye of day hath opened its lids."—Halbert answered with a sign of acquiescence, and the knight proceeded, "And now, having wished to my friend Discretion those pleasant dreams which weave their pious around the couch of sleeping beauty, and to this comely damsel the boundaries of Morpheus, and to all others the common good-night, I will crave your leave to depart to my place of rest, though I may say with the poet,

'Ah rest!—no rest but change of place and posture:'

'Ah sleep!—no sleep but wearied Nature's reviving:'

'Ah bed!—no bed but cushion filled with sinners:'

'Rest, sleep, our bed, canst not so us entice!'

With a delicate elegance he left the room, evading Dame Glendinning, who hastened to assure him he would find his accommodations for repose much more agreeable than they had been the night before, there having been stores of warm coverlets, and a soft feather-bed, sent up from the Abbey. But the good knight probably thought that the grace and effect of his suit would be diminished, if he were recalled from his levities to discuss such ordinary and domestic topics, and therefore hastened away without waiting to hear her suit.

"A pleasant gentleman," said Dame Glendinning; "but I will warrant him an hypocrite"—And sings a sweet song, though it is somewhat of the longest.—Well, I make mine over to his godly company—I wonder when he will go away."

Having thus expressed her respect for her guest, not without intimation that she was heartily tired of his company, the good dame gave the signal for the family to disperse, and laid her injunctions on Halbert to attend Sir Fierbis Shalton at daybreak, as he required.

When stretched on his pallet by his brother's side, Halbert had no small cause to envy the sound sleep which instantly settled on the eyes of Edward, but refused him any share of his influence. He saw now too well what the spirit had darkly indicated, that, in granting the boon which he had asked so unadvisedly, she had contributed more to his harm than his good. He was now sensible, too late, of the various dangers and inconveniences with which his dearest friends were threatened, alike by his disquietude or his success in the approaching duel. If he fell, he might say personally, "good night all." But it was not the less certain that he should leave a dreadful legacy of distress and embarrassment to his mother and family,—an anticipation which by no means tended to render the prospect of death, in itself a grisly object, more agreeable to his imagination. The vengeance of the Abbot, his conscience told him, was sure to descend on his mother and brother, or could only be averted by the generosity of the victor.—And Henry Arundel—he should have shown himself, if he succeeded in the present contest, as inefficient in protecting her, as he had been unsuccessfully active in bringing disaster on her, and on the house in which she had been protected from injury. And to this view of the case

"Numerous—full of whites—thus Shakespeare, "Numerous as whites."
—The ridger used numerous names suited to the meeting.

were to be added all those inhibited and anxious feelings with which the bravest men, even in a better or less doubtful quarrel, regard the issue of a dubious conflict, the first time when it has been their fate to engage in an affair of that nature.

But however discomfited the prospect seemed in the event of his being conquered, Halbert could expect from victory little more than the safety of his own life, and the gratification of his wounded pride. To his friends, to his mother and brother—especially to Mary Arden—the consequences of his triumph would be more certain destruction than the contingency of his defeat and death. If the English knight survived, he might in courtesy extend his protection to them; but if he fell, nothing was likely to screen them from the vindictive measures which the Abbot and convent would surely adopt against the violation of the peace of the Elders, and the slaughter of a protected guest by one of their own vassals, within whose house they had lodged him for shelter. These thoughts, in which neither view of the case suggested ought short of ruin to his family, and that ruin entirely brought on by his own rashness, were thorns in Halbert Bloodthirsty's pillow, and deprived his soul of peace and his eyes of slumber.

There appeared no middle course, saving one which was marked by degradation, and which, even if he stooped to it, was by no means free of danger. He might indeed confess to the English knight the strange circumstances which led to his presenting him with that token which the White Lady (in her displeasure as it now seemed) had given him, that he might offer it to Sir Florio Shaston. But to this avowal his pride could not stoop, and reason, who is wonderfully ready to be of counsel with pride on such occasions, offered many arguments to show it would be useless as well as mean as far to degrade himself. "If I tell a tale so wonderful," thought he, "shall I not either be stigmatised as a liar, or punished as a wizard?—Were Sir Florio Shaston generous, noble, and benevolent, as the champions of whom we hear in romance, I might indeed gain his ear, and, without demeaning myself, escape from the situation in which I am placed. But as he is, or at least seems to be, self-conceited, arrogant, vain, and presumptuous—I should but humble myself in vain—and I will not humble myself!" he said, starting out of bed, grasping his broadsword, and brandishing it in the light of the moon, which streamed through the deep niche that served

them as a window; when, to his extreme surprise and terror, an airy form stood in the moonlight, but intercepted not the reflection on the floor. Dimly as it was expressed, the sound of the voice soon made him sensible he saw the White Lady.

At no time had her presence seemed so terrible to him; for when he had invoked her, it was with the expectation of the apparition, and the determination to abide the issue. But now she had come uncalled, and her presence impressed him with a sense of approaching misfortune, and with the hideous apprehension that he had associated himself with a demon, over whose motions he had no control, and of whose powers and quality he had no certain knowledge. He remained, therefore, in more terror, gazing on the apparition, which chanted or recited in cadence the following lines:—

"O! whose heart for vengeance ached,
Must not clutch from slumbering blood;
The heart that thou hast tied with word,
Thou must loose by edge of sword."

"Avenge thee, ill-co spirit!" said Halbert Glendinning; "I have bought thy advice too dearly already—Beware, in the name of God!"

The Spirit laughed; and the cold unnatural sound of her laughter had something to it more fearful than the usually melancholy tone of her voice. She then replied:

"Thou hast named'st me once—you have named'st me twice,
And without one summons I came to your notice;
Unask'd for, named for, you came to my glim;
Unsum'd and nam'd'st I am with you again."

Halbert Glendinning gave way for a moment to terror, and called on his brother, "Edward! wake, wake, for Our Lady's sake!"

Edward awoke accordingly, and asked what he wanted.

"Look out," said Halbert, "look up! see'st thou no one in the room?"

"No, upon my good word," said Edward, looking out.

"What! see'st thou nothing in the moonshine upon the floor there?"

"No, nothing," answered Edward, "save thyself resting on thy naked sword. I tell thee, Halbert, thou shouldst trust more to thy spiritual arms, and less to those of steel and iron. For this

many a night last then started and moaned, and cried out of fighting, and of apostres, and of goblins—they sleep hath not refreshed them—they waking hath been a dream.—Credit me, dear Halbert, say the *Psalm* and *Gospel*, resign thyself to the protection of God, and thou wilt sleep sound and wake in comfort."

"It may be," said Halbert slowly, and having his eye still bent on the female form which to him seemed distinctly visible,—"it may be—but tell me, dear Edward, were there no one on the chamber floor but me?"

"No one," answered Edward, raising himself on his elbow; "dear brother, lay aside thy weapons, say thy prayers, and lay thee down to rest."

While he thus spoke, the Spirit smiled at Halbert as if in scorn! her own shadow faded in the wan moonlight even before the smile had passed away, and Halbert himself no longer beheld the vision to which he had so anxiously solicited his brother's attention. "May God preserve my wife!" he said, as, laying aside his weapons, he again threw himself on his bed.

"Amen! my dearest brother," answered Edward; "but we must not provoke that Heaven in our wantonness which we invoke in our misery.—Be not angry with me, my dear brother—I know not why you have totally of late estranged yourself from me.—It is true, I am neither so athletic in body, nor so alert in courage, as you have been from your infancy; yet, till lately, you have not absolutely cast off my society—Believe me, I have wept in secret, though I forbore to intrude myself on your privacy. The time has been when you held me not so cheap; and when, if I could not follow the game so closely, or mark it so truly as you, I could fill up our intervals of pastime with pleasant tales of the olden time, which I had read or heard, and which excited even your attention as we ate and ate our provision by some pleasant spring.—But now I have, though I know not why, lost thy regard and affection.—Nay, toss not thy arms about thee thus wildly," said the younger brother; "from thy strange dreams, I fear some touch of fever hath affected thy blood—let me draw closer around thee thy mantle."

"Futless," said Halbert—"your care is needless—your complaints are without reason—your fears on my account are in vain."

"Nay, but hear me, brother," said Edward. "Your speech

in sleep, and now even your waking dreams, are of beings which belong not to this world, or to our race.—Our good Father Eustace says, that howbeit we may not do well to receive all idle tales of goblins and spectres, yet there is warrant from holy Scripture to believe, that the fiends haunt waste and solitary places; and that those who frequent such wilderness alone, are the prey, or the sport, of these wandering demons. And therefore, I pray thee, brother, let me go with you when you go next up the glen, where, as you well know, there be places of evil reputation.—Thou must not for my sport; but, Halbert, such dangers are more safely encountered by the wise in judgment, than by the bold in bosom; and though I have small cause to boast of my own wisdom, yet I have that which cometh from the written knowledge of older times.”

There was a moment during this discourse, when Halbert had well-nigh come to the resolution of disbanding his own band, by instructing Edward with all that weighed upon it. But when his brother reminded him that this was the morning of a high holiday, and that, setting aside all other business or pleasure, he ought to go to the Monastery and strive himself before Father Eustace, who would that day occupy the confessional, pride stepped in and confirmed his wavering resolution. “I will not sever,” he thought, “a tale so extraordinary, that I may be considered as an impostor or something worse—I will not fly from this Englishman, whose arm and sword may be no better than my own. My fathers have faced his betters, were he as much distinguished in battle as he is by his quiet discourse.”

Pride, which has been said to save men, and women too, from falling, has yet a stronger influence on the mind when it enhances the cause of passion, and seldom fails to render it victorious over conscience and reason. Halbert, once determined, though not to the better cause, at length slept soundly, and was only awakened by the dawn of day.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

Indifferent, but indifferent—please, he felt it not
 Like one who in his craft's master—after the loss
 I have seen a dove under a bloody quarrel
 On one who was a master of defence.

OLD PLAY.

When the first gray peep of dawn, Halbert Glendinning arose and hastened to dress himself, girded on his weapon, and took a cross-bow in his hand, as if his usual sport had been his sole object. He groped his way down the dark and winding staircase, and called, with as little noise as possible, the fastenings of the inner door, and of the exterior iron grate. At length he stood free in the courtyard, and looking up to the tower, saw a signal made with a handkerchief from the window. Nothing doubting that it was his antagonist, he passed, expecting him. But it was Mary Arden, who glided like a spirit from under the low and ragged portal.

Halbert was much surprised, and felt, he knew not why, like one caught in the act of a meditated trespass. The presence of Mary Arden had till that moment never given him pain. She spoke, too, in a tone whose sorrow seemed to mingle with reproach, while she asked him with emphasis, "What he was about to do?"

He shaved his cross-bow, and was about to express the protest he had meditated, when Mary interrupted him.

"Not so, Halbert—that evasion were unworthy of one whose word has hitherto been truth. You meditate not the destruction of the dove—your hand and your heart are aimed at other game—you seek to do battle with this stranger."

"And whence should I quarrel with our guest?" answered Halbert, blushing deeply.

"There are, indeed, many reasons why you should not," replied the maiden, "nor is there one of small whencefore you should—yet, nevertheless, such a quarrel you are now searching after."

"Why should you suppose so, Mary?" said Halbert, endeavoring to hide his conscious purpose—"he is my mother's guest—he is protected by the Abbot and the community, who

are our masters—he is of high degree also,—and whosoever should you think that I can, or dare, resent a hasty word, which he has purchased thrown out against me more from the wantonness of his wit, than the purpose of his heart?”

“Alas!” answered the maiden, “the very asking that question puts your resolution beyond a doubt. Since your childhood you were ever daring, seeking danger rather than avoiding it—delighting in whatever had the air of adventure and of courage; and it is not from fear that you will now blench from your purpose—Oh, let it then be from pity—from pity, Halbert, to your aged mother, whose your death or victory will alike deprive of the comfort and stay of her age.”

“She has my brother Edward,” said Halbert, turning suddenly from her.

“She has indeed,” said Mary Aronold, “the calm, the noble-minded, the considerate Edward, who has thy courage, Halbert, without thy fiery rashness,—the generous spirit, with more of reason to guide it. He would not have heard his mother, would not have heard his adopted sister, beseech him in vain not to ruin himself, and tear up their future hopes of happiness and protection.”

Halbert’s heart swelled as he replied to this reproach. “Well—what avails it speaking?—you have him that is better than me—when, more considerate—braver, for aught I know—you are provided with a protector, and need care no more for me.”

Again he turned to depart, but Mary Aronold laid her hand on his arm so gently that he scarce felt her hold, yet felt that it was impossible for him to strike it off. There he stood, one foot advanced to leave the courtyard, but so little determined on departure, that he resembled a traveller arrested by the spell of a magician, and unable either to quit the attitude of motion, or to proceed on his course.

Mary Aronold availed herself of his state of suspense. “Hear me,” she said, “hear me, Halbert!—I am an orphan, and even Heaven leaves the orphan—I have been the companion of your infancy, and if you will not hear me for an instant, from whom may Mary Aronold claim as poor a boon?”

“I hear you,” said Halbert Glendinning; “but be brief, dear Mary—you mistake the nature of my business—it is but a morning of summer sport which we propose.”

“Say not thus,” said the maiden, interrupting him, “my not

them to me—others than myself deceive, but me they cannot—There has been that in me from the earliest youth, which fraud flies from, and which imposture cannot deceive. For what fate has given me such a power I know not; but lived an ignorant maiden, in this sequestered valley, mine eyes can too often see what man would most willingly hide—I can judge of the dark purpose, though it is hid under the smiling brow, and a glance of the eye says more to me than words and professions do to others."

"Then," said Halbert, "if thou canst so read the human heart,—say, dear Mary,—what dost thou see in mine?—tell me that—say that what thou seest—what thou readest in this breast, does not offend thee—say but that, and thou shalt be the guide of my actions, and mould my now and hereafter in honour or to dishonour as thy own free will!"

Mary Arnold became first red, and then deadly pale, as Halbert Glendinning spoke. But when, turning round at the close of his address, he took her hand, she gently withdrew it, and replied, "I cannot read the heart, Halbert, and I would not of my will know ought of yours, save what becomes to both—I can only judge of signs, words, and actions of little outward import, more truly than thou accost me, as my eyes, thou knowest, have seen objects not presented to those of others."

"Let them gaze then on one whom they shall never see more," said Halbert, more more turning from her, and rushing out of the courtyard without again looking back.

Mary Arnold gave a faint scream, and clasped both her hands firmly on her forehead and eyes. She had been a minute in this attitude, when she was thus greeted by a voice from behind: "Gloomily done, my most discreet Discretion, to hide those brilliant eyes from the far inferior beams which even now begin to gild the eastern horizon—Come, pull there were that Florence, unknown in splendour, might in very splendour turn back his eye, and rather leave the world in darkness, than incur the disgrace of such an encounter—Crisp me, lovely Discretion!"—

But as Sir Piero Stofio (the reader will readily set down these flowers of eloquence to the proper owner) attempted to take Mary Arnold's hand, in order to press it in his speech, she shook him sharply off, and regarding him with an eye

which excited terror and agitation, rushed past him into the town.

The knight stood looking after her with a countenance in which contempt was strongly mingled with mortification. "By my knighthood!" he ejaculated, "I have thrown away upon this rude rustic Piddell a speech, which the proudest beauty at the court of Feltia (we let me call the Elgion from which I am banished) might have turned the very statue of Cupid. Hard and infamous was the fate that sent thee hither, Pierro Shafton, to waste thy wit upon country wenches, and thy valour upon hob-nailed clowns! But that luck—that affront—but it been offered to me by the lowest plebeian, he must have died for it by my hand, in respect the enormity of the offence hath counterbalanced the inequality of him by whom it is given. I trust I shall find this clownish rascal not less willing to deal in blows than in taunts."

While he held this conversation with himself, Sir Pierro Shafton was hastening to the little loft of birch-trees which had been assigned as the place of meeting. He greeted his antagonists with a courtly salutation, followed by this commentary: "I pray you to observe, that I doff my hat to you, though so much my inferior in rank, without derogation on my part, inasmuch as my having so far honoured you in receiving and admiring your defiance, doth, in the judgment of the best martialists, in some sort and for the time, raise you to a level with me—no honour which you may and ought to account cheaply purchased, even with the loss of your life, if such should chance to be the issue of this death."

"For which commendation," said Halbert, "I have to thank the ladies which I presented to you."

The knight changed colour, and grinded his teeth with rage—

"Draw your weapons!" said he to Glendinning.

"Not in this spot," answered the youth; "we should be liable to interruption—Follow me, and I will bring you to a place where we shall encounter on each side."

He proceeded to walk up the glen, resolving that their place of combat should be in the entrance of the Carrisnaashlan; both because the spot, lying under the reputation of being haunted, was very little frequented, and also because he regarded it as a place which to him might be termed fatal, and which he therefore resolved should witness his death or victory.

They walked up the glen for some time in silence. The lawless idle chatterer who did not wish to contend with words, and who had nothing friendly to exchange with each other. Silence, however, was always an uneasy state with Sir Piercie, and, moreover, his anger was usually a hasty and short-lived passion. As, therefore, he went forth, in his own life, in all love and honour towards his antagonist, he saw not any cause for submitting longer to the painful restraint of positive silence. He began by complimenting Halbert on the alert activity with which he surmounted the obstacles and impediments of the way.

"Trust me," said he, "worthy master, we have not a lighter or a finer step in our country's revels, and if duly set forth by a skilful base, and trained unto that stately exercise, your leg would make an indifferent good show in a pavil or a galliard. And I doubt nothing," he added, "that you have availed yourself of some opportunity to improve yourself in the art of fence, which is more akin than dancing to our present purpose!"

"I know nothing more of fencing," said Halbert, "than hath been taught me by an old shepherd of mine, called Martin, and at whilst a lesson from Christie of the Clinkhill—for the rest, I must trust to good sword, strong arm, and sound heart."

"Marry and I am glad of it, young Audacity (I will call you my Audacity, and you will call me your Condemnation, while we are on these terms of unnatural equality), I am glad of your ignorance with all my heart. For we martialists proportion the punishments which we inflict upon our opposites, to the length and hazard of the efforts wherewith they oppose themselves to us. And I see not why you, being but a tyro, may not be held sufficiently punished for your contumacious, and capricious presumption, by the loss of an ear, an eye, or even a finger, accompanied by some flesh-wound of depth and severity suited to your error—whereas, had you been able to stand more effectually on your defence, I see not how loss than your life could have atoned sufficiently for your presumption."

"Now, by God and Our Lady," said Halbert, unable any longer to restrain himself, "thou art thyself even presumptuous, who upbraidest thus duringly of the loss of a combat which is not yet even begun—Are you a god, that you already dispose of my life and limbs? or are you a judge in the justice-oh,

telling at your ease and without risk, how the head and quarters of a condemned criminal are to be disposed of?"

"Not so, O then, whom I have well permitted to call thyself my *Andachty*! I, thy Condemner, am neither a god to judge the issue of the combat before it is fought, nor a judge to dispose at my ease and in safety of the limbs and head of a condemned criminal; but I am an indifferent good master of fence, being the first pupil of the first master of the first school of fence that our royal England affords, the said master being no other than the truly noble, and all-naturally skilful Viscountess Barista, from whom I learned the fine step, quick eye, and nimble hand—of which qualities thou, O my most rational *Andachty*, art full like to reap the fruits so soon as we shall find a place of ground fitting for such experiments."

They had now reached the gorge of the ravine, where Halbert had at first intended to stop; but when he observed the surroundings of the level ground, he began to consider that it was only by superior agility that he could expect to make up his deficiency in the science, as it was called, of defence. He found no spot which afforded sufficient room to transact for this purpose, until he gained the well-known fountain, by whose margin, and in front of the huge rock from which it sprang, was an amphitheatre of level turf of small space indeed, compared with the great height of the cliff with which it was surrounded on every point save that from which the rivulet issued forth, yet large enough for their present purpose.

When they had reached this spot of ground, fitted well by its gloom and sequestered situation to be a scene of mortal strife, both were surprised to observe that a grave was dug close by the foot of the rock with great neatness and regularity, the green turf being laid down upon the one side, and the earth thrown out in a heap upon the other. A mattock and shovel lay by the verge of the grave.

Sir Florio Shastan bent his eye with visceral seriousness upon Halbert Glouffing, as he asked him sternly, "Does this hole tremble, young man? And have you purpose to set upon me here as in an ambush or place of vantage?"

"Not on my part, by Heaven!" answered the youth: "I told us one of our purpose, nor would I for the throne of Scotland take odds against a single arm."

"I believe thou wouldst not, mine *Andachty*," said the

knight, assuming the affected manner which was become a second nature to him; "nevertheless this stone is curiously well shaped, and might be the masterpiece of Nature's last workman, I would say the sentence—Wherefore, let us be thankful to chance or some unknown friend, who hath thus provided for one of us the depositories of sepulture, and let us proceed to determine which shall have the advantage of enjoying this place of undisturbed slumber."

So saying, he stripped off his doublet and cloak, which he folded up with great care, and deposited upon a large stone, while Halbert Glendinning, not without some emotion, followed his example. Their vicinity to the favorite haunt of the White Lady led him to form conjectures concerning the incident of the guest—"It must have been her work!" he thought: "the Spirit forever and has provided for the fatal event of the combat—I must return from this place a homicide, or I must remain here for ever!"

The bridge seemed now broken down behind him, and the chance of coming off honourably without killing or being killed (the hope of which have been cheered the sinking heart of many a dauntless), seemed now altogether to be removed. Yet the very desperation of his situation gave him, in an instant's reflection, both firmness and courage, and presented to him one sole alternative—conquest, namely, or death.

"As we are here," said Sir Florio Shafte, "unaccompanied by any patrons or seconds, it were well you should pass your hands over my sides, as I shall over yours; not that I suspect you to use any quiet device of perry armour, but in order to comply with the ancient and laudable custom practised on all such occasions."

While, complying with his antagonist's request, Halbert Glendinning went through this ceremony, Sir Florio Shafte did not fail to attract his attention to the quality and fastness of his wrought and embroidered shirt—"In this very shirt," said he, "O mine Andacht!—I say in this very garment, in which I am now to combat a Scottish rustic like thyself, it was my sacred lot to lead the winning party at that wondrous match at halloo, made betwixt the divine Astrophel (our matchless Sidney) and the right honourable my very good lord of Oxford. All the beauties of Pallas (by which name I distinguish our beloved England) stood in the gallery, waving

their hardihood at each turn of the game, and cheering the winners by their plaudits. After which noble sport we were refreshed by a suitable banquet, whereat it pleased the noble Ursula (being the unsatiable Countess of Penrhos) to accommodate me with her fan for the cooling my somewhat too much inflamed visage, in requite which courtesy, I said, casting my features into a smiling, yet melancholy frown, O dearest Ursula! receive again that too fatal gift, which not like the Zephyr cooleth, but like the hot breath of the Sirocco, heateth yet more that which is already inflamed. Whenceupon, looking upon me somewhat scornfully, yet not so but what the experienced courtier might perceive a certain sort of appreciative affection."——

Here the knight was interrupted by Halbert, who had waited with courteous patience for some little time, till he found, that far from drawing to a close, Sir Florio seemed rather inclined to wax pedantic in his reminiscences.

"Sir Knight," said the youth, "if this matter be not very much to the purpose, we will, if you object not, proceed to that which we have in hand. You should have abided in England had you desired to waste time in words, for here we spend it in blows."

"I crave your pardon, most rusticated Andastir," answered Sir Florio; "truly I become oblivious of everything beside, when the recollections of the divine court of Felicia pour upon my weakened memory, even as a saint is dazzled when he beholds him of the beatific vision. Ah, felicitous Felicitas! delicate nurse of the sick, chosen shade of the wise, the birth-place and cradle of nobility, the temple of courtesy, the fane of sprightly chivalry—Ah, heavenly court, or rather courtly heaven! charmed with dances, lulled asleep with harmony, warmed with sprightly sports and tournaments, decorated with silk and thames, glittering with diamonds and jewels, standing on end with double piled velvets, satins, and ermines!"

"The token, Sir Knight, the token!" exclaimed Halbert Glenlisking, who, impatient of Sir Florio's interminable oratory, wrenched him of the ground of their quarrel, as the best way to compel him to the purpose of their meeting.

And he judged right; for Sir Florio shrank no sooner heard him speak, than he exclaimed, "Thy death-hour has struck—betake thee to thy sword—Vive!"

Both swords were unsheathed, and the combatants commenced their engagement. Halbert became immediately aware, that, as he had expected, he was far inferior to his adversary in the use of his weapons. Sir Pierre Sherton had taken no more than his own share of real merit, when he termed himself an absolutely good fencer; and Glendinning soon found that he should have great difficulty in coping with life and honour from such a master of the sword. The English knight was master of all the mystery of the *stoccata*, *indriata*, *paradevans*, *accortata*, and so forth, which the Italian masters of defence had lately introduced into general practice. But Glendinning, on his part, was no novice in the principles of the art, according to the old Scottish fashion, and possessed the first of all qualities, a steady and collected mind. At first, being desirous to try the skill, and become acquainted with the play of his enemy, he stood on his defence, keeping his feet, head, eyes, and body, in perfect union, and holding his sword short, and with the point towards his antagonist's feet, so that Sir Pierre, in order to assail him, was obliged to make actual passes, and could not avail himself of his skill in making feints; while, on the other hand, Halbert was prompt to parry those attacks, either by shifting his ground, or with the sword. The consequence was, that after two or three sharp attempts on the part of Sir Pierre, which were evaded or disconcerted by the address of his opponent, he began to assume the defensive in his turn, fearful of giving some advantage by being repeatedly the assailant. But Halbert was too cautious to press on a swordman whose dexterity had already more than once placed him within a hair's-breadth of death, which he had only escaped by uncommon watchfulness and agility.

When each had made a hint or two, there was a pause in the conflict, both as if by one assent dropping their swords' point, and looking on each other for a moment without speaking. At length Halbert Glendinning, who felt perhaps more uneasy on account of his family than he had done before he had displayed his own courage, and proved the strength of his antagonist, could not help saying, "Is the subject of our quarrel, Sir Knight, so mortal, that one of our two bodies must needs fill up that grave? or may we with honour, having proved ourselves against each other, sheathe our swords and depart friends?"

"Valiant and most valiant Andalus," said the Southern knight, "to no man on earth could you have put a question on the code of honour, who was more capable of rendering you a ransom. Let us pause for the space of one verse, until I give you my opinion on this dependence," for certain it is, that brave men should not run upon their fate like brute and furious wild beasts, but should slay each other deliberately, slowly, and with reason. Therefore if we coolly examine the state of our dependence, we may the better apprehend whether the sisters three have doomed one of us to capitate the same with his blood.—Dost thou understand me?"

"I have heard Father Rastam," said Halbert, after a moment's reflection, "speak of the three furies, with their thread and their shame."

"Enough—enough,"—interrupted Sir Pierce Shastan, crimsoning with a new fit of rage, "the thread of thy life is spun!"

And with these words he attacked with the utmost ferocity the Scottish youth, who had but just time to throw himself into a posture of defence. But the rash fury of the assailant, as frequently happens, disappointed its own purpose; for, as he made a desperate thrust, Halbert Glendinning avoided it, and ere the knight could recover his weapon, required him (in his own language) with a resolute stoosta, which passed through his body, and Sir Pierce Shastan fell to the ground.

* Dependence—a phrase among the barons, of the sword for an existing quarrel.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
All sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, word, suffer'd as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

ONE PART.

I BELIEVE few successful duellists (if the word successful can be applied to a superiority so fatal) have beheld their dead antagonist stretched on the earth at their feet, without wishing

they could redeem with their own blood that which it has been their fate to spill. Least of all could such indifference be the lot of so young a man as Halbert Glendinning, who, unused to the sight of human blood, was not only struck with awe, but with terror, when he beheld Sir Pierre Shadon lie stretched on the grassward before him, vomiting gore as if hurled by the strokes of a pump. He threw his bloody sword on the ground, and hastened to kneel down and support him, vainly striving at the same time to staunch his wound, which seemed rather to bleed inwardly than externally.

The unfortunate knight spoke at intervals, when the syncope would permit him, and his words, so far as intelligible, partook of his affected and comical, yet not ungenerous character.

"Most rustic! youth," he said, "thy fortune hath prevailed over knightly skill—and Audacity hath overcome Condescension, even as the kite hath sometimes hovered at and struck down the filous gnat!—Fly and save thyself!—Take my pence—it is in the rather pocket of my carnation-coloured hose—and is worth a dove's acceptance. See that my walls, with my vestments, be sent to the Monastery of Saint Mary's"—(here his voice grew weak, and his mind and recollection seemed to wander)—"I bestow the red velvet jerkin, with close breeches conforming—fur—oh!—the good of my soul."

"Be of good comfort, sir," said Halbert, half distracted with his agony of pity and remorse. "I trust you shall yet do well—Oh for a book!"

"Were there twenty physicians, O most generous Audacity, and that were a grave spectacle—I might not survive, my life is ebbing fast.—Command me to the rustic nymph whom I called my Discretion—O Chastity!—true essence of this bleeding heart—which now bleeds to and content!—Place me on the ground at my length, most rustic visitor, born to quench the pride of the burning light of the most felicitous court of Folly.—O saints and angels—knights and ladies—musique and theatre—quater-dances—chain-work and brocade—love, honour, and beauty!"—

While uttering these last words, which slid from him, as it were, unawares, while doubtless he was revelling to mind the glories of the English court, the gallant Sir Pierre Shadon stretched out his limbs—grinned deeply, shut his eyes, and became motionless.

The victor tore his hair for very sorrow, as he looked on the pale countenance of his victim. Life, he thought, had not utterly fled, but without better aid than his own, he saw not how it could be preserved.

"Why," he exclaimed, in vain penitence, "why did I provoke him to an hour so fatal? Would to God I had submitted to the worst insult man could receive from man, rather than be the bloody instrument of this bloody deed!—and doubly cursed be this evil-loding spot, which, haunted as I know it to be by a witch or a devil, I yet chose for the place of combat! In any other place, save this, there had been help to be gotten by speed of foot, or by swelling of voice—but here there is no one to be found by search, no one to hear my shouts, save the evil spirit who has counselled this mischief. It is not her hour—I will essay the spell however; and if she can give me aid, she shall do it, or know of what a madman is capable even against those of another world!"

He spurned his bloody shoe from his foot, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impatience of his despair, and with the rash hardness which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud, "Witch—Sorcerer—Fiend!—art thou deaf to my cries of help, and so ready to appear and answer those of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy hollybush, and leave thy haunt as waste and bare as thy fatal assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!"—This furious and raging invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a bell, from the gorge of the ravine. "How may Saint Mary be praised," said the youth, hastily fastening his sandal, "I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this fearful extremity."

Having donned his sword, Halbert Glensiding, hallooing at intervals, in answer to the sound which he had heard, ran with the speed of a hunted buck down the rugged dells, as if paradise had been before him, hell and all her fires behind, and his eternal happiness or misery had depended upon the speed with he started. In a space incredibly short for any one but a Scottish mountaineer having his nerves strung by the deepest and most passionate interest, the youth reached the

they could redeem with their own blood that which it has been their fate to spill. Least of all could such indifference be the lot of as young a man as Halbert Glendinning, who, unused to the sight of human blood, was not only struck with sorrow, but with terror, when he beheld Sir Pierre Shafton lie stretched on the grassyward before him, vomiting gore as if impelled by the strokes of a pump. He threw his bloody sword on the ground, and hastened to kneel down and support him, vainly striving at the same time to staunch his wound, which seemed rather to bleed inwardly than externally.

The unfortunate knight spoke at intervals, when the spence would permit him, and his words, as far as intelligible, partook of his affected and unsteady, yet not ungenuous character.

"Most rational youth," he said, "thy fortune hath prevailed over knightly skill—and Audacity hath overcome Condemnation, even as the kite hath sometimes hawked at and struck down the falcon-gentle.—Fly and save thyself!—Take my purse—it is in the rather pocket of my carnation-coloured hose—and is worth a dove's acceptance. See that my maul, with my vestments, be sent to the Monastery of Saint Mary's"—(here his voice grew weak, and his mind and recollection seemed to waver)—"I bestow the cut velvet jacket, with close breeches conforming—for—oh!—the good of my soul."

"Be of good comfort, sir," said Halbert, half distracted with his agony of pity and remorse. "I trust you shall yet do well—Oh for a leech!"

"Were there twenty physicians, O most generous Audacity, and that were a grave spectacle—I might not survive, my life is ebbing fast.—Command me to the rational nymph whom I called my Discretion—O Chastity!—true empress of this bleeding heart—which now bleeds to its end and earnest!—Place me on the ground at my length, most rational victor, born to quench the pride of the burning light of the most felicitous court of Felicity.—O saints and angels—knighte and ladies—monks and nuns—quaint devices—chain-work and brocade—love, honour, and beauty!"

While uttering these last words, which slid from him, as it were, unawares, while doubtless he was recalling to mind the glories of the English court, the gallant Sir Pierre Shafton stretched out his limbs—groaned deeply, shut his eyes, and became motionless.

The victor tore his hair for very sorrow, as he looked on the pale countenance of his victim. Life, he thought, had not utterly fled, but without better aid than his own, he saw not how it could be preserved.

"Why," he exclaimed, in vain passion, "why did I preserve him to an hour so fatal! Would to God I had submitted to the worst insult man could receive from man, rather than be the bloody instrument of this bloody deed—and doubly cursed be this evil-lodging spot, which, haunted as I know it to be by a witch or a devil, I yet chose for the place of carnal! In any other place, were this, there had been help to be gotten by speed of foot, or by uplifting of voice—but here there is no one to be found by search, no one to hear my shouts, were the evil spirit who has counselled this mischief. It is not her hour—I will essay the spell however; and if she can give me aid, she shall do it, or know of what a madman is capable even against those of another world!"

He spurned his bloody shoe from his foot, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impetuosity of his despair, and with the rash hardness which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud, "Witch—Sorcerer—Fiend!—art thou deaf to my cries of help, and so ready to appear and answer those of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy hollybush, and leave thy haunt as waste and bare as thy fatal assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!"—This furious and raging invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a bell, from the gorge of the ravine. "Nave may Saint Mary be praised," said the youth, hastily fastening his sword, "I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this fearful extremity."

Having donned his sword, Hubert Glendinning, following at intervals, in answer to the sound which he had heard, ran with the speed of a hurried buck down the rugged dells, as if paradise had been before him, hell and all her furies behind, and his eternal happiness or misery had depended upon the speed which he started. In a space incredibly short for any one but a Scottish mountaineer having his nerves strung by the deepest and most passionate interest, the youth reached the

entrance of the valley, through which the rill that flows down Gort-na-shinn discharges itself, and unites with the brook that waters the little valley of Glendour.

Here he paused, and looked around him upwards and downwards through the glen, without perceiving a human form. His heart sank within him. But the windings of the glen interrupted his prospect, and the person, whose voice he had heard, might therefore be at no great distance, though not obvious to his sight. The branches of an oak-tree, which shot straight out from the face of a tall cliff, proffered to his bold spirit, steady hand, and active limbs, the means of ascending to a place of out-look, although the enterprise was what most men would have shrunk from. But by one bound from the earth, the active youth caught hold of the lower branch, and swung himself up into the tree, and in a minute more gained the top of the cliff, from which he could easily descry a human figure descending the valley. It was not that of a shepherd, or of a hunter, and scarcely any others used to traverse this deserted solitude, especially coming from the north, since the reader may remember that the brook took its rise from an extensive and dangerous morass which lay in that direction.

But Halbert Glendinning did not pause to consider who the traveller might be, or what might be the purpose of his journey. To know that he saw a human being, and might receive, in the extremity of his distress, the countenance and advice of a fellow-creature, was enough for him at the moment. He threw himself from the pinnacle of the cliff once more into the arms of the projecting oak-tree, whose boughs waved in midlike air, anchored by the roots in a huge rift or chasm of the rock. Catching at the branch which was nearest to him, he dropped himself from that height upon the ground; and such was the athletic springiness of his powerful muscles, that he pitched there as lightly, and with as little injury, as the feline skimming from her wheel.

To resume his run at full speed up the glen, was the work of an instant; and as he turned angle after angle of the undulating banks of the valley, without meeting that which he sought, he became half afraid that the form which he had seen at such a distance had already melted into thin air, and was either a deception of his own imagination, or of the elementary spirits by which the valley was supposed to be haunted.

But, to his inexpressible joy, as he turned round the base of a huge and distinguished crag, he saw, straight before and very near to him, a person, whose dress, as he viewed it hastily, resembled that of a pilgrim.

He was a man of advanced life, and wearing a long beard, having on his head a large divided bag, without either band or bruch. His dress was a tunic of black serge, which, like those commonly called hauser-cloaks, had an upper part, which covered the arms and fell down on the lower; a small scrip and bottle, which hung at his back, with a stout staff in his hand, completed his equipage. His step was feeble, like that of one exhausted by a tedious journey.

"Have ye, good father?" said the youth. "God and Our Lady have sent you to my assistance."

"And in what, my son, can so frail a creature as I am, be of service to you?" said the old man, not a little surprised at being thus accosted by so handsome a youth, his features discomposed by anxiety, his face flushed with exertion, his hands and much of his dress marked with blood.

"A man bleeds to death in the valley here, hand by. Come with me—come with me! You are good—you have experience—you have at least your senses—and also have well-nigh left me."

"A man—and bleeding to death—and here in this desolate spot!" said the stranger.

"Stay not to question it, father," said the youth, "but come instantly to his rescue. Follow me—follow me, without an instant's delay."

"Nay, but, my son," said the old man, "we do not lightly follow the guides who present themselves thus suddenly in the bosom of a howling wilderness. No I follow thee, thou must exposed to me thy name, thy purpose, and thy name."

"There is no time to expound anything," said Hubert; "I tell thee a man's life is at stake, and thou must come to aid him, or I will carry thee thither by force."

"Nay, thou shalt not need," said the traveller; "if it indeed be as thou sayest, I will follow thee of free-will—the rather that I am not wholly unskilled in bush-craft, and have in my scrip that which may do thy friend a service—Yet walk more slowly, I pray thee, for I am already well-nigh forewarned with travel."

With the indignant impatience of the fiery steel when compelled by his rider to keep pace with some slow drudge upon the highway, Halbert accompanied the wayfarer, bounding with anxiety, which he endeavored to suppress, that he might not alarm his companion, who was obviously afraid to trust him. When they reached the place where they were to turn off the wider glen into the Corri, the traveller made a doubtful pause, as if unwilling to leave the broader path—"Young man," he said, "if thou meanest aught but good to these grey hairs, thou wilt gain little by thy cruelty—I have no earthly vengeance to tempt either robber or murderer."

"And I," said the youth, "am neither—and yet—God of Heaven!—I may be a murderer, unless your aid comes in time to this wounded wretch!"

"Is it even so?" said the traveller; "and do human passions disturb the breast of nature, even in her deepest solitude!—Yet why should I marvel that where darkness abides the works of darkness should abound!—By its fruits is the tree known.—Lead on, unhappy youth—I follow thee!"

And with better will to the journey than he had evinced hitherto, the stranger exerted himself to the uttermost, and seemed to forget his own fatigue in his efforts to keep pace with his impatient guide.

What was the surprise of Halbert Glendinning, when, upon arriving at the fatal spot, he saw no appearance of the body of Sir Pierce Shafton! The traces of the fray were otherwise sufficiently visible. The knight's cloak had indeed vanished as well as his body, but his doublet remained where he had laid it down, and the turf on which he had been stretched was stained with blood in many a dark crimson spot.

As he gazed round him in terror and astonishment, Halbert's eyes fell upon the place of sepulture which had so lately appeared to gape for a victim. It was no longer open, and it seemed that earth had received the expected tenant; for the usual narrow hillock was piled over what had lately been an open grave, and the green sod was adjusted over all with the accuracy of an experienced sexton. Halbert stood aghast. The idea rushed on his mind irresistibly, that the earth-heap before him enclosed what had lately been a living, moving, and sentient fellow-creature, whom, on little provocation, his fell act had reduced to a clod of the valley, as senseless and as cold as the

turf under which he rested. The hand that swept the grave had completed its work; and whose hand could it be save that of the mysterious being of doubtful quality, whom his rashness had invoked, and whom he had suffered to intermingle in his duties?

As he stood with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, bitterly rating his rashness, he was roused by the voice of the stranger, whose suspicions of his guide had again been awakened by finding the same so different from what Halbert had led him to expect—"Young man," he said, "hast thou baited thy tongue with falsehood to cut perhaps only a few days from the life of one whom Nature will soon call home, without guilt on thy part to hasten his journey?"

"By the blessed Heaven!—by our dear Lady!" ejaculated Halbert.

"Swear not at all!" said the stranger, interrupting him, "neither by Heaven, for 't is God's throne, nor by earth, for it is his footstool—nor by the creatures whom he hath made, for they are but earth and clay as we are. Let thy pen be yea, and thy nay, nay. Tell me, in a word, why and for what purpose thou hast signed a tale, to lead a bewildered traveller yet further away?"

"As I am a Christian man," said Glendinning, "I left him here bleeding to death—and now I nowhere spy him, and much I doubt that the tomb that thou seest has closed on his mortal remains!"

"And who is he for whose fate thou art so anxious?" said the stranger; "or how is it possible that this wounded man could have been either removed from, or interred in, a place so solitary?"

"His name," said Halbert, after a moment's pause, "is Pierre Shafton—there, on that very spot, I left him bleeding; and what power has conveyed him hence, I know no more than thou dost."

"Pierre Shafton!" said the stranger; "Sir Pierre Shafton of Wilverton, a kinsman, as it is said, of the great Pierre of Northumberland? If thou hast slain him, to return to the territories of the proud Abbot is to give thy neck to the gallows. He is well known, that Pierre Shafton; the meddling tool of whose plottings—a hardened trafficker is treason—a champion of the Pope, employed as a fallen hope by those more politic

heads, who have more will to work mischief, than valour to encounter danger.—Come with me, youth, and save thyself from the evil consequences of this deed—fledge me to the Castle of Avenel, and thy reward shall be protection and safety."

Agnes Halbert passed, and summoned his noted to a hasty council. The vengeance with which the Abbot was likely to visit the daughter of Shafton, his friend, and in some measure his guest, was likely to be severe; yet, in the various contingencies which he had considered previous to their deed, he had vainly omitted to reflect what was to be his line of conduct in case of Sir Pierre falling by his hand. If he returned to Glendurg, he was sure to draw on his whole family, including Mary Avenel, the resentment of the Abbot and community, whereas it was possible that flight might make him be regarded as the sole author of the deed, and might avert the indignation of the monks from the rest of the inhabitants of his paternal tower. Halbert recollected also the favour expressed for the household, and especially for Edward, by the Sub-Prior; and he conceived that he could, by communicating his own guilt to that worldly ecclesiastic, when at a distance from Glendurg, secure his powerful interposition in favour of his family. These thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, and he determined on flight. The stranger's company, and his promised protection, came in aid of that resolution; but he was unable to reconcile the invitation which the old man gave him to accompany him for safety to the Castle of Avenel, with the connections of Julian, the present usurper of that inheritance. "Good Father," he said, "I fear that you mistake the man with whom you wish me to harbour. Avenel guided Pierre Shafton into Scotland, and his brother-in-law, Christie of the Outhall, brought the Southern thief."

"Of that," said the old man, "I am well aware. Yet if thou wilt trust to me, as I have shown no reluctance to confide in thee, thou shalt find with Julian Avenel welcome, or at least safety."

"Father," replied Halbert, "though I can ill reconcile what thou sayest with what Julian Avenel hath done, yet seeing little about the safety of a creature so lost as myself, and as thy words seem those of truth and honesty, and finally, as thou didst render thyself freely up to my conduct, I will return the

confidence than last shown, and accompany thee to the Castle of Arnesel by a road which thou thyself couldst never have discovered." He led the way, and the old man followed for some time in silence.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

*'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'Tis when the heart
And liver fever of his soul is past'd,
The slinger feels remorse.*

ONE FLAT.

Tax feelings of compunction with which Halbert Glendinning was visited upon this painful occasion, were deeper than belonged to an age and country in which human life was held so cheap. They fell far short certainly of those which might have afflicted a mind regulated by better religious precepts, and more strictly trained under social laws; but still they were deep and severely felt, and divided in Halbert's heart even the regret with which he parted from Mary Arnesel and the tower of his fathers.

The old traveller walked silently by his side for some time, and then addressed him.—"My son, it has been said that sorrow must speak or die—Why art thou so much cast down?—Tell me thy unhappy tale, and it may be that my grey head may devise counsel and aid for your young life."

"Alas!" said Halbert Glendinning, "can you wonder why I am cast down?—I am at this instant a fugitive from my father's house, from my mother, and from my friends, and I bear on my head the blood of a man who injured me but in idle words, which I have thus bloodily requited. My heart now tells me I have done evil—it were harder than these rocks if it could bear un-moved the thought, that I have sent this man to a long account, unholdest and unshriven!"

"Pence thee, my son," said the traveller. "That thou hast defaced God's image in thy neighbor's person—that thou hast sent dust to dust in idle wrath or bitter pride, is indeed a sin of the deepest dye—that thou hast not sought the space which Heaven might have allowed him for repentance, makes it yet more deadly—but for all this there is balm in Gilead."

"I understand you not, father," said Halbert, struck by the solemn tone which was assumed by his companion.

The old man proceeded. "Thou hast slain thine enemy—it was a cruel deed: thou hast cut him off purchase in his sin—it is a fearful aggravation. Do not by my counsel, and in lieu of him whom thou hast purchased consigned to the Kingdom of Satan, let thine efforts wrest another subject from the reign of the Evil One."

"I understand you, father," said Halbert; "thou wouldst have me atone for my rashness by doing service to the soul of my adversary—But how may this be? I have no money to purchase masses, and gladly would I go barefoot to the Holy Land to free his spirit from purgatory, only that"—

"My son," said the old man, interrupting him, "the atonement for whose redemption I entreat you to labour, is not the dead but the living. It is not for the soul of thine enemy I would exhort thee to pray—that has already had its final doom from a Judge as merciful as He is just; nor wert thou to seek that rest into dispute, and obtain a mass for each one, would it avail the departed spirit. Where the tree hath fallen, it must lie. But the sapling, which hath in it yet the vigour and juice of life, may be headed to the point to which it ought to incline."

"Art thou a priest, father?" said the young man, "or by what commission dost thou talk of such high matters?"

"By that of my Almighty Master," said the traveller, "under whose banner I am an enlisted soldier."

Halbert's acquaintance with religious matters was so deeper than could be derived from the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's Catechism, and the pamphlet called the *Twopenny Faith*,* both which were industriously circulated and recommended by the monks of Saint Mary's. Yet, however indifferent and superficial a theologian, he began to suspect that he was now in company with one of the gospellers, or heretics, before whose influence the ancient system of religion now tottered to the very foundation. Trud up, as may well be presumed, is a holy

* [This volume, printed at St. Andrews in 1553, known as Archbishop Hamilton's Catechism, was condemned by Bishop Spaldwood and others with the *Twopenny Faith*. A tract of four pages in 1554, discovered only a few years ago, is more fully the one mentioned by Knox. See Knox's Works, vol. i. p. 225; *The Jesuites' Abridgement*, vol. 12. p. 212; and Knox, vol. vi. p. 679.]

lower against these formidable sectaries, the youth's first feelings were those of a loyal and devoted church vessel. "Old man," he said, "wert thou able to make good with thy hand the words that thy tongue hath spoken against our Holy Mother Church, we should have tided upon this morn which of our vessels hath the better champion."

"Nay," said the stranger, "if thou art a true soldier of Jesus, thou wilt not pause from thy purpose because thou hast the odds of years and of strength on thy side. Hearken to me, my son. I have showed thee how to make thy peace with Heaven, and thou hast rejected my proffer. I will now show thee how thou shalt make thy reconciliation with the powers of this world. Take this grey head from the dull lady which supports it, and carry it to the chair of jewel Albot Boniface; and when thou talkest him thou hast slain Florio Shafton, and his lie risen at the dead, lay the head of Henry Warden at his feet, and thou shalt have prizes instead of crosses."

Edbert Glendinning stopped back in surprise. "What! are you that Henry Warden so famous among the heretics, that even Knox's name is scarce more frequently in their mouths! Art thou he, and dost thou to approach the Hallidoms of Saint Mary's?"

"I am Henry Warden, of a surety," said the old man, "for unworthy to be named in the same breath with Knox, but yet willing to venture on whatever dangers my master's service may call me to."

"Hearken to me, then," said Edbert; "is aye thou I have no heart—to make thee prisoner, were equally to bring thy blood on my head—to leave thee in this wild without a guide were little better. I will conduct thee as I promised, in safety to the castle of Avenel; but breathe not, while we are on the journey, a word against the doctrines of the holy church of which I am an unworthy—but through an ignorant, a zealous member.—When thou art there arrived, beware of thyself—there is a high price upon thy head, and Julius Avenel loves the glance of gold better than peace."

"Yet thou sayest not," answered the Protestant preacher, for such he was, "what for have he would sell the blood of his guest?"

"Not if thou countest an invited stranger, relying on his

* A gold robe of James V., the most beautiful of the Scottish series; so called because the effigy of the sovereignty is represented wearing a breast.

faith," said the youth; "evil as Julian may be, he dare not break the rites of hospitality; for, loose as we on these marches may be in all other ties, these are respected amongst us even to idolatry, and his nearest relations would think it incumbent on them to spill his blood themselves, to avenge the disgrace such treason would bring upon their name and lineage. But if thou goest self-invited, and without assurance of safety, I promise thee thy risk is great."

"I am in God's hand," answered the preacher; "it is on His errand that I traverse these wild and perilous dangers of every kind; while I am useful for my master's service, they shall not prevail against me, and when, like the barren fig-tree, I can no longer produce fruit, what imports it when or by whom the axe is laid to the root?"

"Your courage and devotion," said Glendinning, "are worthy of a better cause."

"That," said Warden, "cannot be—mine is the very best."

They continued their journey in silence, Halbert Glendinning trading with the utmost accuracy the mazes of the dangerous and intricate morasses and hills which divided the Highlands from the barony of Arundel. From time to time he was obliged to stop, in order to assist his companion to cross the black intervals of quaking bog, called in the Scottish dialect *lags*, by which the firmer parts of the morass were intersected.

"Courage, old man," said Halbert, as he saw his companion almost exhausted with fatigue, "we shall soon be upon hard ground. And yet, soft as this moss is, I have seen the merry falconsers go through it as light as deer when the quarry was upon the flight."

"True, my son," answered Warden, "for as I will still call you, though you turn me no longer father; and even so doth bounding youth pursue its pleasures, without regard to the mire and the peril of the paths through which they are hurried."

"I have already told thee," answered Halbert Glendinning, sternly, "that I will hear nothing from thee that avers the of doctrine."

"Nay, but, my son," answered Warden, "thy spiritual father himself would surely not dispute the truth of what I have now spoken for your edification!"

Glendinning sternly replied, "I know not how that may be—but I wot well it is the fashion of your brotherhood to bait

your back with fair discourse, and to hold yourselves up as a snare of light, that you may the better extend the kingdom of darkness."

"May God," replied the preacher, "pardon those who have thus reported of his servants! I will not offend thee, my son, by being instant out of season—thou speakest but as thou art taught—yet ere I trust that so goodly a youth will be still removed, like a brand from the burning."

While he thus spoke, the verge of the morass was attained, and their path lay on the desquity. Greenward it was, and, viewed from a distance, chequered with its narrow and verdant lines the dark-brown heath which it traversed, though the distinction was not so easily traced when they were walking on it.* The old man pursued his journey with comparative ease; and, unwilling again to awaken the jealousy and of his young companion for the Roman faith, he discoursed on other matters. The tone of his conversation was still grave, moral, and instructive. He had travelled much, and knew both the language and manners of other countries, concerning which Halbert Glenlaming, already anticipating the possibility of being obliged to leave Scotland for the deed he had done, was internally and anxiously desirous of information. By degrees he was more attracted by the charms of the stranger's conversation than repelled by the dread of his dangerous character as a heretic, and Halbert had called him father more than once, ere the towers of Arund Castle came in view.

The situation of this ancient fortress was remarkable. It occupied a small rocky islet in a mountain lake, or tarn, as such a piece of water is called in Westmoreland. The lake might be about a mile in circumference, surrounded by hills of considerable height, which, except where old trees and brushwood occupied the ravines that divided them from each other, were bare and heathy. The surprise of the spectator was chiefly excited by finding a place of water situated in that high and mountainous region, and the landscape seemed had features which might rather be termed wild, than either romantic or sublime; yet the scene was not without its charms. Under the burning sun of summer, the clear azure of the deep az-

* This sort of path, visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called on the Border by the significant name of a *Wind-road*.

ruffled lake refreshed the eye, and impressed the mind with a pleasing feeling of deep solitude. In winter, when the snow lay on the mountains around, three dazzling masses appeared to ascend far beyond their wooded and natural height, while the lake, which stretched beneath, and filled their bosom, with all its frozen waves, lay like the surface of a darkened and broken mirror around the black and rocky islet, and the walls of the grey castle with which it was crowned.

As the castle occupied, other with its principal buildings, or with its flanking and outward walls, every projecting point of rock, which served as its site, it seemed as completely surrounded by water as the nest of a wild swan, save where a narrow causeway extended betwixt the islet and the shore. But the fortress was larger in appearance than in reality; and of the buildings which it actually contained, many had become ruinous and uninhabitable. In the times of the grandeur of the Arenal family, these had been occupied by a considerable garrison of followers and retainers, but they were now in a great measure deserted; and Julian Arenal would probably have fixed his habitation in a residence better suited to his diminished fortunes, had it not been for the great security which the situation of the old castle afforded to a man of his precarious and perilous mode of life. Indeed, in this respect, the spot could scarce have been more happily chosen, for it could be reached almost completely inaccessible at the pleasure of the inhabitant. The distance betwixt the nearest shore and the islet was not indeed above a hundred yards; but then the causeway which connected them was extremely narrow, and completely divided by two cuts, one in the mid-way between the islet and shore, and another close under the outward gate of the castle. These formed a formidable, and almost insurmountable, interruption to any hostile approach. Each was defended by a drawbridge, one of which, being that nearest to the castle, was regularly raised at all times during the day, and both were lifted at night.*

* It is in vain to search near Malaga for any such castle as is here described. The lakes at the head of the Yarrow, and those at the rise of the water of Ayr, present no object of the kind. But in Yachin Lake (a remarkable sheet of water, in the dry season, as it is called) there are the remains of a fortress called Lochan Torran, which, like the supposed Castle of Arenal, is built upon an islet, and connected with the land by a causeway. It is much smaller than the Castle of Arenal is described, consisting only of a single religious tower.

The situation of Julian Arvend, engaged in a variety of feuds, and a party to almost every dark and mysterious transaction which was on foot in that wild and military border, required all those precautions for his security. His own ambiguous and doubtful course of policy had increased those dangers; for as he made professions to both parties in the state, and occasionally united more actively with either the one or the other, as chance lent to serve his immediate purpose, he could not be said to have either firm allies and protectors, or determined enemies. His life was a life of expedients and of peril; and while, in pursuit of his interest, he made all the dodges which he thought necessary to attain his object, he often overran his prey, and missed that which he might have gained by observing a straighter course.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

I'll walk on tip-toe; wear my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

OLD PLAY.

When, looking from the gorge of a pass which terminated upon the lake, the travellers came in sight of the ancient castle of Arvend, the old man looked with earnest attention upon the scene before him. The castle was, as we have said, in many places ruinous, as was evident, even at this distance, by the broken, ragged, and irregular outline of the walls and of the towers. In others it seemed more entire, and a pillar of dark smoke, which ascended from the chimneys of the donjon, and spread its long dusky pennons through the clear ether, indicated that it was inhabited. But no summits or enclosed pasture-grounds on the side of the lake showed that provident situation to comfort and subsistence which usually appeared near the houses of the greater, and even of the lesser barons. There were no cottages with their patches of infield, and their grofts and gardens, surrounded by rows of massive spinners; no church with its single tower in the valley; no herds of sheep among the hills; no cattle on the lower ground; nothing

which intimated the occasional prosecution of the arts of peace and of industry. It was plain that the inhabitants, whether few or numerous, must be considered as the garden of the castle, living within its defended precincts, and subsisting by means which were other than peaceful.

Probably it was with this conviction that the old man, going on the outside, muttered to himself, "*Leghe offensivi et peris accendi!*" and then, turning to Halbert Glendinning, he added, "We may say of yonder fort as King James did of another fortress in this province, that he who built it was a thief in his heart."

"But it was not so," answered Glendinning; "yonder castle was built by the old lords of Arvend, men as much beloved in peace as they were respected in war. They were the bulwark of the frontiers against foreigners, and the protection of the natives from domestic oppression. The present usurper of their inheritance no more resembles them, than the night-prowling owl resembles a falcon, because she builds on the same rock."

"This Julian Arvend, then, holds no high place in the love and regard of his neighbours?" said Warden.

"So little," answered Halbert, "that besides the jack-men and ridders with whom he has associated himself, and of whom he has many at his disposal, I know of few who voluntarily associate with him. He has been more than once outlawed both by England and Scotland, his lands declared forfeited, and his head set at a price. But in these unquiet times, a man so daring as Julian Arvend has ever found some friends willing to protect him against the punishment of the law, on condition of his secret services."

"You describe a dangerous man," replied Warden.

"You may have experience of that," replied the youth, "if you deal not the more warily;—though it may be that he also has founded the community of the church, and gone astray in the path of heresy."

"What your blindness terms the path of heresy," answered the reformer, "is indeed the straight and narrow way, wherein he who walks turns not aside, whether for worldly wealth or for worldly power. Would to God this man were moved by

"It was of Lashbrook, the boundary between of the Jurisdiction of Arundale, a strong castle situated in the centre of a quaking bog, that James VI. made this remark.

as other and as worse spirit than that which prompts my poor subaltern to extend the kingdom of Heaven! This Baron of Arenal is personally unknown to me, is not of our congregation or of our council; yet I bear to him charges touching my safety, from those whom he must fear if he does not respect them, and upon that assurance I will venture upon his hold—I am now sufficiently refreshed by these few minutes of repose."

"Take then this advice for your safety," said Halbert, "and believe that it is founded upon the usage of this country and its inhabitants. If you can better shift for yourself, go not to the Castle of Arenal—if you do risk going thither, obtain from him, if possible, his anti-contract, and beware that he avows it by the Black Road—And lastly, observe whether he eats with you at the board, or pledges you in the cup; for if he gives you not those signs of welcome, his thoughts are evil towards you."

"Alas!" said the preacher, "I have no better earthly refuge for the present than these frowning towers, but I go thither trusting to all which is not of this earth—But then, good youth, teachest thou trust thyself in this dangerous den?"

"I," answered Halbert, "am in no danger. I am well known to Christie of the Chertill, the horseman of this Julian Arenal; and, what is a yet better protection, I have nothing either to provoke malice or to tempt plunder."

The tramp of a steed, which clattered along the shingly banks of the loch, was now heard behind them; and, when they looked back, a rider was visible, his steel cap and the point of his long lance glancing in the setting sun, as he rode rapidly towards them.

Halbert Glendinning soon recognised Christie of the Chertill, and made his companion aware that the horseman of Julian Arenal was approaching.

"Ha, pronging!" said Christie to Halbert, as he came up to them, "thou hast made good my word at last, and come to take service with my noble master, hast thou not? Thou shalt find a good friend and a true; and ere Saint Barnaby come round again, thou shalt know every pass betwixt Milburn Main and Netherby, as if thou hadst been born with a jack on thy back, and a lance in thy hand.—What didst thou hast thou with thee?—He is not of the brotherhood of Saint Mary's—at least he has not the habit* of these black cattle."

* *Jaule*—The head, or mark, set upon sheep or cattle by their owners.

"He is a wayfaring man," said Halbert, "who has concerns with Julian of Arundel. For myself, I intend to go to Edinburgh to see the Court and the Queen, and when I return thither we will talk of your proffer. Meantime, as thou hast often invited me to the castle, I crave hospitality there to-night for myself and my companions."

"For thyself and welcome, young comrade," replied Christie; "but we harbour no pilgrims, nor aught that looks like a pilgrim."

"So please you," said Warden, "I have letters of commendation to thy master from a sure friend, whom he will slight willingly oblige in higher matters than in affording me a brief protection.—And I am no pilgrim, but resume the name, with all its expeditious observances."

He offered his letters to the houseman, who shook his head.

"Those," he said, "are matters for my master, and it will be well if he can read them himself; for me, armed and lance on my back and palfrey, and have been since I was twelve years old. But I will guide you to the castle, and the Baron of Arundel will himself judge of your errand."

By this time the party had reached the crossway, along which Christie advanced at a trot, intimating his presence to the wardens within the castle by a shrill and peevish whistle. At this signal the father drawbridge was lowered. The houseman passed it and disappeared under the gloomy portal which was beyond it.

Glancing and his companions, advancing more leisurely along the rugged causeway, stood at length under the same gateway, over which frowned, in dark red freestone, the ancient armorial bearings of the house of Arundel, which represented a female figure armored and mailed, which occupied the whole field. The cause of their seeming so singular a device was uncertain, but the figure was generally supposed to represent the mysterious being called the White Lady of Arundel.* The sight of this mocking shield awakened in the mind of Halbert the strange circumstances which had connected his fate with that of Mary Arundel, and with the doings of the spiritual being who was attached to her house, and whom he saw here

* There is an ancient English legend, I believe, which bears, or did bear, a ghost or spirit peasant visible in a field against. This seems to have been a variety of a peering or seeing hand.

represented in stone, as he had before seen her effigy upon the seal ring of Walter Arvend, which, with other trinkets formerly mentioned, had been saved from pillage, and brought to Glendurg, when Mary's mother was driven from her habitation.

"You sigh, my son," said the old man, observing the impression made on his youthful companion's countenance, but mistaking the cause; "if you fear to enter, we may yet return."

"That can ye not," said Christie of the Christhill, who emerged at that instant from the side-door under the archway. "Look yonder, and choose whether you will return skulking the water like a wild duck, or winging the air like a plover."

They looked, and saw that the drawbridge which they had just crossed was again raised, and now interposed its planks betwixt the setting sun and the portal of the castle, deepening the gloom of the arch under which they stood. Christie laughed and bid them follow him, saying, by way of encouragement, in Halbert's ear, "Answer boldly and readily to whatever the Baron asks you. Never stop to pick your words, and above all show no fear of him—the devil is not so black as he is painted."

As he spoke thus, he introduced them into the large stone hall, at the upper end of which blazed a huge fire of wood. The long oaken table, which, as usual, occupied the midst of the apartment, was covered with rude preparations for the evening meal of the Baron and his chief domestics, five or six of whom, strong, athletic, savage-looking men, paced up and down the lower end of the hall, which rang to the jarring clang of their long swords that clashed as they moved, and to the heavy tramp of their high-booled jack-boots. Iron jacks, or coats of buff, formed the principal part of their dress, and steel-bonnets, or large domed hats with Spanish plumes drooping backwards, were their head attire.

The Baron of Arvend was one of these tall, muscular, martial figures, which are the favourite subjects of Salvator Rosa. He wore a cloak which had been once gaily trimmed, but which, by long wear and frequent exposure to the weather, was now faded in its colours. Thrown negligently about his tall person, it partly hid, and partly showed, a short doublet of buff, under which was in some places visible that light shirt of mail which was called a *surra*, because worn instead of more reasonable

armour to protect against private assassination. A leather belt sustained a large and heavy sword on one side, and on the other that gay poard which had once called Sir Fiercis Stafron master, of which the hatchments and gillings were slowly much defaced, either by rough usage or neglect.

Notwithstanding the rudeness of his apparel, Julian Arvend's manner and countenance had far more elevation than those of the attendants who surrounded him. He might be fifty or upwards, for his dark hair was mingled with grey, but age had neither tamed the fire of his eye nor the enterprise of his disposition. His countenance had been handsome, for beauty was an attribute of the family; but the lines were roughened by fatigue and exposure to the weather, and rendered coarse by the habitual indulgence of violent passions.

He seemed in deep and moody reflection, and was pacing at a distance from his dependants along the upper end of the hall, sometimes stopping from time to time to curise and feel a go-hack, which sat upon his wrist, with its jesses (i.e. the leather straps fixed to its legs) wrapt around his hand. The bird, which seemed not heedful to its master's attention, answered his curuses by ruffling forward its feathers, and pecking playfully at his finger. At such intervals the Baron smiled, but instantly resumed the darkness of silent meditation. He did not even deign to look upon an object, which few could have passed and repassed so often without bestowing on it a transient glance.

This was a woman of exceeding beauty, rather gaily than richly attired, who sat on a low seat close by the huge hall chimney. The gold chains round her neck and arms,—the gay gown of green which swept the floor,—the silver embroidered girdle, with its bunch of keys depending in homely pride by a silver chain,—the yellow silken covering (Scottish, perch) which was disposed around her head, and partly concealed her dark profusion of hair,—above all, the circumstance so delicately touched in the old ballad, that "the girdle was too short," the "gown of green all too strait," for the woman's present shape, would have intrusted the Baron's lady. But then the lowly seat,—the expression of deep melancholy, which was changed into a timid smile whenever she saw the least chance of meeting the eye of Julian Arvend,—the subdued look of grief, and the starting tear for which that constrained smile

was again exchanged when she saw herself entirely disregarded.—these were not the attributes of a wife, or they were those of a dejected and afflicted female, who had yielded her love on less than legitimate terms.

Julian Avenel, as we have said, continued to pace the hall without paying any of that acute attention which is rendered to almost every female either by affection or courtesy. He seemed totally unconscious of her presence, or of that of his attendants, and was only roused from his own dark reflections by the notice he paid to the falcon, to which, however, the lady seemed to attend, as if studying to find either an opportunity of speaking to the Baron, or of finding something congenial in the expressions which he used to the bird. All this the strangers had time enough to remark; the no sooner had they entered the apartment than their usher, Christie of the Clinch, after exchanging a significant glance with the menials or tapers at the lower end of the apartment, signed to Herbert Glendinning and to his companion to stand still near the door, while he himself, advancing nearer the table, placed himself in such a situation as to catch the Baron's observation when he should be disposed to look around, but without presuming to intrude himself on his master's notice. Indeed, the look of this man, naturally bold, hardy, and audacious, seemed totally changed when he was in presence of his master, and resembled the dejected and cowering manner of a quarrelsome dog when rebuked by his owner, or when he finds himself obliged to deprecate the violence of a superior adversary of his own species.

In spite of the novelty of his own situation, and every painful feeling connected with it, Herbert felt his curiosity interested in the female, who sat by the chimney wastheod and unregarded. He marked with what keen and trembling solicitude she watched the broken words of Julian, and how her glance stole towards him, ready to be averted upon the slightest chance of his perceiving himself to be watched.

Sometimes he went on with his dalliance with his favoured favourite, now giving, now withholding, the morsel with which he was about to feed the bird, and so exciting its appetite and gratifying it by turns. "What! more yet!—then feed him, then wouldst never have done—give thee just thou wilt have all—Ay, praise thy father, and prick thyself gay—much thou

will make of it now—don't think I know thee not!—don't think I see not that all that ruffling and plucking of wing and feathers is not for thy master, but to try what thou canst make of him, thou greedy glod!—well—there—take it there, and rejoice thyself—little boon goes far with thee, and with all thy son—and as it should.”

He ceased to look on the bird, and again traversed the apartment. Then taking another small piece of new meat from the trencher, on which it was placed ready cut for his use, he began once again to tempt and tease the bird, by offering and withdrawing it, until he awakened its wild and bold disposition. “What! struggling, fluttering, aiming at me with hook and beak!” So ho! So ho! wouldst mount! wouldst fly! the jesses are round thy ditches, fool—thou canst neither stir nor soar but by my will—Beware thou come to relapse, wench, else I will wring thy head off one of these days—Well, have it then, and well fare thou with it.—So ho, Joukin!” One of the attendants stepped forward.—“Take the fowl glad hence to the rook—or, stay; leave her, but look well to her cawing and to her bawking—we will see her fly to-morrow.—How now, Christie! art soon returned?”

Christie advanced to his master, and gave an account of himself and his journey, in the way in which a police officer holds communication with his magistrate, that is, as much by signs as by words.

“Noble sir!” said that worthy satellite, “the Laird of —,” he named no place, but pointed with his finger in a south-western direction,—“may not ride with you the day he purposed, because the Lord Warden has threatened that he will”——

Here another black intelligibly enough made up by the speaker touching his own neck with his left forefinger, and lowering his head a little to one side.

“Gomardly stuff!” said Julian; “by Heaven! the whole world turns sheer naught—it is not worth a brave man’s living in—ye may ride a day and night, and never see a feather wave or hear a horse prance—the spirit of our fathers is dead amongst us—the very brutes are degenerated—the cattle we bring home at our life’s risk are more barren—our harrows are useless?—our

* In the kindly language of bawking, as Lady Juliana Baines terms it, hawks’ talons are called their wings.

† So called when they only caught their prey by the feathers.

knacks are turkeys and tripe-tails—our men are women—and our women are!”

He looked at the female for the first time, and stopped short in the midst of what he was about to say, though there was something so contemptuous in the glance, that the blush might have been thus filled up.—“Our women are such as she is.”

He said it not, however, and as if desirous of attracting his attention at all risks, and in whatever manner, she rose and came forward to him, but with a timorousness ill-disguised by affected gaiety.—“Our women, Julian—what would you say of the women?”

“Nothing,” answered Julian Avenel, “at least nothing but that they are kind-hearted wenches like thyself, Kate.” The female coloured deeply, and returned to her seat.—“And what strangers hast thou brought with thee, Christie, that stand yonder like two stone statues?” said the Baron.

“The taller,” answered Christie, “is, so please you, a young fellow called Halbert Glendinning, the eldest son of the old widow at Glendurg.”

“What brings him here?” said the Baron; “hath he any message from Mary Avenel?”

“Not as I think,” said Christie; “the youth is roving the country—he was always a wild elf, for I have known him stoop he was the height of my sword.”

“What qualities hath he?” said the Baron.

“All manner of qualities,” answered his follower.—“he can strike a buck, track a deer, fly a hawk, halloo to a hound—he shoots in the lung and nose-bow to a fair’s breadth—wields a lance as sword like myself nearly—handles a horse manfully and fairly—I wot not what more a man need to do to make him a gallant companion.”

“And who,” said the Baron, “is the old miser” who stands beside him?”

“None met of a priest as I fancy—he says he is charged with letters to you.”

“Did thou come forward,” said the Baron; and no sooner had they approached him more nearly, than, struck by the fine form and strength displayed by Halbert Glendinning, he addressed him thus: “I am told, young Swinkie, that you are

“Mine, said in the sense in which it often occurs in Spanish, and which is indeed its literal import,—” watched old man.”

running the world to seek your fortune—if you will serve Julian Avenel, you may find it without going farther.”

“So please you,” answered Glencliving, “something has chance to me that makes it better I should leave this land, and I am bound for Edinburgh.”

“What!—then hast striken some of the king’s deer, I warrant—or lightened the windows of Saint Mary’s of some of their beams—or thou hast taken a moonlight leap over the border?”

“Na, sir,” said Halbert, “my case is entirely different.”

“Then I warrant thee,” said the Baron, “thou hast stabbed some brother churl in a fray about a wench—thou art a likely lad to wrangle in such a cause.”

Indubitably disgusted at his tone and manner, Halbert Glencliving remained silent, while the thought darted across his mind, what would Julian Avenel have said, had he known the ground, of which he spoke so lightly, had arisen on account of his own brother’s daughter! “But be thy name of fight what it will,” said Julian, in continuation, “dost thou think the law or its authorities can follow thee into this island, or arrest thee under the standard of Avenel?—Look at the depth of the lake, the strength of the walls, the length of the causeway—look at my men, and think if they are likely to see a comrade injured, or if I, their master, am a man to desert a faithful follower, to good or evil. I tell thee it shall be an eternal day of truce betwixt thee and justice, as they call it, from the instant thou hast put my colours into thy cap—thou shalt ride by the Warden’s side as thou wouldst pass an old market-woman, and so’r a car which follows him shall dare to lay at thee!”

“I thank you for your offers, noble sir,” replied Halbert, “but I must answer in brief, that I cannot profit by them—my fortunes lead me elsewhere.”

“Thou art a well-willed fool for thy pains,” said Julian, turning from him; and signing Christie to approach, he whispered in his ear, “There is promise in that young fellow’s looks, Christie, and we want men of limbs and sinews as compacted—those thou hast brought to me of late are the mere refuse of mankind, wretched souls with the arrow that ends them: this youngster is limbed like Saint George. Fly him with wine and wassail—let the wench weave their moans about him like spiders—thou understandest?” Christie gave a sagacious nod

of intelligence, and fell back to a respectful distance from his master.—“And thou, old man,” said the Baron, turning to the older traveller, “hast thou been roaming the world after fortune too long—it seems not she has fallen into thy way.”

“So please you,” replied Warden, “I were perhaps more to be pitted than I am now, had I indeed met with that fortune, which, like others, I have sought in my gipsy days.”

“Nay, understand me, friend,” said the Baron; “if thou art attired with thy buckram gown and long staff, I also am well content thou shouldst be as poor and contemptible as is good for the health of thy body and soul.—All I care to know of thee is, the cause which hath brought thee to my castle, where few crows of thy kind care to settle. Thou art, I warrant thee, some ejected monk of a suppressed convent, juring in his old days the price of the luxurious idleness in which he spent his youth.—Ay, or it may be some pilgrim with a budget of lies from Saint James of Compostella, or Our Lady of Lorcio; or thou mayest be some pardoner with his budget of relics from Rome, forgiving sins at a penny a-dozen, and one to the tale.—Ay, I guess why I find thee in this boy’s company, and doubtless thou wouldest have such a strapping lad as he to carry thy wallet, and relieve thy lay shoulders; but by the mass I will cross thy counting. I make my vow to sun and moon, I will not see a proper lad so misused as to run the country with an old leavie like Simmie and his brother.” Away with thee!” he added, clapping his wrist, and speaking so fast as to give no opportunity of answer, being probably determined to terrify the older guest into an abrupt flight.—“Away with thee, with thy cheated rest, scrip, and scrip-shelf, on, by the name of Aweed, I will have thee loose the bounds on thee.”

Warden waited with the greatest patience until Julian Aweed, astonished that the threats and violence of his language made no impression on him, passed in a sort of wonder, and said in a lost impetuous tone, “Why the fiend dost thou not answer me?”

“When you have done speaking,” said Warden, in the same unexpected manner, “it will be full time to reply.”

* Two quadrants, or begging staves, whose accompaniments and signification make the subject of an old Scottish satirical poem. [This old poem of Simmie and his brother, preserved in Burnaby’s Manuscript, is included in the *Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1838.]

"Say so, man, in the devil's name—but take heed—beg not here—were it but for the risk of chase, the refuse of the rate, or a morsel that my dogs would tear from—neither a grain of meal, nor the nineteenth part of a grey gown, will I give to any fabled humor of thy coat."

"It may be," answered Warden, "that you would have less quarrel with my coat if you knew what it covers. I am neither a friar nor mendicant, and would be right glad to hear thy testimony against these foul deceivers of God's church, and usurpers of his rights over the Christian flock, were it given in Christian charity."

"And who or what art thou, then," said Arundel, "that thou comest to this Beoker head, and art neither monk, nor soldier, nor broken man?"

"I am an humble teacher of the Holy Word," answered Warden. "This letter from a most noble person will speak why I am here at this present time."

He delivered the letter to the Baron, who regarded the seal with some surprise, and then looked on the letter itself, which seemed to excite still more. He then fixed his eyes on the stranger, and said, in a menacing tone, "I think thou dar'st not betray me or deceive me?"

"I am not the man to attempt either," was the concise reply.

Julian Arundel carried the letter to the window, where he perused, or at least attempted to peruse it more than once, often looking from the paper and gazing on the stranger who had delivered it, as if he meant to read the purport of the message in the face of the messenger. Julian at length called to the female,—"Catherine, bestir thee, and fetch me presently that letter which I bade thee keep ready at hand in thy cabinet, having no sure lock but place of my own."

Catherine went with the readiness of one willing to be employed; and as she walked, the situation which requires a wider gown and a longer girdle, and in which woman differs from man a double portion of the most anxious care, was still more visible than before. She soon returned with the paper, and was rewarded with a cold—"I thank thee, wench; thou art a careful secretary."

This second paper he also perused and reperused more than once, and still, as he read it, bent from time to time a wary and

observed eye upon Henry Warden. This observation and re-examination, though both the man and the place were dangerous, the preacher endured with the most composed and steady countenance, seeming, under the eagle, or rather the eagle's eye of the lazar, as unmoved as under the gaze of an ordinary and peaceful peasant. At length Julian Arnaud fished both papers, and having put them into the pocket of his cloak, cleared his throat, and, coming forward, addressed his female companion. "Catherine," said he, "I have done this good man injustice, when I mistook him for one of the dross of Rome. He is a preacher, Catherine—a preacher of the—the new doctrine of the Lords of the Congregation."

"The doctrine of the blessed Scriptures," said the preacher, "purged from the devices of man."

"Sayest thou!" said Julian Arnaud—"Well, thou mayest call it what thou list; but to me it is recommended, because it flings off all those foolish dreams about saints and angels and devils, and welcomes lay men to that have ridden us so long, and spunged us so hard. No more masses and corpses' gifts—no more tithes and offerings to make men poor—no more prayers or penance to make men cowardly—no more christenings and marriages, and confessions and marriages."

"So please you," said Henry Warden, "it is against the scriptures, not against the fundamental doctrine, of the church, which we desire to conserve, and not to abolish."

"Pardon, please, man," said the lazar; "we of the holy men set what you set up, so you pull nearly down what stands in our way. Especially it suits well with us of the Northland life; for it is our profession to turn the world upside down, and we live over the blindest life when the downer side is uppermost."

Warden would have replied; but the lazar allowed him not time, striking the table with the hilt of his dagger, and crying out,—“Ha! you listening knaves, bring our supper—now quickly. See you not this holy man is exhausted for lack of food! have ye ever of priest or preacher that devoured not his five meals a-day?”

The attendants hastied to and fro, and speedily brought in several large smoking platters filled with huge pieces of beef, boiled and roasted, but without any variety whatsoever; without vegetables, and almost without bread, though there were

at the upper end a few out-cakes in a basket. Julian Avenel made a sort of apology to Warden.

"You have been commended to our care, Sir Preacher, since that is your style, by a person whom we highly honour."

"I am assured," said Warden, "that the most noble Lord"—

"Prithoe, please, now," said Avenel; "what need of naming names, so we understand each other? I meant but to speak in reference to your safety and comfort, of which he desires us to be sure. Now, for your safety, look at my walls and water. Beg troubling your comfort, we have no corn of our own, and the mail-grains of the north are less easily transported than their harvest, seeing they have no legs to walk upon. But what thought! a stoup of wine thou shalt have, and of the best—thou shalt sit betwixt Catherine and me at the board—And, Christie, do thou look to the young springald, and call to the cellarer for a flagon of the best."

The Baron took his wonted place at the upper end of the board; his Catherine sat down, and courteously pointed to a seat betwixt them for their revered guest. But, notwithstanding the influence both of hunger and fatigue, Henry Warden retained his standing posture.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

*When lovely women sleep to slay,
And think too late that men betray—*

" * * * * "

VOICE OF WARDEN.

JULIAN AVENEL, now with surprise the denouncer of the recovered stranger. "Behold me," he said, "these new-fangled religionists have fast-days, I warrant me—the old ones used to scour these blouds chiefly on the hilly."

"We acknowledge no such rule," said the preacher—"We hold that our faith consists not in using or abstaining from special meats on special days; and in fasting we read our hearts, and not our garments."

"The better—the better for yourselves, and the worse for

Tom Tallan," said the Baron; "but come, sit down, or, if thou needs must'st give us a rest of thy office, matter thy chair."

"Sir Baron," said the preacher, "I am in a strange land, where neither mine office nor my doctrine are known, and where, it would seem, both are greatly misunderstood. It is my duty as to bear me, that in my person, however unworthy, my Master's dignity may be respected, and that sin may take not confidence from relaxation of the bonds of discipline."

"Ho ho! halt there," said the Baron; "that sort sort hither for thy safety, but not, I think, to preach to me, or control me. What is it thou wouldst have, Sir Preacher? Remember thou speakst to one somewhat short of patience, who loves a short health and a long draught."

"In a word, then," said Henry Warden, "that holy"——

"How!" said the Baron, starting—"what of her?—what hast thou to say of that dame?"

"Is she thy house-dame?" said the preacher, after a moment's pause, in which he seemed to seek for the best mode of expressing what he had to say—"Is she, in brief, thy wife?"

The unfortunate young woman pressed both her hands on her face, as if to hide it, but the deep blush which crimsoned her brow and neck, showed that her cheeks were also glowing; and the trembling tones, which issued from her slender fingers, bore witness to her sorrow, as well as to her shame.

"Now, by my father's ashes!" said the Baron, rising and springing from him his footstool with such violence, that it hit the wall on the opposite side of the apartment—then instantly restraining himself, he muttered, "What need to run myself into trouble for a wife's word?"—then resuming his seat, he answered coldly and scornfully—"No, Sir Priest or Sir Preacher, Catherine is not my wife—Curses thy whispering, thou foolish wench—she is not my wife—but she is handfasted with me, and that makes her no honest a woman."

"Handfasted?" repeated Warden.

"Knowest thou not that rite, holy man?" said Arundel, in the same tone of decision; "then I will tell thee. We Border-men are more wary than your inland clowns of Fife and Lothian—no jump in the dark for us—no dewdling the fetters around our wrists till we know how they will wear with us—we take our wives, like our horses, upon trial. When we are handfasted,

as we term it, we are man and wife for a year and day; that space goes by, each may choose another mate, or, at their pleasure, may call the priest to marry them for life—and this we call *handfasting*.*

"Then," said the preacher, "I tell thee, noble Barn, in brotherly love to thy soul, it is a custom licentious, gross, and corrupted, and, if persisted in, dangerous, yea, damnable. It binds thee to the fidler being while she is the object of desire—it relieves thee when she is next the subject of pity—it gives all to brutal sense, and nothing to generous and gentle affection. I say to thee, that he who can meditate the breach of such an engagement, abandoning the deluded woman and the helpless offspring, is worse than the birds of prey; for of them the male remains with their mates until the nestlings can take wing. Above all, I say it is contrary to the pure Christian doctrine, which assigns women to man as the partner of his labours, the mother of his evil, his helpmate in peril, his friend in affliction; not as the toy of his leisure hours, or as a flower, which, once cropped, he may throw aside at pleasure."

"Now, by the Saints, a most virtuous homily!" said the Baron; "quietly considered and curiously pronounced, and to a well-chosen congregation. Hark ye, Sir Gospeller! trow ye to have a fidd in hand? Know I not that your seat rose by bluff Harry Tudor, merely because ye sided him to change his Kate! and wherefore should I not use the same Christian liberty with mine? Tush, man! bless the good fidd, and meddle not with what concerns thee not—thou hast no gill in John Arundel!"

"He hath galled and chafed himself," said the preacher, "should he even incline to do that poor share of his domestic care the imperfect justice that remains to him. Can he now raise her to the rank of a pure and uncontaminated nation?—Can he deprive his child of the misery of owing birth to a mother who has erred? He can indeed give them both the rank, the state of married wife and of lawful son; but, in public opinion, their names will be untouched and called with a stain.

* This custom of handfasting actually prevailed in the upland days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the convents subsisted, monks were detached on regular circuits through the wilder districts, to marry those who had lived in this species of connection. A practice of the same kind existed in the life of Portland.

which his tardy efforts cannot entirely efface. Yet render it to them, Baron of Arvad, render to them this late and imperfect justice. Bid me bind you together for ever, and celebrate the day of your bridal, not with fasting or woe, but with answer for the past sin, and the resolution to commence a better life. Happy then will have the chance been that has drawn me to this castle, though I come driven by calamity, and unknowing where my course is bound, like a leaf travelling on the north wind."

The plain, and even coarse features, of the zealous speaker, were warmed at once and ennobled by the dignity of his enthusiasm; and the wild Baron, harsh as he was, and accustomed to spare at the control whether of religious or moral law, felt, for the first time perhaps in his life, that he was under subjection to a mind superior to his own. He sat mute and suspended in his deliberations, battling latent anger and shame, yet borne down by the weight of the just rebuke thus boldly delivered against him.

The unfortunate young woman, receiving hopes from her tyrant's silence and apparent indecision, forgot both her fear and shame in her third expectation that Arvad would relent; and fixing upon him her anxious and beseeching eyes, gradually drew near and nearer to his seat, till at length, laying a trembling hand on his cloak, she ventured to utter, "O noble Julius, listen to the good man!"

The speech and the action were ill-timed, and wrought on that proud and wayward spirit the reverse of her wishes.

The fierce Baron started up in a fury, exclaiming, "What! thou foolish child, art thou confederate with this strolling vagabond, whom thou hast seen bound in my own hall! Hence with thee, and think that I am proof both to male and female hypocrisy!"

The poor girl started back, astounded at his vein of slander and looks of fury, and, turning pale as death, undaunted to defy his orders, and turned towards the door. Her limbs failed in the attempt, and she fell on the stone floor in a manner which her situation might have rendered fatal.—The blood gushed from her face.—Edmund Glendinning braved not a sight so brutal, but, withering a deep impression, started from his seat, and laid his hand on his sword, under the strong impulse of passing it through the body of the cruel and hard-

hearted refusal. But Christie of the Clithill, guessing his intention, threw his arms around him, and prevented him from stirring to execute his purpose.

The impulse to such an act of violence was indeed but momentary, as it instantly appeared that Arved himself, shocked at the effects of his violence, was lifting up and endeavouring to soothe in his own way the terrified Catherine.

"Peace," he said, "peace, peace, thou silly trifle—why, Kate, though I listen not to this tramping preacher, I will not what might happen on thou dost bear me a stout leg. There—there—dry thy tears—call thy women.—So ho!—where be those women!—Christie—Rowley—Hatchem—drag them hither by the hair of the head!"

A half-dozen of startled wild-looking females rushed into the room, and bore out her who might be either termed their mistress or their companion. She showed little sign of life, except by gasping faintly and keeping her hand on her side.

No sooner had this hapless female been conveyed from the apartment, than the Baron, advancing to the table, filled and drank a deep goblet of wine; then, putting an obvious restraint on his passions, turned to the preacher, who stood horror-struck at the scene he had witnessed, and said, "You have borne too hard on us, Sir Preacher—but coming with the commendations which you have brought me, I doubt not but your meaning was good. But we are a wilder folk than you island men of Fife and Lothian. He advised, therefore, by me—Spar not an unbroken horse—put not your ploughshare too deep into new land—Preach to us spiritual liberty, and we will hearken to you.—But we will give no way to spiritual bondage.—Sit, therefore, down, and pledge me in old sack, and we will talk over other matters."

"It is *from* spiritual bondage," said the preacher, in the same tone of adulatory respect, "that I came to deliver you—it is from a bondage more fearful than that of the heaviest earthly yoke—it is from your own evil passions."

"Sit down," said Arved, loudly; "sit down while the play is good—due by my father's sword and my mother's banner!"—

"Now," whispered Christie of the Clithill to Halbert, "if he refuse to sit down, I would not give a grey goat for his head."

"Land Baron," said Warden, "thou hast placed me in extre-

nity. But if the question be, whether I am to hide the light which I am commanded to show forth, or to lose the light of this world, my choice is made. I say to thee, like the Holy Baptist to Herod, it is not lawful for thee to have this woman; and I say it though heads and death be the consequences, counting my life as nothing in comparison of the ministry to which I am called."

Julius Avenel, enraged at the firmness of this reply, flung down his right hand the cup in which he was about to drink to his guest, and from the other cast off the hawk, which flew wildly through the apartment. His first motion was to lay hand upon his dagger. But, changing his resolution, he exclaimed, "To the dungeon with this insolent stranger!—I will hear no man speak a word for him.—Look to the felon, Christie, thou fool!—on she escapes, I will despatch you after her every man.—Away with that hypocritical drummer—drag him hence if he resist!"

He was obeyed in both points. Christie of the Glathall arrested the hawk's flight, by putting his foot on her jaws, and so holding her fast, while Henry Warden was let off, without having shown the slightest symptoms of terror, by two of the Baron's attendants. Julius Avenel walked the apartment for a short time in silent silence, and despatching one of his attendants with a whispered message, which probably related to the health of the unfortunate Catherine, he said aloud, "Those rash and meddling priests—By Heaven! they make us worse than we would be without them."

The storm which he presently received seemed somewhat to pacify his angry mood, and he took his place at the board, commending his return to do the like. All sat down in silence, and began the repast.

During the meal Christie in vain attempted to engage his youthful companion in conversal, or, at least, in conversation. Hubert Glendinning pleaded fatigue, and expressed himself unwilling to take any liquor stronger than the health ale, which was at that time frequently used at meals. Thus every effort at friendly disc was, until the Baron, striking his hand against the table, as if impatient of the long unbroken silence, cried out aloud, "What ha! my masters—are ye Barbers, and sit ye merrily over your meal as a mass of monks and

* Verse 11. Julius Avenel.

them!—Some are sing, if no man list to speak. First eaten without either worth or waste is ill of digestion.—Louis," he added, speaking to one of the youngest of his followers, "they are ready enough to sing when no one bids them."

The young man looked first at his master, then up to the arched roof of the hall, then drank off the horn of ale, or wine, which stood beside him, and with a rough, yet not unmelodious voice, sang the following ditty to the ancient air of "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

I.

March, march, British and Teutonic,
Why the devil dunn ye march forward in order!
March, march, British and Teutonic,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Marry a banner spread,
Further above your head,
Marry a crest that is famous to story;
Mount and make ready then,
Some of the mountain gins,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory!

II.

Come from the hills where the birds are greater,
Come from the glen of the bush and the tree;
Come to theCraig where the banner is blowing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-drums are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;
England shall reap a day
Till of the Bloody Day,
When the Blue Bonnets come over the Border!

The song, rude as it was, had in it that warlike character which at any other time would have roused Halbert's spirit; but at present the charm of minstrelsy had no effect upon him. He made it his request to Christie to suffer him to retire to rest, a request with which that worthy person, seeing no chance of making a favourable impression on his intended proselyte in his present humour, was at length pleased to comply. But no Sergeant Kite, who ever practised the profession of recruiting, was more attentive that his object should not escape him, than was Christie of the Glitchell. He indeed conducted Halbert

* A specimen of this is the ancient one, called General Lady's March in *Compendium Mæc*, is printed in *Alfred, Rossetti's Two-Child of Mother*, and other collections.]

Glendinning to a small apartment overlooking the lake, which was accommodated with a trundle bed. But before quitting him, Christie took special care to give a look to the latch which crossed the outside of the window, and when he left the apartment, he failed not to give the key a double turn ; circumstance which convinced young Glendinning that there was no intention of suffering him to depart from the Castle of Arvend at his own time and pleasure. He judged it, however, most prudent to let these alarming symptoms pass without observation.

No sooner did he find himself in undisturbed solitude, than he ran rapidly over the events of the day in his recollection, and to his surprise found that his own promising fate, and even the death of Florio Station, made less impression on him than the singularly bold and determined conduct of his companion, Henry Warden. Providence, which willeth its instruments to the end they are to achieve, had awakened in the cause of Reformation in Scotland, a body of preachers of more energy than refinement, bold in spirit, and strong in faith, countenance of whatever stood between them and their principal object, and seeking the advancement of the great cause in which they laboured by the roughest road, provided it were the shortest. The soft breeze may move the willow, but it requires the voice of the tempest to agitate the boughs of the oak ; and, accordingly, to colder heavens, and in a less rude age, their numbers would have been ill adapted, but they were singularly successful in their mission to the rude people to whom it was addressed.

Owing to these reasons, Robert Glendinning, who had related and repelled the arguments of the preacher, was deeply struck by the firmness of his denunciations in the dispute with Julian Arvend. It might be discourteous, and most certainly it was imprudent, to choose such a place and such an audience, for upbraiding with his transgressions a baron, whom both manners and situation placed in full possession of independent power. But the conduct of the preacher was uncompromising, firm, manly, and obviously grounded upon the deepest conviction which duty and principle could afford ; and Glendinning, who had viewed the conduct of Arvend with the deepest abhorrence, was proportionally interested in the brave old man, who had ventured life rather than withhold the course due to guilt. This pluck of virtue seemed to him to be in religion

what was demanded by divinity of her votaries in war; an absolute surrender of all selfish feelings, and a combination of every energy proper to the human mind, to discharge the task which duty demanded.

Hallbert was at the period when youth is most open to generous emotions, and knows best how to appreciate them in others, and he felt, although he hardly knew why, that, whether catholic or heretic, the safety of this man deeply interested him. Curiosity mingled with the feeling, and led him to wonder what the nature of those doctrines could be, which stole their votary so completely from himself, and devoted him to chains or to death as their sworn champion. He had indeed been told of saints and martyrs of former days, who had bowed for their religious faith the extremity of death and torture. But their spirit of enthusiastic devotion had long slept in the ease and indolent habits of their successors, and their adventures, like those of knight-errant, were rather read for amusement than for edification. A new impulse had been necessary to rekindle the energies of religious zeal, and that impulse was now operating in favour of a purer religion, with one of whose stoutest votaries the youth had now met for the first time.

The same that he himself was a prisoner, under the power of this savage chieftain, by no means diminished Hallbert's interest in the fate of his fellow-sufferer, while he determined at the same time as far to evade his captivity, that neither threats nor suffering should compel him to enter into the service of such a master. The possibility of escape next occurred to him, and though with little hope of effecting it in that way, Glendinning proceeded to examine more particularly the window of the apartment. The apartment was situated in the first story of the castle; and was not so far from the rock on which it was founded, but that an active and bold man might, with little assistance, descend to a shelf of the rock which was immediately below the window, and from thence either leap or drop himself down into the lake which lay before his eyes, clear and blue in the placid light of a full summer's moon.—"Were I once placed on that ledge," thought Glendinning, "Julian Armand and Christie had seen the last of me." The size of the window favoured such an attempt, but the stanchions or iron bars seemed to form an insurmountable obstacle.

While Hallbert Glendinning gazed from the window with

that eagerness of hope which was prompted by the energy of his character and his determination not to yield in circumstances, his ear caught some sounds from below, and listening with more attention, he could distinguish the voice of the preacher engaged in his solitary devotions. To open a correspondence with him became immediately his object, and failing to do so by less marked sounds, he at length ventured to speak, and was answered from beneath—"Is it thou, my son?" The voice of the prisoner now sounded more distinctly than when it was first heard, for Warden had approached the small aperture, which, serving his prison for a window, opened just between the wall and the rock, and admitted a scanty portion of light through a wall of immense thickness. This required being placed exactly under Halbert's window, the contiguity permitted the prisoners to converse in a low tone, when Halbert declared his intention to escape, and the possibility he saw of achieving his purpose, but for the iron stanchions of the window—"Prove thy strength, my son, in the name of God!" said the preacher. Halbert obeyed him more in despair than hope, but to his great astonishment, and unaccounted to his terror, the bar parted wonder near the bottom, and the longer part being easily bent outwards, and not covered with lead in the upper scabb, dropped out into Halbert's hand. He immediately whispered, but as energetically as a whisper could be expressed—"By Heaven, the bar has given way in my hand!"

"Thank Heaven, my son, instead of swearing by it," answered Warden from his dungeon.

With little effort Halbert Glendinning forced himself through the opening thus wonderfully effected, and using his leathern sword-belt as a rope to assist him, let himself safely drop on the shelf of rock upon which the preacher's window opened. But through this no passage could be effected, being more large than a loophole for musketry, and apparently constructed for that purpose.

"Are there no means by which I can assist your escape, my father?" said Halbert.

"There are none, my son," answered the preacher; "but if thou wilt ensure my safety, that may be in thy power."

"I will labour earnestly for it," said the youth.

"Take then a letter which I will personally write, for I have the means of light and writing materials in my cell—Hasten

towards Edinburgh, and on the way thou wilt meet a body of horse marching southwards—Give this to their leader, and acquaint him of the state in which thou hast left me. It may hap that thy doing so will advantage thyself."

In a minute or two the light of a taper gleamed through the shut-hole, and very shortly after, the preacher, with the assistance of his staff, pushed a billet to Glendinning through the window.

"God bless thee, my son," said the old man, "and complete the marvellous work which he has begun."

"Amen!" answered Halbert, with solemnity, and proceeded on his enterprise.

He hesitated a moment whether he should attempt to descend to the edge of the water; but the steepness of the rock, and darkness of the night, rendered the enterprise too dangerous. He clasped his hands above his head and boldly sprang from the precipice, shooting himself forward into the air as far as he could for fear of unbroken rocks, and alighted on the lake, head foremost, with such force as sunk him for a minute below the surface. But strong, long-breathed, and accustomed to such exertions, Halbert, even though encumbered with his sword, dived and rose like a sea-fowl, and swam across the lake in the northern direction. When he landed and looked back on the castle, he could observe that the alarm had been given, for lights gleamed from window to window, and he heard the draw-bridge lowered, and the tread of horses' feet upon the causeway. But, little alarmed for the consequence of a pursuit during the darkness, he wrung the water from his dress, and, plunging into the stream, directed his course to the north-east by the assistance of the polar star.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

Why, what an infinite deepness is this!
 I think you all have drunk of Ocean's cup.
 If have you heard him, how he would have been;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so mildly.
 CHANCE IN REASON.

THE course of our story, leaving for the present Halbert Glendinning to the guidance of his courage and his fortune,

returns to the Tower of Glendreg, where matters in the meanwhile fell out with which it is most fitting that the reader should be acquainted.

The meal was prepared at noonday with all the care which Elspeth and Tibb, assisted by the various accommodations which had been supplied from the Monastery, could bestow on it. Their dialogue ran on as usual in the intervals of their labour, partly as between mistress and servant, partly as maintained by guests of nearly equal quality.

"Look to the minced meat, Tibb," said Elspeth; "and turn the branch over, those good-for-nothing Shanks,—they wits are hurrying birds' nests, child.—Well, Tibb, this is a fisherman's job, this Sir Pierce lying laager with us up here, and what does he law lang?"

"A fisherman's job indeed," answered her faithful attendant, "and little good did the same ever bring to fair Scotland. Ye may have your hands fuller of them than they are yet. Mow a sair heart have the Pierces given to Scots wits and laime with their prinking on the Donsies. There was Hotspur and many more of that bloody kindred, have aye in our skirts since Malcolm's time, as Martin says."

"Martin should keep a well-swept tongue in his head," said Elspeth, "and not slander the kin of any body that quarters at Glendreg; forby, that Sir Pierce Shafton is much respected with the holy fathers of the community, and they will make up to us my fabrica that we may have with him, either by good word or good deed, I'm warrant them. He is a considerable bod the Lord Abbot."

"And wad he like a wif sent to his kinder end," said Tibb; "I have seen a belted barn sit on a bare bench, and find nae fault. But as ye are pleased, mistress, I am pleased."

"Now, in good time, here comes Myra of the Mill.—And where has ye been, lass, for a' gane wrong without you?" said Elspeth.

"I just goed a blink up the burn," said Myra, "for the young lady has been down on her bed, and is na just that well.—So I goed a glif up the burn."

"To see the young lady come hame frae the sport, I will warrant ye," said Elspeth. "Ay, ay, Tibb, that's the way the young folk guide us, Tibb—have us to do the work, and set to the play themselves."

"Nae a bit of that, mistress," said the Maid of the Mill, stripping her round pretty arms, and looking actively and good-humouredly round for some duty that she could discharge, "but just—I thought ye might like to ken if they were coming back, just to get the dinner forward."

"And saw ye sight of them then?" demanded Elspeth.

"Not the least thinging," said Myds, "though I got to the head of a knowe, and though the English knight's beautiful white feather could have been seen over all the bushes in the Elbow."

"The knight's white feather!" said Dame Glendinning; "ye are a silly humpie—my Halbert's high head will be seen farther than his feather, let it be as white as it likes, I trow."

Myds made no answer, but began to knead dough for wustles with all despatch, observing that Sir Pierie had partaken of that dainty, and commended it upon the preceding day. And presently, in order to place on the fire the grids, or iron plates on which these wusts were to be baked, she displaced a stew-pan in which some of Tibb's deliciouses were submitted to the action of the kitchen fire. Tibb muttered betwixt her teeth—"And it is the tooth for my sick lairs, that wusts make room for the dainty Southron's wust-bread. It was a blithe time in Wight Wallace's day, or good King Robert's, when the peck-puddings got nothing here but hard strakes and bloody groves, but we will see how it will a' and."

Elspeth did not think it proper to notice these discontented expressions of Tibb's, but they sunk into her mind; for she was apt to consider her as a sort of authority in matters of war and policy, with which her former experience as house-woman at Arund Castle made her better acquainted than were the peaceful inhabitants of the Halkons. She only spoke, however, to express her surprise that the hunters did not return.

"As they come not back the sooner," said Tibb, "they will fare the worse, for the meat will be rusted to a clinder—and there is poor Skirnie that can turn the spit no longer: the lairs is rusting like an idle in warm water—Gang awa, lairs, and take a mouthful of the colder air, and I will turn the branch till ye come back."

"Bin up to the battens at the tower-head, collart," said Dame Glendinning, "the air will be colder there than any

gate also, and bring us word if our Halbert and the gentlemen are coming down the glen."

The boy lingered long enough to allow his substitute, Tith Tacket, heartily to take of her own generosity, and of his cricket-stick by the side of a large fire. He at length returned with the news that he had seen nobody.

The matter was not remarkable as far as Halbert Glendinning was concerned, for, patient alike of want and of fatigue, it was no uncommon circumstance for him to remain in the wild till curfew time. But nobody had given Sir Francis Shafton credit for being so keen a sportsman, and the idea of an Englishman preferring the chase to his dinner was altogether inconsistent with their preconceptions of the national character. Amidst wondering and conjecturing, the usual dinner-hour passed long away; and the inmates of the tower, taking a hasty meal themselves, adjourned their more solemn preparations until the hunters' return at night, since it seemed now certain that their sport had either carried them to a greater distance, or engaged them for a longer time than had been expected.

About four hours after noon, arrived, not the expected sportsmen, but an unexpected-for visitor, the Sub-Prior from the Monastery. The scenes of the preceding day had dwelt on the mind of Father Eustace, who was of that keen and penetrating cast of mind which loves not to leave unascertained whatever of mysterious is subjected to its inquiry. His kindness was interested in the family of Glendinning, which he had now known for a long time; and besides, the community was interested in the preservation of the peace between Sir Francis Shafton and his possible host, since whatever might draw public attention on the former, would not fail to be prejudicial to the Monastery, which was already threatened by the hand of power. He found the family assembled all but Mary Arund, and was informed that Halbert Glendinning had accompanied the stranger on a day's sport. So far was well. They had not returned; but when did youth and sport smother themselves bound by set hours? and the circumstance excited no alarm in his mind.

While he was conversing with Edward Glendinning touching his progress in the studies he had pointed out to him, they were startled by a shriek from Mary Arund's apartment, which drew the whole family thither in huddling haste. They found her

in a swoon in the arms of old Martin, who was bitterly accusing himself of having killed her; so indeed it seemed, for her pale features and closed eyes argued rather a dead corpse than a living person. The whole family were instantly in tumult. Snatching her from Martin's arms with the eagerness of affectionate terror, Edward bore her to the chamber, that she might breathe the influence of the open air; the Sub-Prior, who, like many of his predecessors, had some knowledge of medicine, hastened to prescribe the readiest remedies which occurred to him, and the terrified females contended with and impeded each other, in their rival efforts to be useful.

"It has been one of her weary ghosts," said Dame Glendinning.

"It's just a troubling on her spirits, as her blessed mother used to have," said Tish.

"It's some ill nerve has come over her," said the miller's maiden; while burnt feathers, cold water, and all the usual means of restoring suspended animation, were employed alternately, and with little effect.

At length a new assistant, who had joined the group unobserved, declared his aid in the following terms:—"How is this, my most fair Discretion? What cause hath moved the ruby current of life to rush back to the dike of the heart, leaving pale those features in which it should have delighted to linger for ever?—Let me approach her," he said, "with this sovereign essence, distilled by the fair hands of the divine Ursula, and powerful to recall fugitive life, even if it were troubling on the verge of departure."

Thus speaking, Sir Pierce Shafton knelt down, and most gracefully presented to the nostrils of Mary Arund a silver perfume-box, exquisitely chased, containing a sponge dipped in the essence which he recommended so highly. You, gentle reader, it was Sir Pierce Shafton himself who thus unexpectedly proffered his good offices! his cheeks, indeed, very pale, and some part of his dress stained with blood, but not otherwise appearing different from what he was on the preceding evening. But so soon as Mary Arund opened her eyes, and fixed them on the figure of the officious courtier, then she screamed shrilly, and exclaimed,—"*Be gone the murderer!*"

Those present stood aghast with astonishment, and none more so than the Rhymer, who found himself so suddenly and

so strangely accused by the patient whom he was endeavouring to succour, and who repelled his attempts to yield her assistance with all the energy of abhorrence.

"Take him away!" she exclaimed—"take away the murderer!"

"Now, by my knighthood," answered Sir Pierde, "your lovely faculties either of mind or body are, O my most fair Discretion, clouded by some strange hallucination. For either your eyes do not discern that it is Pierde Shafan, your most devoted Affidship, who now stands before you, or else, your eyes discerning truly, your mind hath most awfully concluded that he hath been guilty of some heinous or violent crime which his hand is a stranger. No murder, O most scornful Discretion, hath been this day done, saving but that which your angry glances are now performing on your most devoted captive."

He was here interrupted by the Sub-Prior, who had, in the meantime, been speaking with Martin apart, and had received from him an account of the circumstances, which, suddenly communicated to Mary Arundel, had thrown her into this state. "Sir Knight," said the Sub-Prior, in a very solemn tone, yet with some hesitation, "circumstances have been communicated to us of a nature so extraordinary, that, reluctant as I am to exercise such authority over a guest of our venerable community, I am constrained to request from you an explanation of them. You left this tower early in the morning, accompanied by a youth, Hubert Glendinning, the eldest son of this good dame, and you return hither without him. Where, and at what hour, did you part company from him?"

The English knight paused for a moment, and then replied, "I marvel that your reverend employs so grave a tone to enforce so light a question. I parted with the village whom you call Hubert Glendinning some hour or two after sunrise."

"And at what place, I pray you?" said the monk.

"In a deep ravine, where a fountain rises at the base of a huge rock; an earth-born Titan, which heaved up its grey head, even as"—

"Spare us further description," said the Sub-Prior; "we know the spot. But that youth hath not since been heard of, and it will fall on you to account for him."

"My helra ! my helra !" exclaimed Dame Glendinning. "Yea, holy father, make the villain answer for my helra !"

"I swear, good woman, by bread and by water, which are the props of our life"—

"Swear by wine and world-bread, for those are the props of thy life, thou greedy Scotchman !" said Dame Glendinning ;—"a base holy-god, to come here to eat the best, and practice on our lives that give it to him !"

"I tell thee, woman," said Sir Floris Shafton, "I did but go with thy son to the hunting."

"A black hunting it has been to him, poor helra," replied Tibb ; "and now I said it wad prove since I first saw the like Scotchman master of thee. Little good comes of a Floris's hunting, from Cherry Chase till now."

"Be silent, woman," said the Sub-Prior, "and will not upon the English knight ; we do not yet know of anything beyond suspicion."

"We will have his heart's blood !" said Dame Glendinning ; and, seconded by the faithful Tibb, she made such a sudden onslaught on the unlucky Rapiers, as must have terminated in something serious, had not the monks, aided by Myrie Happer, interposed to protect him from their fury. Edward had left the apartment the instant the disturbance broke out, and now entered, sword in hand, followed by Martin and Jasper, the one having a hunting-spear in his hand, the other a cross-bow.

"Keep the door," he said to his two attendants ; "shoot him or stab him without mercy, should he attempt to break forth ; if he offers an escape, by Heaven he shall die !"

"How now, Edward," said the Sub-Prior ; "how is this that you so far forget yourself! meditating violence to a guest, and in my presence, who represent your lady's lord !"

Edward stepped forward with his drawn sword in his hand. "Pardon me, reverend father," he said, "but in this matter the voice of nature speaks louder and stronger than yours. I turn my sword's point against this proud man, and I demand of him the blood of my brother—the blood of my father's son—of the heir of our name ! If he denies to give me a true account of him, he shall not deny me vengeance."

Embarrassed as he was, Sir Floris Shafton showed no personal fear. "Put up thy sword," he said, "young man ; not in the same day does Floris Shafton contend with two persons."

"Fear him! he condemns the dead, holy father," said Edward.

"Be patient, my son," said the Sub-Prior, endeavoring to soothe the feelings which he could not otherwise control, "be patient—then will obtain the ends of justice better through my means than false open violence.—And you, women, be silent—Tim, remove your mistress and Mary Amond."

While TIM, with the assistance of the other females of the household, bore the poor mother and Mary Amond into separate apartments, and while Edward, still keeping his sword in his hand, hastily traversed the room, as if to prevent the possibility of Sir Piers Shaffton's escape, the Sub-Prior insisted upon knowing from the perplexed knight the particulars which he knew respecting Halbert Glendinning. His situation became extremely embarrassing, for what he might with safety have told of the issue of their combat was so revolting to his pride, that he could not bring himself to enter into the detail; and of Halbert's actual fate, he knew, as the reader is well aware, absolutely nothing.

The father in the meanwhile pressed him with remonstrances, and prayed him to observe, he would greatly regretted himself by declining to give a full account of the transactions of the day. "You cannot deny," he said, "that yesterday you consented to take the most violent offense at this unfortunate youth; and that you suppressed your resentment so suddenly as to impress us all with surprise. Last night you proposed to him this day's hunting party, and you sat out together by break of day. You parted, you said, at the fountain near the rock, about an hour or two after sunrise, and it appears that before you parted you had been at strife together."

"I said not so," replied the knight. "Here is a cell, indeed, about the distance of a rural day's journey, who, I dare say, hath gone off (if he be gone) to join the next rascally band of freebooters! Ye ask me, a knight of the Pious's lineage, to account for such an insignificant fugitive, and I answer,—let me know the price of his head, and I will pay it to your convent treasurer."

"You ask, then, that you have slain my brother?" said Edward, interturing once more; "I will presently show you at what price we Scots rate the lives of our friends."

"Pence, Edward, pence—I entreat—I command thee," said

the Sub-Prior. "And you, Sir Knight, think better of us than to suppose you may spend Scottish blood, and reckon for it as for wine spilt in a drunken revel. This youth was no head-man—thus well known, that in times ere long thou hadst not dared to lift thy sword against the meaneſt ſubject of England, but her laws would have called thee to answer for the deed. Do not hope it will be otherwise here, for you will but deceive yourself."

"You drive me beyond my patience," said the Bishop, "even as the over-driven ox is urged into madness!—What can I tell you of a young fellow whom I have not seen since the second hour after sunrise?"

"But can you explain in what circumstances you parted with him?" said the monk.

"What are the circumstances, in the devil's name, which you desire should be explained?—for although I protest against this constraint as alike unworthy and inhospitable, yet would I willingly and this day, provided that by words it may be ended," said the knight.

"If there end is not," said Edward, "blows shall, and that full speedily."

"Fence, impatient boy!" said the Sub-Prior; "and do you, Sir Francis Shafton, acquaint me why the ground is bloody by the verge of the fountain in Carrisburgh, where, as you say yourself, you parted from Hubert Glanville?"

Hesitate not to avow his defeat if possibly he could avoid it, the knight answered in a haughty tone, that he supposed it was no unusual thing to find the turf bloody where hunters had slain a deer.

"And did you bury your game as well as kill it?" said the monk. "We must know from you who is the tenant of that grave, that newly-made grave, beside the very fountain whose margin is so deeply crimsoned with blood!—then meet thou cannot not evade me; therefore be ingenuous, and tell us the fate of this unhappy youth, whose body is doubtless lying under that bloody turf."

"If it be," said Sir Francis, "they must have buried him alive; for I swear to thee, covered fellow, that this rustic jernal parted from me in perfect health. Let the grave be searched, and if his body be found, then deal with me as ye list."

"It is not my sphere to determine thy fate, Sir Knight, but that of the Lord Abbot, and the right reverend Chapter. It is but my duty to collect such information as may best possess thy wisdom with the matters which have elapsed."

"Might I presume so far, reverend father," said the knight, "I should wish to know the nature and evidence of all these suspicions, so unbecomingly urged against me?"

"It is soon told," said the Sub-Prior; "nor do I wish to disguise it, if it can avail you in your defence. This morn-
 ing, Mary Arnesel, apprehending that you nourished malice against her sister-*brother* under a friendly brow, did advisedly send up the old man, Martin Tackett, to follow your footsteps and to prevent mischief. But it seems that your evil passions had outstripped precaution: for when he came to the spot, guided by your footsteps upon the dew, he found but the bloody trail and the new severed gash; and after long and vain search through the wilds after Halbert and yourself, he brought back the sorrowful news to her who had sent him."

"How he met my daughter, I pray you!" said Sir Florio; "for when I came to myself, I found that I was wrapped in my cloak, but without my under garment as your reverence may observe."

So saying, he opened his cloak, forgetting, with his characteristic inconsistency, that he showed his shirt stained with blood.

"How I could weep," said the monk, when he observed the contradiction of his suspicions; "with thou deny the guilt, even while thou leaves on thy person the blood thou hast shed! With thou longer deny that thy rash hand has solaced a mother of a son, our community of a vessel, the Queen of Scotland of a flagrant subject! and what canst thou expect, but that, at the least, we deliver thee up to England, as withdrawing our further protection?"

"By the Saints!" said the knight, now driven to extremity, "if this blood be the witness against me, it is but rebel blood, since this morning at sunrise it flowed within my own veins."

"How were that possible, Sir Florio Shalton," said the monk, "since I see no wound from whence it can have flowed?"

"That," said the knight, "is the most mysterious part of the transaction.—See here!"

So saying, he woid his shirt collar, and, opening his bosom, showed the spot through which Halbert's sword had passed, but already dried, and bearing the appearance of a wound lately healed.

"This exhausts my patience, Sir Knight," said the Sir-Priest, "and is adding insult to violence and injury. Do you hold me for a child or an idiot, that you pretend to make me believe that the fresh blood with which your shirt is stained, flowed from a wound which has been healed for weeks or months? Unhappy mother, thinkest thou thus to blind me? Too well do we know that it is the blood of your victim, wrestling with you in the desperate and mortal struggle, which has thus spied your apparel."

The knight, after a moment's reflection, said in reply, "I will be open with you, my father—bid those men stand out of our shot, and I will tell you all I know of this mysterious business; and were not, good father, though it may pass thy wit to expose it, for I avouch to you it is too dark for mine own."

The monk commanded Edward and the two men to withdraw, assuring the former that his conference with the prisoner should be brief, and giving him permission to keep watch at the door of the apartment; without which allowance he might, perhaps, have had some difficulty in procuring his absence. Edward had no sooner left the chamber, than he despatched messengers to one or two families of the Hailstons, with whom some his brother and he sometimes associated, to tell them that Halbert Glendinning had been murdered by an Englishman, and to require them to repair to the Tower of Glendoring without delay. The duty of revenge in such cases was held so sacred, that he had no reason to doubt they would instantly come with such assistance as would insure the detection of the prisoner. He then locked the doors of the tower, both inner and outer, and also the gate of the courtyard. Having taken these precautions, he made a hasty visit to the families of the family, exhausting himself in efforts to console them, and in protestations that he would have vengeance for his murdered brother.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Now, by our Lady, Knave! 'tis hard refusing,
That I, with every sabbath of birth and burying,
Should be detain'd here for the second death;
O! a wild creature, whose stout heart
Is but the fumes bubble of the belt
In which he wears his holy-bath.

THE FART.

WALTER EDWARD was making preparations for meeting and punishing the supposed murderer of his brother, with an intense thirst for vengeance, which had not Editha shown itself as part of his character, Sir Pierre Shafton made such representations as it pleased him to the Sub-Prior, who listened with great attention, though the knight's narrative was poor of the clearest, especially as his self-interest led him to conceal or shrink the details which were necessary to render it intelligible.

"You are to know," he said, "venerable father, that this rational jester, having chosen to offer me, in the presence of your venerable Superior, yourself, and other excellent and worthy persons, besides the damsel, Mary Arnold, whom I leave my Discretion in all honour and kindness, a good laugh, rendered yet more intolerable by the time and place, my just resentment did so gain the mastery over my Discretion, that I resolved to allow him the privilege of an equal, and to lodge him with the combat."

"But, Sir Knight," said the Sub-Prior, "you still have two matters very obscure. First, why the token he presented to you gave you so much offence, as I with others witnessed; and then again, how the youth, whom you then met for the first, or, at least, the second time, knew so much of your history as enabled him so greatly to move you."

The knight coloured very deeply.

"For your first query," he said, "most reverend father, we will, if you please, pretend it as nothing essential to the matter in hand; and for the second—I protest to you that I know as little of his means of knowledge as you do, and that I am well-nigh persuaded he dealt with Satanas, of which more anon.—Well, sir—in the evening, I dined not to tell my purpose with a pleasant brow, as in the morning amongst my councillors, who never display the bloody colours of defiance in our

conference until our hand is armed to fight under them. I armed the fair Discusion with some maxims, and other toys, which could not but be pleasing to her inexperienced ears. I arose in the morning, and met my antagonist, who, to my truth, for an inexperienced villagio, comportet himself as stoutly as I could have desired.—So, coming to the encounter, renowned sir, I did try his mettle with some half-a-dozen of downright passes, with any one of which I could have been through his body, only that I was loth to take so fatal an advantage, but rather, mixing merr with my just indignation, studied to inflict upon him some flesh-wound of no very fatal quality. But, sir, in the midst of my clamour, he, being incited, I think, by the devil, did follow up his first offence with some insult of the same nature. Whereupon, being eager to punish him, I made an extravagance, and my foot slipping at the same time,—not from any fault of mine on my part, or any advantage of skill on his, but the devil having, as I said, taken up the matter in hand, and the grass being slippery,—ere I recovered my position I encountered his sword, which he had advanced, with my unprotected person, so that, as I think, I was in some sort run through the body. My journal, being beyond measure appalled at his own unexpected and unmerited success in this strange encounter, takes the flight and leaves me there, and I fell into a dead swoon for the lack of the blood I had lost so foolishly—and when I awake, as from a sound sleep, I find myself lying, as it like you, wrapt up in my cloak at the foot of one of the black-trees which stand together in a clump near to this place. I feel my limbs, and experience little pain, but much weakness—I put my hand to the wound—it was whole and skinned over as you now see it—I rise and come hither, and in these words you have my whole day's story.”

“I can only reply to so strange a tale,” answered the monk, “that it is scarce possible that Sir Pierro Shafton can expect me to credit it. Here is a quarrel, the cause of which you conceal,—a wound received in the morning, of which there is no recent appearance at sunset,—a grave filled up, in which no body is deposited—the vanquished found alive and well—the victor departed no man knows whither. These things, Sir Knight, hang not so well together, that I should receive them as gospel.”

“Reverend father,” answered Sir Pierro Shafton, “I pay

you in the first place to observe, that if I offer powerful and civil justification of that which I have already avowed to be true, I do so only in devout deference to your dress and to your order, protesting, that to any other opposite, saving a man of religion, a lady, or my liege prince, I would not deign to support that which I had once attested, otherwise than with the point of my good sword. And as much being promised, I have to add, that I can but gage my honour as a gentleman, and my faith as a Catholic Christian, that the things which I have described to you have happened to me as I have described them, and not otherwise."

"It is a deep assertion, Sir Knight," answered the Sub-Prior; "yet, bethink you, it is only an assertion, and that no reason can be alleged why things should be believed which are so contrary to reason. Let me pray you to say whether the grave, which has been seen at your place of combat, was open or closed when your encounter took place?"

"Reverend father," said the knight, "I will veil from you nothing, but show you such secret of my house; even as the pure fountain reveals the smallest pebble which graces the sand at the bottom of its crystal mirror, and as"—

"Speak in plain terms, for the love of heaven!" said the monk; "these holiday phrases belong not to solemn affairs—Was the grave open when the conflict began?"

"It was," answered the knight, "I acknowledge it; even as he that acknowledges guilt"—

"Nay, I pray you, fair son, forbear these similitudes, and observe me. On yesterday at noon no grave was found in that place, for old Martin chanced, contrary to his wont, to go thither in quest of a strayed sheep. At break of day, by your own confession, a grave was opened in that spot, and there a combat was fought—only one of the combatants appears, and he is covered with blood, and to all appearance wounded."—Here the knight made a gesture of impatience.—"Nay, fair son, hear me but one moment—the grave is closed and covered by the soil—what can we believe, but that it conceals the bloody corpse of the fallen duellist?"

"By Heaven, it cannot!" said the knight, "unless the jealous hate stain himself and buried himself, in order to place me in the predicament of his murderer."

"The grave shall doubtless be explored, and that by to-

marrow's jaws," said the monk; "I will see it done with mine own eyes."

"But," said the prisoner, "I protest against all evidence which may arise from its contents, and do insist beforehand, that whatever may be found in that grave shall not prejudicate me in my defence. I have been so haunted by diabolical deceptions in this matter, that what do I know but that the devil may assume the form of this rusted javelin, in order to procure me further vengeance?—I protest to you, holy father, it is my very thought that there is witchcraft in all that hath befallen me. Since I entered into this northern land, in which men say that sorceries do abound, I, who am held in awe and regard even by the prime gallants in the court of Faldism, have been here tormented and tempted by a diabolical dove, I, whom Vincentio Barick termed his sincerest and most agile disciple, was, to speak briefly, told by a cow-boy, who knew no more of horses than is used at every country wake. I am now, as it seemed to me, through the body, with a very sufficient steed, and faint on the spot; and yet, when I recover, I find myself without either wear or wound, and, lacking nothing of my apparel, saving my marrow-coloured doublet, dashed with spots, which I will pray may be inquired after, lest the devil, who transported me, should have dropped it in his passage among some of the trees or bushes—it being a choice and most beautiful piece of raiment, which I wore for the first time at the Queen's pageant in Southwark."

"Sir Knight," said the monk, "you do again go astray from this matter. I inquire of you respecting that which concerns the life of another man, and it may be, weaken your own also, and you answer me with the tale of an old doctress!"

"Old?" exclaimed the knight; "now, by the gods and saints, if there be a gallant at the British Court more fastidiously considerate, and more considerably fearful, more quickly curious, and more curiously quaint, in frequent changes of all rich articles of vesture, becoming one who may be accounted point-devise a courtesier, I will give you leave to turn me a slave and a liar."

The monk thought, but did not say, that he had already acquired right to doubt the veracity of the Englishist, considering the marvellous tale which he had told. Yet his own strange adventures, and that of Father Philip, rushed on his mind, and

forbade his coming to any conclusion. He contented himself, therefore, with observing, that these were certainly strange incidents, and requested to know if Sir Pierre Shafton had any other reason for suspecting himself to be in a manner so particularly selected for the sport of sorcery and witchcraft.

"Sir Seb-Prie," said the Esquire, "the most extraordinary circumstance revolves behind, which alone, had I neither been bearded in dispute, nor filled in combat, nor wounded and cured in the space of a few hours, would nevertheless of itself, and without any other corroborative, have compelled me to believe myself the subject of some malignant fascination. Reverend sir, it is not to your years that man should tell tales of love and gallantry, nor is Sir Pierre Shafton one who, to any man whatsoever, is wont to boast of his fair acceptance with the choice and prime beauties of the court; inasmuch that a lady, none of the least resplendent constellations which revolve in that hemisphere of honour, pleasure, and beauty, but whose name I here prostrate, was wont to call me her Tushamity. Nevertheless truth must be spoken; and I cannot but allow, as the general report of the court, uttered in camps, and echoed back by city and country, that in the obscurity of the arena, the tender delicacy of the regard, the fastidiousness of the address, the adorning and pursuing of the fancy, the solemn close and the graceful fall-off, Pierre Shafton was accounted the only gallant of the time, and as well accepted amongst the choicer beauties of the age, that no silk-hood reveller of the presence-chamber, or plumed jester of the tiltyard, approached him by a bow's length in the ladies' regard, being the mark at which every well-born and generous juvenile aimed his shaft. Nevertheless, reverend sir, having found in this rude place something which by blood and birth might be termed a lady, and being desirous to keep my gallant humour in exercise, as well as to show my warm devotion to the sex in general, I did shoot off some arrows of amourement at this Mary Arundel, terming her my Discretion, with other quaint and well-imagined courtesies, rather bestowed out of my bounty than warranted by her merit, or perhaps like unto the boyish swivel, who, rather than not exercise his bird-piece, will shoot at mice or magpies for lack of better game"——

"Mary Arundel is much obliged by your notice," answered

the monk; "but to what does all this detail of past and present gallantry conduct us?"

"Marry, to this conclusion," answered the knight; "that either this my Discretion, or I myself, am little less than bewitched; for, instead of receiving my answer with a gratified bow, answering my request with a suppressed smile, accompanying my falling off or departure with a slight sigh—honours with which I protest to you the noblest dames and proudest baronesses in Friesland have graced my poor services—she hath paid me as little and as cold regard as if I had been some homely clown of these bleak mountains! Nay, this very day, while I was in the act of kneeling at her feet to render her the services of this pungent quickness of purest spirit distilled by the fairest hands of the court of Friesland, she pushed me from her with looks which answered of repugnance, and, as I think, thrust at me with her foot as if to spurn me from her presence. Those things, revered father, are strange, portentous, unnatural, and baffle not in the current of mortal affairs, but are symptomatic of sorcery and fascination. So that, having given to your reverence a perfect, simple, and plain account of all that I know concerning this matter, I leave it to your wisdom to solve what may be found soluble in the same, it being my purpose to-morrow, with the peep of dawn, to set forward towards Edinburgh."

"I grieve to be an interruption to your design, Sir Knight," said the monk, "but that purpose of thine may hardly be fulfilled."

"How, revered father!" said the knight, with an air of the utmost surprise; "if what you say respects my departure, understand that it must be, for I have so resolved it."

"Sir Knight," reiterated the Sub-Prior, "I must once more repeat, this must be, until the Abbot's pleasure be known in the matter."

"Reverend sir," said the knight, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I desire my hearty and thankful commendations to the Abbot; but in this matter I have nothing to do with his reverend pleasure, designing only to consult my own."

"Pardon me," said the Sub-Prior; "the Lord Abbot hath in this matter a voice potential."

Sir Piercie Shafton's colour began to rise—"I marvel," he said, "to hear your reverence talk thus—What! will you, for

the imagined death of a rude low-born drungler and wrangler, venture to implate upon the liberty of the kinsman of the house of Fiorda!"

"Sir Knight," returned the Sub-Prior, civilly, "your high lineage and your kindling anger will avail you nothing in this matter—You shall not come here to seek a shelter, and then spill our blood as if it were water."

"I tell you," said the knight, "none more, as I have told you already, that there was no blood spilled but mine own!"

"That remains to be proved," replied the Sub-Prior; "we of the community of Saint Mary's of Kennesekah, are not to take fairy tales in exchange for the lives of our loyal vassals."

"We of the house of Fiorda," answered Shafon, "break neither threats nor restraint—I say I will travel to-morrow, happen what may!"

"And I," answered the Sub-Prior, in the same tone of determination, "say that I will break your journey, come what may!"

"Who shall gainay me," said the knight, "if I make my way by force?"

"You will judge wisely to think ere you make such an attempt," answered the monk, with composure; "there are men enough in the Hallidome to vindicate the rights over those who dare to infringe them."

"My cousin of Northumberland will know how to revenge this wrong to a beloved kinsman so near to his blood," said the Englishman.

"The Lord Abbot will know how to protect the rights of his territory, both with the temporal and spiritual sword," said the monk. "Besides, consider, were we to send you to your kinsman at Alverstok or Wadsworth to-morrow, he dare do nothing but transmit you in future to the Queen of England. Bethink, Sir Knight, that you stand on slippery ground, and will not meet wisely in recommending yourself to be a prisoner in this place until the Abbot shall decide the matter. There are wiser men now to contravert all your efforts at escape. Let patience and resignation, therefore, arm you to a necessary submission."

So saying, he dropped his hands and called aloud. Edward entered, accompanied by two young men who had already joined him, and were well armed.

"Edward," said the Sub-Prior, "you will supply the English

night here in this space with suitable food and accommodation for the night, treating him with as much kindness as if nothing had happened between you. But you will place a sufficient guard, and look carefully that he make not his escape. Should he attempt to break forth, resist him to the death; but in no other case harm a hair of his head, as you shall be answerable."

Edward Glendinning replied,— "That I may obey your commands, reversed as, I will not again offer myself to this person's presence; for shame it were to me to break the peace of the Hallidons, but not less shame to leave my brother's death unavenged."

As he spoke, his lips grew livid, the blood forsook his cheeks, and he was about to leave the apartment, when the Sub-Prior recalled him and said in a solemn tone,— "Edward, I have known you from infancy—I have done what lay within my reach to be of use to you—I say nothing of what you owe to me as the representative of your spiritual Superior—I say nothing of the duty from the vessel to the Sub-Prior—But Father Eustace expects from the pupil whom he has nurtured—he expects from Edward Glendinning, that he will not by any deed of unchristian violence, however justified in his own mind by the provocation, break through the respect due to public justice, or that which he has an especial right to claim from him."

"For nothing, my revered father, for so in an hundred senses may I well term you," said the young man; "for not, I would say, that I will in any thing diminish the respect I owe to the venerable community by whom we have so long been protected, far less that I will do aught which can be personally less than respectful to you. But the blood of my brother must not cry for vengeance in vain—your reverence knows our Border creed."

"Vengeance is mine, with the Lord, and I will requite it," answered the monk. "The barbarous custom of deadly feud which prevails in this land, through which each man seeks vengeance at his own hand when the death of a friend or kinsman has demanded, hath already deluged our vale with the blood of Scottish men, spilled by the hands of countrymen and kindred. It were endless to count up the fatal results. On the Eastern Border, the Houses are at feud with the Switzons and

Cockburn; in our Middle Marches, the Scots and Kears have spilled as much brave blood in domestic feud as might have fought a pitched field in England, could they have but forgiven and forgotten a casual rencounter that placed their names in opposition to each other. On the west frontier, the Johnstones are at war with the Macgregors, the Jardines with the Bells, drawing with them the flower of the country, which should place their breasts as a bulwark against England, into private and bloody warfare, of which it is the only end to waste and impair the forces of the country, already divided in itself. Do not, my dear son Edward, permit this bloody prejudice to master your mind. I cannot ask you to think of the crime supposed as if the blood spilled had been less dear to you—Alas! I know that is impossible. But I do require you, in proportion to your interest in the supposed offence (for as yet the whole is matter of supposition), to bear on your mind the evidence on which the guilt of the accused person must be tried. He hath spoken with me, and I confess his tale is so extraordinary, that I should have, without a moment's hesitation, rejected it as incredible, but that an affair which chanced to myself in this very place—More of that another time—Suffice it for the present to say, that from what I have myself experienced, I deem it possible, that, extraordinary as Sir Pierre Shafton's story may seem, I hold it not utterly impossible."

"Father," said Edward Glendinning, when he saw that his preceptor paused, unwilling further to explain upon what grounds he was inclined to give a certain degree of credit to Sir Pierre Shafton's story, while he admitted it as impossible—"Father to me you have been in every sense. You know that my hand grasped more readily to the hilt than to the sword; and that I looked utterly the ready and bold spirit which distinguished!—Here his voice faltered, and he paused for a moment, and then went on with resolution and rapidity—"I would say, that I was unequal to Hubert in promptitude of heart and of hand; but Hubert is gone, and I stand his representative, and that of my father—his successor in all his rights" (while he said this his eyes shot fire), "and bound to assert and maintain them as he would have done—therefore I am a changed man, increased in courage as in my rights and pretensions. And, revered father, respectfully, but plainly and freely do I say, his blood, if it has been shed by this man,

shall be stored—Hafort shall not sleep neglected in his lonely grave, as if with him the spirit of my father had ceased for ever. His blood flows in my veins, and while his has been poured forth unrequited, mine will permit me no rest. My poverty and meanness of rank shall not avail the lordly marston. My calm nature and peaceful studies shall not be his protection. Even the obligations, holy father, which I acknowledge to you, shall not be his protection. I wait with patience the judgment of the Abbot and Chapter, for the daughter of one of their most anciently descended vassals. If they do right to my brother's memory, it is well. But mark me, father, if they shall fail in rendering me that justice, I bear a heart and a hand which, though I love not such extremities, are capable of remedying such an error. He who takes up my brother's succession must avenge his death."

The monk perceived with surprise, that Edward, with his extreme diffidence, humility, and obedient anxiety, for such were his general characteristics, had still, boiling in his veins the wild principles of those from whom he was descended, and by whom he was surrounded. His eyes sparkled, his frame was agitated, and the extremity of his desire of vengeance seemed to give a vehemence to his manner resembling the fierceness of *you*.

"May God help us," said Father Eustace, "for, frail wretches as we are, we cannot help ourselves under sudden and strong temptation. Edward, I will rely on your word that you do nothing rashly."

"That will I not," said Edward,—"that, my better than father, I surely will not. But the blood of my brother,—the tears of my mother—and—and—and of Mary Avenel, shall not be shed in vain. I will not desist you, father—if this Pierre Shafston hath slain my brother, he dies, if the whole blood of the whole house of Pierre were in his veins."

There was a deep and solemn determination in the utterance of Edward Glenkling, expressive of a rooted resolution. The Sub-Prior sighed deeply, and for the moment yielded to circumstances, and urged the acquiescence of his pupil no further. He suggested lights to be placed in the lower chamber, which for a time he passed in silence.

A thousand blows, and even differing principles, debated with each other in his bosom. He greatly doubted the English

knight's account of the duel, and of what had followed it. Yet the extraordinary and supernatural circumstances which had befallen the Prior and himself in that very glass, prevented him from being absolutely incredulous on the score of the wonderful wound and recovery of Sir Francis Mordaunt, and prevented him from at once condemning as impossible that which was altogether improbable. That he was at a loss how to control the fraternal affections of Edward, with respect to whom he felt something like the keeper of a wild animal, a lion's whelp or tiger's cub, which he has held under his command from infancy, but which, when grown to maturity, on some sudden provocation displays his fangs and talons, erects his crest, resumes his savage nature, and bids defiance at once to his keeper and to all mankind.

How to restrain and mitigate as he which the universal example of the times rendered deadly and irreconcilable, was sufficient cause of anxiety to Father Easton. But he had also to consider the situation of his community, dishonoured and degraded by submitting to suffer the daughter of a vessel to pass unmarried; a circumstance which of itself might in these difficult times have afforded pretext for a revolt among their wavering adherents, or, on the other hand, exposed the community to imminent danger, should they proceed against a subject of England of high degree, connected with the house of Northumberland, and other northern families of high rank, who, as they possessed the means, could not be supposed to lack inclination, to wreak upon the priory of Saint Mary of Kneppdale, any violence which might be offered to their kinsman.

In either case, the Sub-Prior well knew that the sole chance of final, insurrection, or incursion, being once afforded, the case would not be ruled either by reason or by ordinance, and he groined in spirit when, upon counting up the chances which arose in this ambiguous dilemma, he found he had only a chance of difficulties. He was a monk, but he felt also as a man, indignant at the supposed slaughter of young Glendinning by one skilled in all the practice of arms, in which the vessel of the Monastery was most likely to be deficient; and to add the resentment which he felt for the loss of a youth whom he had known from infancy, came in full force the sense of dishonour arising to his community from passing over so gross an insult.

unmolested. Then the light in which it might be viewed by those who at present presided in the stormy court of Scotland, attacked as they were to the Reformation, and allied by numerous faith and common interest with Queen Elizabeth, was a formidable subject of apprehension. The Sub-Prior well knew how they looked after the revenues of the Church (to express it in the ordinary phrase of the religious of the time), and how readily they would grasp at such a pretext for encroaching on those of Saint Mary's, as would be afforded by the suffering to pass unrepentant the death of a native Scottishman by a Catholic Englishman, a rebel to Queen Elizabeth.

On the other hand, to deliver up to England, or, which was nearly the same thing, to the Scottish administration, an English knight, haggard with the Plague by kindred and political intrigue, a faithful follower of the Catholic Church, who had fled to the Highlands for protection, was, to the estimation of the Sub-Prior, an act most unworthy in itself, and inviting the malediction of Heaven, besides being, moreover, fraught with great temporal risk. If the government of Scotland was now almost entirely in the hands of the Protestant party, the Queen was still a Catholic, and there was no knowing when, amid the sudden changes which agitated that tumultuous country, she might find herself at the head of her own affairs, and able to protect those of her own faith. Then, if the court of England and its Queen were zealously Protestant, the northern courtiers, whose friendship or enmity were of most consequence in the first instance to the community of Saint Mary's, contained many Catholics, the heads of whom were able, and must be supposed willing, to avenge any injury suffered by Sir Pierre Bladon.

On either side, the Sub-Prior, thinking, according to his sense of duty, most anxiously for the safety and welfare of his Monastery, saw the greatest risk of damage, blame, insult, and confiscation. The only course on which he could determine, was to stand by the helm like a resolute pilot, watch every contingency, do his best to weather each sea and storm, and commit the rest to heaven and his patroness.

As he left the apartment, the knight called after him, beseeching he would order his trunk-stalls to be sent into his apartment, understanding he was to be granted there for the night, as he wished to make some alterations in his apparel.*

* Note L. Forgery of the Statute of Chantry.

"Ay, ay," said the monk, muttering as he went up the winding stairs, "easy like his trouperie with all despatch. Alas ! that man, with so many noble objects of pursuit, will amuse himself like a jacksnipe, with a hood jacks and a cap and bells !—I must now to the melancholy work of weeping that which is well-nigh inaccessible, a mother weeping for her first-born."

Advancing, after a gentle knock, into the apartment of the women, he found that Mary Arnold had retired to bed, extremely indisposed, and that Dame Glendinning and Tibb were indulging their sorrows by the side of a dimming fire, and by the light of a small iron lamp or crane, as it was termed. Poor Elizabeth's gown was thrown over her head, and bitterly did she sob and weep for "her beautiful, her brave,—the very image of her dear Simon Glendinning, the stay of her wisdom and the support of her old age."

The faithful Tibb shared her complaints, and, more violently clamorous, made deep promises of revenge to Sir Pierre Blafout, "if there were a man left in the south who could draw a whinger, or a woman that could throw a tape." The presence of the Sub-Prior imposed silence on these clamours. He also drew by the unfortunate mother, and escaped, by such topics as his religion and reason suggested, to intercept the current of Dame Glendinning's feelings; but the attempt was in vain. He listened, indeed, with some little interest, while he pledged his word and his influence with the Abbot, that the family which had lost their eldest born by means of a guest received at his command, should experience particular protection at the hands of the community; and that the fat which belonged to Simon Glendinning should, with extended bounds and added privileges, be conferred on Edward.

But it was only for a very brief space that the mother's side was apparently softer, and her grief more mild. She soon turned herself for meeting a moment's thought upon world's gear while poor Halbert was lying stretched in his bloody shirt. The Sub-Prior was not more successful, when he promised that Halbert's body "should be removed to hallowed ground, and his soul secured by the prayers of the Church in his behalf." Grief would have its natural course, and the voice of the comforter was wasted in vain.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EGGHTH.

He is at liberty, I have captured the thief!

— If the law

Find and contain the law's own living warden,

These honest-hearted souls will sing my dirge,

And tell to memory my death was noble,

Dying almost a martyr.

THE TWO NESTS KISSING.

THE Sub-Prior of Saint Mary's, in taking his departure from the space in which Sir Florio Station was confined, and in which some preparations were made for his passing the night as the moon which night he most conveniently guarded, left more than one peep-holed person behind him. There was connected with this chamber, and opening into it, a small cotter, or projecting part of the building, occupied by a sleeping apartment, which, upon ordinary occasions, was that of Mary Arnest, and which, in the unusual number of guests who had come to the tower on the former evening, had also accommodated Myrie Hopper, the Miller's daughter; for incidentally, as well as in the present day, a Scottish house was always rather too narrow and limited for the extent of the owner's hospitality, and some shift and contrivance was necessary, upon any unusual occasion, to ensure the accommodation of all the guests.

The third cause of Halford Clamonting's death had thrown all former arrangements into confusion. Mary Arnest, whose case required immediate attention, had been transported into the apartment hitherto occupied by Halford and his brother, as the latter proposed to watch all night, in order to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Poor Myrie had been altogether overlooked, and had naturally enough betaken herself to the little apartment which she had hitherto occupied, ignorant that the space, through which lay the only access to it, was to be the sleeping chamber of Sir Florio Station. The measure taken for securing him there had been so sudden that she was not aware of it, until she found that the other females had been removed from the space by the Sub-Prior's direction, and having thus missed the opportunity of retreating along with them, helplessness, and the high respect which she was taught to bear

to the monks, prevented her venturing forth alone, and intruding herself on the presence of Father Eustace, while in secret conference with the Nuncio. There appeared no remedy but to wait till their interview was over; and, as the door was thin, and did not shut very closely, she could hear every word that passed between them.

It thus happened, that without any intended intrusion on her part, she became privy to the whole conversation of the Sub-Prior and the English knight, and could also observe from the window of her little retreat, that more than one of the young men summoned by Edward arrived successively at the tower. These circumstances led her to entertain most serious apprehensions that the life of Sir Francis Shafton was in great and instant peril.

Woman is naturally compassionate, and not less willingly so when youth and fair features are on the side of him who claims her sympathy. The handsome presence, elaborate dress and address of Sir Francis Shafton, which had failed to make any favourable impression on the grave and lofty character of Mary Arundel, had completely charmed and bewitched the poor Maid of the Mill. The knight had perceived this weak, and, flattered by seeing that his merit was not universally undervalued, he had bestowed on Myrtle a good deal more of his courtesy than in his opinion her rank warranted. It was not cast away, but received with a devout sense of his condescension, and with gratitude for his personal notice, which, joined to her fears for his safety, and the natural tenderness of her disposition, began to make wild work in her heart.

"To be sure it was very wrong in him, to slay Halbert Obedience" (it was thus she argued the case with herself), "but then he was a gentleman here, and a soldier, and so gentle and courteous withal, that she was sure the quarrel had been all of young Obedience's own seeking; for it was well known that both these knights were so taken up with that Mary Arundel, that they never looked at another lass in the Hallidene, more than if they were of a different degree. And then Halbert's dress was as drowsy as his manners were haughty; and this poor young gentleman (who was habited like any prince), banished from his own land, was first drawn into a quarrel by a rude braggart, and then persecuted and like to be put to death by his kin and allies."

Myra wept bitterly at the thought, and then, her heart rising against such cruelty and aggression to a defenceless stranger, who dressed with so much skill, and spoke with so much grace, she began to consider whether she could not render him some assistance in this extremity.

Her mind was now entirely altered from its original purpose. At first her only anxiety had been to find the means of escaping from the interior apartment, without being noticed by any one; but now she began to think that Harven had placed her there for the safety and protection of the persecuted stranger. She was of a simple and affectionate, but at the same time an alert and enterprising character, possessing more than female strength of body, and more than female courage, though with feelings as susceptible of being bewitched with gallantry of dress and language, as a fine gentleman of any generation would have desired to mould his talents upon. "I will save him," she thought, "that is the first thing to be resolved—and then I wonder what he will say to the poor Miller's maiden, that has done for him what all the dainty dances in London or Hollywood would have been afraid to venture upon."

Frederic began to pull her down as she indulged speculations so hazardous, and hinted to her that the warmer Sir Percie Shafter's gratitude might prove, it was the more likely to be fraught with danger to his benefactors. Alas! poor Frederic, thou mayest say with our moral teacher,

"I preach for men, but I preach in vain."

The Miller's maiden, while you poor your youngling into her swarming bosom, has glanced her eye on the small alcove by which she has placed her little lamp, and it returns to her a countenance and eyes, pretty and sparkling at all times, but smouldered at present with the energy of expression proper to those who have dared to form, and stand prepared to sustain, deeds of generous audacity. "Will those features—will those eyes, joined to the beauty I am about to confer upon Sir Percie Shafter, do nothing towards removing the distance of rank between us?"

Such was the question which female vanity asked of herself; and though even *she* dared not answer in a reply affirmative, a middle conclusion was adopted—"Let me first woo the gallant youth, and trust to fortune for the rest."

Resolving, therefore, that she would succeed everything that was possible to herself, the rash but generous girl turned her whole thoughts to the means of executing this enterprise.

The difficulties which intervened were of no ordinary nature. The vengeance of the men of that country, in cases of deadly feud, that is, in cases of a quarrel excited by the slaughter of any of their relations, was one of their most marked characteristics; and Edward, however gentle in other respects, was no less of his brother, that there could be no doubt that he would be as signal in his revenge as the customs of the country authorized. There were to be passed the inner door of the apartment, the two gates of the tower itself, and the gate of the courtyard, ere the prisoner was at liberty; and then a guide and means of flight were to be provided, otherwise ultimate success was impossible. But where the will of women is strongly bent on the accomplishment of such a purpose, her wit is seldom baffled by difficulties, however embarrassing.

The Sub-Prior had not long left the apartment, ere Myrtle had devised a scheme for Sir Florio Shafton's freedom, daring, indeed, but likely to be successful, if dexterously conducted. It was necessary, however, that she should remain where she was till so late as noon, that all in the tower should have taken themselves to repose, excepting those whose duty made them watchmen. The interval she employed in observing the movements of the person in whose service she was then habitually a volunteer.

She could hear Sir Florio Shafton pace the floor to and fro, in reflection doubtful as his own untoward fate and precarious situation. By and by she heard him making a rustling among his trunks, which, agreeable to the order of the Sub-Prior, had been placed in the apartment in which he was confined, and which he was probably pursuing more anxiously thoughts by examining and arranging. Then she could hear him resume his walk through the room, and, as if his spirits had been somewhat relieved and elevated by the survey of his wardrobe, she could distinguish that at one turn he half whistled a waltz, at another half whistled a galliard, and at the third hummed a carol. At length she could understand that he extended himself on the temporary couch which had been allotted to him, after muttering his prayers hastily, and in a short time she concluded he must be fast asleep.

She employed the moments which intervened in considering her enterprise under every different aspect; and, dangerous as it was, the steady review which she took of the various perils accompanying her purpose, furnished her with plausible devices for obtaining them. Love and generous compassion, which give singly such powerful impulse to the female heart, were in this case united, and championed her to the last extremity of hazard.

It was an hour past midnight. All in the tower slept sound but those who had undertaken to guard the English prisoner; or if sorrow and suffering drove sleep from the bed of Donna Glendwring and her sister-daughter, they were too much wrapt in their own griefs to attend to external sounds. The means of striking light were at hand in the small apartment, and thus the Miller's maiden was enabled to light and trim a small lamp. With a trembling step and throbbing heart, she unlocked the door which separated her from the apartment in which the Southern knight was confined, and almost started from her fixed purpose, when she found herself in the same room with the sleeping prisoner. She scarcely trusted herself to look upon him, as he lay wrapp'd in his cloak, and fast asleep upon the pallet bed, but turned her eyes away while she gently pulled his mantle with no more force than was just equal to awaken him. He moved not until she had twitched his cloak a second and a third time, and then at length looking up, was about to make an exclamation in the surprise of his surprise.

Myrtle's bashfulness was conquered by her fear. She placed her fingers on her lips, in token that he must observe the most strict silence, and then pointed to the door to intimate that it was watched.

So Pierre Shafton now collected himself, and sat upright on his couch. He gazed with surprise on the graceful figure of the young woman who stood before him; her well-formed person, her flowing hair, and the outline of her features, shrouded dimly, and yet to advantage, by the partial and feeble light which she held in her hand. The romantic imagination of the gallant would soon have coined some compliment proper for the occasion, but Myrtle left him not time.

"I come," she said, "to save your life, which is due in great

peril—if you answer me, speak as low as you can, for they have contrived your doom with armed men."

"Consistent of Miller's daughter," murmured Sir Florio, who by this time was sitting upright on his couch, "dread nothing for my safety. Credit me, that, as in very truth, I have not spilled the red puddle (which these villagers call the blood) of their most unwell relation, so I am under no apprehension whatever for the loss of this restraint, seeing that it cannot but be harmful to me. Nevertheless, to thee, O most Molliana beauty, I return the thanks which thy courtesy may justly claim."

"Nay, but, Sir Knight," answered the maiden, in a whisper as low as it was tremulous, "I deserve no thanks unless you will act by my counsel. Edward Glendinning hath sent for Don of the Harriet-hunt, and young Adie of Aikenshore, and they are come with three men more, and with bow, and jack, and spear, and I heard them say to each other, and to Edward, as they alighted in the court, that they would have revenge for the death of their kinsman, if the monk's owl should smother for it—And the monks are so wild now, that the Abbot himself dare not control them, for fear they turn heretic, and refuse to pay their sanctities."

"In faith," said Sir Florio Shafton, "it may be a shrewd temptation, and perchance the monks may rid themselves of trouble and number, by handing me over the march to Sir John Foster or Lord Humble, the English wardens, and so make peace with their monks and with England at once. Faintest Molliana, I will for once walk by thy robe, and if thou dost contrive to entice me from this vile house, I will so celebrate thy wit and beauty, that the Duke's nymph of Rousham d'Urbino shall seem but a gipsy in comparison of my Molliana."

"I pray you, then, be silent," said the Miller's daughter; "for if your speech betrays that you are awake, my scheme fails utterly, and it is Heaven's mercy and Our Lady's that we are not already overheard and discovered."

"I am silent," replied the Southern, "even as the stones sleep—but you—if this contrivance of mine should endanger thy safety, fair and no less kind than fair damned, it were utterly unworthy of me to accept it at thy hand."

"Do not think of me," said Myra, hastily; "I am safe—I will take thought for myself, if I once see you out of this

dangerous dwelling—if you would provide yourself with any part of your apparel or goods, lose no time."

The Knight did, however, lose some time ere he could settle in his own mind what to take and what to abandon of his wardrobe, each article of which seemed endeared to him by recollection of the scenes and people at which it had been exhibited. For some little while Myrie left him to make his selections at leisure, for she herself had also some preparations to make for flight. But when, returning from the chamber into which she had retired, with a small bundle in her hand, she found him still indecisive, she insisted in plain terms, that he should either make up his baggage for the enterprise, or give it up entirely. Thus urged, the disconsolate knight hastily made up a few clothes into a bundle, regarded his trunk-mate with a woe expression of pining sorrow, and intimated his readiness to wait upon his kind guide.

She led the way to the door of the apartment, having first carefully extinguished her lamp, and motioning to the knight to stand close behind her, tapped once or twice at the door. She was at length answered by Edward Glendinning, who demanded to know who knocked within, and what was desired.

"Speak low," said Myrie Happer, "or you will awaken the English knight. It is I, Myrie Happer, who knock—I wish to get out—you have locked me up—and I was obliged to wait till the Southern slept."

"Locked you up?" replied Edward, in surprise.

"Yes," answered the Miller's daughter, "you have locked me up into this room—I was in Mary Arundel's sleeping apartment."

"And can you not remain there till morning," replied Edward, "since it has so changed?"

"What?" said the Miller's daughter, in a tone of offended delicacy, "I remain here a moment longer when I can get out without discovery!—I would not, for all the Holdings of Saint Mary's, remain a minute longer in the neighbourhood of a man's apartment than I can help it.—For whom, or for what, do you hold me? I promise you my father's daughter has been better brought up than to put in peril her good name."

"Come forth then, and get to thy chamber in silence," said Edward.

So saying, he radii the lock. The staircase without was in

utter darkness, as Myrie had before ascertained. So soon as she stooped out, she took hold of Edward as if to support herself, thus interposing her person between him and Sir Pierre Shafton, by whom she was closely followed. Thus screened from observation, the Englishman slipped past on tiptoe, unheeded and in silence, while the dame complained to Edward that she wanted a light.

"I cannot get you a light," said he, "for I cannot leave this post; but there is a fire below."

"I will sit below till morning," said the Maid of the Mill; and, tripping down stairs, heard Edward bolt and bar the door of the new transverse apartment with vain caution.

At the foot of the stair which she descended, she found the object of her care waiting her further directions. She recommended to him the most absolute silence, which, for once in his life, he seemed not unwilling to observe, conducted him, with as much caution as if he were walking on cracked ice, to a dark recess, used for depositing wood, and instructed him to manœuvre himself behind the fagots. She herself lighted her lamp once more at the kitchen fire, and took her distaff and spindle, that she might not seem to be unemployed, in case any one came into the apartment. From time to time, however, she stole towards the window on tiptoe, to catch the first glances of the dawn, for the further prosecution of her adventurous project. At length she saw, to her great joy, the first peep of the morning brighten upon the grey clouds of the east, and, clasping her hands together, thanked Our Lady for the sight, and implored protection during the remainder of her enterprise. Ere she had finished her prayer, she started at feeling a man's arm across her shoulder, while a rough voice spoke in her ear—"What! married Myrie of the Mill so soon as her pangs!—now, London on the honey-moon that open so early!—I'll have a kiss for good morrow's sake."

Dan of the Hovet-bint, for he was the gallant who paid Myrie this compliment, suited the action with the word, and the action, as is usual in such cases of rustic gallantry, was rewarded with a cuff, which Dan received as a fine gentleman receives a tap with a fan, but which, delivered by the energetic arm of the Miller's maiden, would have certainly astonished a less robust gallant.

"How now, Sir Coxcomb!" said she, "and must you be away

from your guard over the English knight, to plague quiet folks with your horse-tricks!"

"Truly you are mistaken, pretty Myrie," said the clown, "for I have not yet released Edward at his post; and were it not a shame to let him stay any longer, by my faith, I could find it in my heart not to quit you these two hours."

"Oh, you have hours and hours enough to see any one," said Myrie; "but you must think of the distress of the household even now, and get Edward to sleep for a while, for he has kept watch this whole night."

"I will have another kiss first," answered Dan of the Howel-kirt.

But Myrie was now on her guard, and, conscious of the vicinity of the wood-hole, offered such strenuous resistance, that the clown cursed the nymph's bad humour with very unpoetical phrase and emphasis, and ran up stairs to relieve the guard of his consort. Stealing to the door, she heard the new sentinel hold a brief conversation with Edward, after which the latter withdrew, and the former entered upon the duties of his watch.

Myrie suffered him to walk there a little while undisturbed, until the dawning became more general, by which time she supposed he might have digested her cognose, and then presenting herself before the watchful sentinel, demanded of him "the keys of the water tower, and of the courtyard gate."

"And for what purpose?" answered the watcher.

"To milk the cows, and drive them out to their pasture," said Myrie; "you would not have the poor beasts kept in the byre a' morning, and the family in such distress that there is no one fit to do a turn but the byre-woman and myself?"

"And where is the byre-woman?" said Dan.

"Sitting with me in the kitchen, in case these distressed folks want anything."

"There are the keys, then, Myrie Dorte," said the sentinel.

"Many thanks, Dan No'-o'-wed," answered the Maid of the Mill, and escaped down stairs in a moment.

She hasten to the wood-hole, and there to robe the English knight in a short gown and petticoat, which she had provided for the purpose, was the work of another moment. She then unlocked the gates of the tower, and made towards the byre, or

cow-house, which stood in one corner of the courtyard. Sir Piercie Shafton remonstrated against the delay which this would occasion.

"Fair and generous Melanza," he said, "had we not better undo the outward gate, and make the best of our way hence, even like a pair of sea-crows who make towards shelter of the rocks as the storm waves high?"

"We must drive out the cows first," said Myrie, "for a sin it were to spoil the poor widow's cattle, both for her sake and the poor house's own; and I have no mind any one shall leave the tower in a hurry to follow us. Besides, you must leave your horse, for you will need a fresh one ere all be done."

So saying, she locked and double-locked both the inward and outward door of the tower, proceeded to the cow-house, turned out the cattle, and, giving the knight his own horse to lead, drove them before her out at the courtyard gate, intending to return for her own palfrey. But the noise attending the first operation caught the watchful attention of Edward, who, starting to the baronne, called to know what the matter was.

Myrie answered with great readiness, that "she was driving out the cows, for that they would be spoiled for want of looking to."

"I thank thee, kind maiden," said Edward—"and yet," he added, after a moment's pause, "what chance is that thou hast with that?"

Myrie was about to answer, when Sir Piercie Shafton, who apparently did not desire that the great work of his liberation should be executed without the interposition of his own legitimacy, exclaimed from beneath, "I am she, O most beautiful jewel, under whose charge are placed the milky mothers of the land."

"Hail and darkness!" exclaimed Edward, in a transport of fury and astonishment, "it is Piercie Shafton—What! treason! treason!—he!—he!—Dun—Jasper—Martin—the villain escapes!"

"To horse! to horse!" cried Myrie, and in an instant mounted behind the knight, who was already in the saddle.

Edward caught up a cross-bow, and let fly a bolt, which whistled so near Myrie's ear, that she called to her companion,—"Spar—spar—Sir Knight! the next will not miss us.

—Had it been Halbert instead of Edward who bent that bow, we had been dead."

The knight pressed his horse, which dashed past the river, and down the knoll on which the tower was situated. Then taking the road down the valley, the gallant animal, reckless of its double burden, soon conveyed them out of hearing of the turret and alarm with which their departure filled the Tower of Glendurg.

Thus it strangely happened, that two men were flying in different directions at the same time, each accused of being the other's murderer.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINTH.

—————There he cannot
Be so narrowly as to leave me here ;
If he do, walls will not so easily
Trust men again.

THE TWO NOBLE KISSEES.

THE knight continued to keep the good horse at a pace as quick as the road permitted, until they had cleared the valley of Glendurg, and entered upon the broad dale of the Tread, which now rolled before them in crystal beauty, displaying on its opposite bank the huge grey Monastery of Saint Mary's, whose towers and pinnacles were scarce yet touched by the seventy-clear sun, so deeply the edifice lay shadowed under the mountains which rise to the southward.

Turning to the left, the knight continued his road down to the northern bank of the river, until they arrived nearly opposite to the weir, or dam-dike, where Father Philip concluded his extraordinary aquatic excursion.

Sir Pierre Shafton, whose brain seldom admitted more than one idea at a time, had hitherto pushed forward without very distinctly considering where he was going. But the sight of the Monastery so near to him, convinced him that he was still on dangerous ground, and that he must necessarily provide for his safety by choosing some settled plan of escape. The situation of his guide and deliverer also occurred to him, for he

was far from being either selfish or ingratul. He listened, and discovered that the Miller's daughter was sobbing and weeping bitterly as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"What ails thee," he said, "my generous Molnara!—is there aught that Piero Shafon can do which may show his gratitude to his deliverer?" Myke pointed with her finger across the river, but ventured not to turn her eyes in that direction. "Nay, but speak plain, most generous dame!" said the knight, who, for once, was pained as much as his own elegance of speech was wont to please others, "for I swear to you that I comprehended naught by the extension of thy fair digit."

"Yonder is my father's house," said Myke, in a voice interrupted by the increased heat of her sobs.

"And I was carrying thee discourteously to a distance from thy habitation!" said Shafon, imagining he had found out the source of her grief. "Woe worth the hour that Piero Shafon, in attention to his own safety, neglected the accommodation of any female, far less of his most beneficent Monstrine! Demons, then, O lovely Molnara, unless thou wouldst rather that I should transport thee on horseback to the house of thy mediocrity father, which, if thou reject the word, I am prompt to do, defying all dangers which may arise to me personally, whether by monk or miller."

Myke suppressed her sobs, and with considerable difficulty mastered her desire to alight, and take her fortune by herself. Sir Piero Shafon, too devoted a squire of dames to consider the most lovely as exempted from a respectful attention, independent of the claim which the Miller's maiden possessed over him, dismounted instantly from his horse, and received in his arms the poor girl, who still wept bitterly, and, when placed on the ground, seemed scarce able to support herself, or at least still cling, though, as it appeared, unconsciously, to the support he had afforded. He carried her to a weeping birch-tree, which grew on the grassy bank around which the road winded, and, placing her on the ground beneath it, exhorted her to compose herself. A strong touch of natural feeling struggled with, and half overcame, his acquired affectation, while he said, "Crave me, most generous dame, the service you have done to Piero Shafon he would have deemed too dearly bought, had he known it was to cost you these tears and sighs."

Show me the cause of your grief, and if I can do ought to remove it, believe that the rights you have acquired over me will make your commands sacred as those of an emperor. Speak, then, fair Melnara, and command him whom fortune hath rendered at once your debtor and your champion. What are your orders?"

"Only that you will fly and save yourself," said Myric, muttering up her utmost efforts to utter these few words.

"Fly," said the knight, "let me not leave you without some token of remembrance." Myric would have said there needed none, and most truly would she have spoken, could she have spoken for weeping. "Pierce Shafton is poor," he continued, "but let this chain testify he is not ungrateful to his deliverer."

He took from his neck the rich chain and medallion we have formerly mentioned, and put it into the powerless hand of the poor maiden, who neither received nor rejected it, but, occupied with more intense feelings, seemed scarce aware of what he was doing.

"We shall meet again," said Sir Pierce Shafton, "at least I trust so; meanwhile, weep no more, fair Melnara, as thou lovest me."

The phrase of conjuration was but used as an ordinary commonplace expression of the time, but bore a deeper sense to poor Myric's ear. She dried her tears; and when the knight, in all kind and chivalrous courtesy, stooped to embrace her at their parting, she rose bravely up to receive the proffered honour in a posture of more defiance, and meekly and gratefully accepted the offered salute. Sir Pierce Shafton mounted his horse and began to ride off, but curiosity, or perhaps a stronger feeling, won induced him to look back, when he beheld the Miller's daughter standing still motionless on the spot where they had parted, her eyes turned after him, and the silvered chain hanging from her hand.

It was at this moment that a glimpse of the real state of Myric's affections, and of the motive from which she had acted in the whole matter, glanced on Sir Pierce Shafton's mind. The glances of that age, disinterested, aspiring, and self-satisfied, even in their economy, were stranger to those degrading and mischievous passions which are usually termed low passions. They did not "chase the humble maidens of the plain," or degrade their own rank, to deprive rural innocence

of peace and virtue. It followed, of course, that as unexpectants in this class were no part of their ambition, they were in most cases totally overlooked and unexpectated, left unimproved, as a nation would call it, where, as on the present occasion, they were actually made. The companion of Astrophel, and flower of the tilt-yard of Felicieus, had no more idea that his graces and good parts could attract the love of Myde Happer, than a first-rate beauty in the house dreams of the fatal wound which her charms may inflict on some attorney's romantic apprentice in the pit. I suppose, in any ordinary case, the pride of rank and distinction would have pronounced on the humble admirer the doom which Bees Fiddling denounced against the whole female world, "Let them look and die;" but the obligations under which he lay to the unmarred maiden, sister's daughter as she was, precluded the possibility of Sir Pierick treating the matter as a matter, and, much embarrassed, yet a little flattered at the same time, he rode back to try what could be done for the damsel's relief.

The innate modesty of poor Myde could not prevent her showing too obvious signs of joy at Sir Pierick Shafton's return. She was betrayed by the sparkle of the retreating eye, and a blush, which, however timidly bestowed, she could not help giving to the neck of the horse which brought back the beloved rider.

"What further can I do for you, kind Molnara?" said Sir Pierick Shafton, himself hesitating and blushing; for, to the grace of Queen Dow's age he is spoken, her courtesies were more true on their breasts than bare on their foreheads, and even amid their vanities preserved still the decaying spirit of chivalry, which inspired of yore the very gentle Knight of Chaucer,

Who in his post was modest as a maid.

Myde blushed deeply, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and Sir Pierick proceeded in the same tone of embarrassed kindness. "Are you afraid to return home alone, my kind Molnara?—would you that I should accompany you?"

"Alas!" said Myde, looking up, and her cheek changing from scarlet to pale, "I have no home left."

"How! no home!" said Shafton; "aye my generous Molnara she hath no home, when yonder stands the house of her father, and but a crystal stream between?"

"Alas!" answered the Miller's son-in-law, "I have no longer either home or father. He is a devoted servant to the Abbey—I have offended the Abbot, and if I return home my father will kill me."

"He dare not injure thee, by Heaven!" said Sir Florio; "I swear to thee by my honour and knighthood, that the horses of my realm of Northumberland shall lay the Monastery so flat that a horse shall not stamble as he rides over it, if they should dare to injure a hair of your head! Therefore be hopeful and content, kind Myrinda, and know you have obliged one who can and will avenge the slightest wrong offered to you."

He sprang from his horse as he spoke, and in the animation of his argument, grasped the willing hand of Myrinda (or Myrinda, as he had now christened her). He gazed too upon full black eyes, fixed upon his own with an expression which, however softened by suddenly shame, it was impossible to mistake, on cheeks whose something like hope began to restore the natural colour, and on two lips which, like double rosebuds, were kept a little apart by expectation, and showed within a line of teeth as white as pearl. All this was dangerous to look upon, and Sir Florio Shafton, after repeating with him and him from his request that the fair Myrinda would allow him to carry her to her father's, ended by asking the fair Myrinda to go along with him—"At least," he added, "until I shall be able to conduct you to a place of safety."

Myrinda Happer made no answer; but blushing amidst betwixt joy and shame, modestly expressed her willingness to accompany the Northern Knight, by holding her hands down, and preparing to remove her seat as usual. "And what is your pleasure that I should do with this?" she said, holding up the chain as if she had been for the first time aware that it was in her hand.

"Keep it, fairer Myrinda, for my sake," said the Knight.

"Not so, sir," answered Myrinda, gravely; "the nations of my country take no such gifts from their captives, and I need no tokens to remind me of this morning."

Most earnestly and anxiously did the knight urge her acceptance of the proposed pardon, but on this point Myrinda was resolute; feeling, perhaps, that to accept of anything bearing the appearance of reward, would be to place the service

she had rendered him on a necessary footing. In short, she would only agree to conceal the chain, but it might prove the means of detecting the crime, until Sir Floide should be placed in perfect safety.

They mounted and resumed their journey, of which Myale, so bold and sharp-witted in some points as she was simple and susceptible in others, now took in some degree the direction, having only inquired its general destination, and learned that Sir Floide Shalton desired to go to Edinburgh, where he hoped to find friends and protection. Possessed of this information, Myale availed herself of her local knowledge to get as soon as possible out of the bounds of the Highlands, and into those of a temporal baron, supposed to be addicted to the reformed doctrine, and upon whose faith, at least, she thought their persons would not attempt to hazard any violence. She was not indeed very apprehensive of a parish, reckoning with some confidence that the inhabitants of the Tower of Glasbury would find it a matter of difficulty to surmount the obstacles arising from their own toils and lusts, with which she had carefully armed them before setting forth on the coast.

They journeyed on, therefore, in tolerable security, and Sir Floide Shalton found leisure to amuse the time in high-toned speeches and long anecdotes of the court of Fife, to which Myale lent an ear not a whit less attentive, than she did not understand one word out of three which was uttered by her fellow-traveller. She listened, however, and admired upon trust, as many a wise man has been contented to treat the conversation of a handsome but silly mistress. As for Sir Floide, he was in his element; and, well assured of the interest and full appreciation of his auditor, he went on speaking Euphuism of more than usual obscurity, and at more than usual length. Thus passed the morning, and soon brought them within sight of a winding stream on the side of which arose an ancient baronial castle, surrounded by some large trees. At a small distance from the gate of the mansion, extended, as in those days was usual, a struggling hamlet, having a church in the centre.

"There are two hostleries in this Kirkcubra," said Myale, "but the worst is best for our purpose; for it stands apart from the other houses, and I hear the man wed, for he has dealt with my father for malt."

This was a science, to use a lawyer's phrase, was *ill-known* for Myrie's purpose; for Sir Pierce Shafton had, by dint of his own ignorance, been talking himself all this while into a high esteem for his fellow-traveller, and, pleased with the gracious reception which she afforded to his powers of conversation, had well-nigh forgotten that she was not herself one of those high-born beauties of whom he was recounting so many stories, when this unlucky speech at once placed the most disadvantageous circumstances attending her *travels* under his immediate recollection. He said nothing, however. What indeed could he say! Nothing was so natural as that a miller's daughter should be acquainted with pedlars who dealt with her father for salt, and all that was to be wondered at was the occurrence of events which had rendered such a female the companion and guide of Sir Pierce Shafton of Wilverton, kinsman of the great Earl of Northumberland, whose prizes and coverings themselves termed *couste*, because of the *Pierce* blood.* He felt the disgrace of strolling through the country with a miller's maiden on the crupper behind him, and was even ungrateful enough to feel some emotions of shame, when he halted his horse at the door of the little inn.

But the alert intelligence of Myrie Hagger spared him further cause of derogation, by instantly springing from his horse, and examining the man of whose land, who came out with his mouth agape to receive a guest of the knight's appearance, with an imagined tale, in which circumstance on circumstance were knitted so fast, as to attract Sir Pierce Shafton, whose own invention was none of the most brilliant. She explained to the pedlar that this was a great English knight travelling from the Monastery to the Court of Scotland, after having paid his vows to Saint Mary, and that she had been directed to conduct him so far on the road; and that Hall, her palfrey, had fallen by the way, because he had been over-brought with carrying home the last mallet of steel to the portman of Longhope; and that she had turned in Hall to graze in the Tinker's Park near Orpington, for he had stood as still as Lot's wife with very weariness; and that the knight had courteously insisted she should ride behind him, and that she had brought

* Froissart tells us somewhere (the readers of romances are indifferent to accurate references) that the King of France called one of the *Pierres* *couste*, because of the blood of Northumberland.

him to her hand friend's hospitality rather than to proud Peter Peckle's, who got his milk at the Holmestown mill; and that he must get the best that the house afforded, and that he must get it ready in a moment of time, and that she was ready to help in the kitchen.

All this ran glibly off the tongue without pause on the part of Myra Happer, or doubt on that of the landlord. The guest's horse was conducted to the stable, and he himself installed in the damnest corner and best seat which the place afforded. Myra, ever active and efficient, was at once engaged in preparing food, in spreading the table, and in making all the better arrangements which her experience could suggest, for the pleasure and comfort of her companion. He would fain have resisted this; for while it was impossible not to be gratified with the eager and alert kindness which was so active in his service, he felt an unobtainable pain in seeing Myra's engaged in these menial services, and discharging them, moreover, as one to whom they were but too familiar. Yet this jarring feeling was mixed with, and perhaps balanced by, the extreme grace with which the well-trained maidens executed these tasks, however mean in themselves, and gave to the wretched corner of a miserable inn of the period, the air of a bower, in which an enchanted fairy, or at least a stepdaughter of Ananias, was displaying, with unwearying solicitude, her designs on the heart of some knight, destined by fortune to higher thoughts, and a more splendid name.

The lightness and grace with which Myra covered the little round table with a snow-white cloth, and arranged upon it the heavily-crosted cups, with its accompanying steep of Broom-dumplings, were but phœbean graces in themselves; but yet these were very flattering ideas excited by such graces. She was a very well made, agile at once and graceful, with her hand and arm as white as snow, and her face in which a smile contrasted with a blush, and her eyes which looked over at Shafton when he looked elsewhere, and were dropped at once when they encountered his, that she was irresistible! In fact, the effusive delivery of her whole demeanour, joined to the promptitude and boldness she had so lately attained, tended to convince the servant she had rendered, as if some

— sweet engaging form
Put on those clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

But, on the other hand, came the daring reflection, that those duties were not taught her by Love, to serve the beloved only, but arose from the ordinary and natural habits of a mother's daughter, accustomed, habituated, to render the same service to every well-bred child who frequented her father's mill. This stopped the mouth of vanity, and of the love which vanity had been heaving, as effectively as a peck of flaxen flour would have done.

Amidst this variety of emotions, Sir Francis Shafton forgot not to ask the object of them to sit down and partake the good cheer which she had been so anxious to provide and to place in order. He expected that this invitation would have been thankfully, perhaps, but certainly most thankfully, accepted; but he was partly flattered, and partly piqued, by the mixture of defiance and resolution with which Myrie declined his invitation. Immediately after, she vanished from the apartment, leaving the Esquimaux to consider whether he was most gratified or displeased by her disappearance.

In fact, this was a point at which he would have found it difficult to make up his mind, had there been any necessity for it. As there was none, he drank a few cups of claret, and sang (to himself) a strophe or two of the *canzonettes* of the divine Anacrepid. But in spite both of wine and of Sir Philip Sidney, the connection in which he now stood, and that which he was in future to hold, with the lovely Mollman, or Myriade, as he had been pleased to designate Myrie Happer, returned to his mind. The fashion of the times (as we have already noticed) fortunately coincided with his own natural generosity of disposition, which indeed amounted almost to extravagance, in prohibiting, as a deadly sin, alike against gallantry, chivalry, and morality, his rewarding the good offices he had received from this poor maiden, by allowing any of the advantages which her confidence in his honour had afforded. To do Sir Francis justice, it was an idea which never entered into his head; and he would probably have dealt the most adroit and delicate, discreet, or puerile refusal, which the school of Vincent Savile had taught him, to any man who had dared to suggest to him with selfish and ungrateful meanness. On the other hand, he was a man, and former various circumstances which might render their journey together in this intimate fashion a useful and a smart. Moreover he was a coxcomb and a courtier, and

felt there was something villainous in travelling the land with a miller's daughter behind his saddle, giving rise to suspicions not very available to either, and to ludicrous constructions, as far as he himself was concerned.

"I would," he said half aloud, "that if each might be done without harm or discredit to the town-dishonour, yet too-well-distinguishing Holiness, she and I were fairly severed, and bound on our different courses; even as we see the goodly vessel bound for the distant seas hoist sails and bear away into the deep, while the humble fly-boat curls to shore those florets, who, with wounded hearts and weary eyes, have committed to their higher destinies the more daring adventures by whom the fish fillets is earned."

He had scarce uttered the wish when it was gratified; for the boat arrived to say that his worshipful highness's horse was ready to be brought forth as he had desired; and on his inquiry for "the—the damsel—that is—the young woman"—

"Myde Happer," said the landlord, "has returned to her father's; but she bids me say, you could not miss the road for Edinburgh, in respect it was neither far nor our best gate."

It is seldom we are exactly blessed with the precise fulfilment of our wishes at the moment when we utter them; perhaps, because Heaven wisely withhold what, if granted, would be often received with ingratitude. So at least it chanced in the present instance; for when miss boat said that Myde was returned homeward, the knight was tempted to reply, with an expression of surprise and vexation, and a hasty demand, whether and when she had departed? The first question his politeness suppressed, the second found utterance.

"Where is she gone?" said the host, going on him, and repeating his question—"She is gone home to her father's, it is like—and she good just when she gave orders about your worship's horse, and now it well did (she might have treated me, but millers and millers! kin think a body as thin-like as themselves), as' she's there miles on the gate by this time."

"Is she gone then?" muttered Sir Francis, making two or three hasty strides through the narrow apartment—"Is she gone?—Well, then, let her go. She could have had but due grace by sliding by me, and I little credit by her society. That I should have thought there was such difficulty in shaking her off! I warrant she is by this time laughing with some

down she has encountered; and my rich chain will prove a good dowry.—And ought it not to prove so? and has she not deserved it, were it ten times more valuable?—*Pierce Shaffon!* *Pierce Shaffon!* dost thou grudge thy deliverer the garden she hath so dearly won? The wilds air of this northern land hath infected thee, *Pierce Shaffon!* and blighted the blossoms of thy generosity, even as it is said to shrivel the flowers of the wutherry.—Yet I thought," he added, after a moment's pause, "that she would not so easily and voluntarily have parted from me. But it stinks not thinking of it.—Cost my reckoning, mine host, and let your guests lead forth my nag."

The good host agreed also to have some moral point to discuss, for he answered not instantly, debating perhaps whether his conscience would bear a double charge for the same guests. Apparently his conscience replied in the negative, though not without hesitation, for he at length replied:—"It's doffing to be; it wins dowry that the loving is done paid. Nevertheless, if your worshipful knighthood please to give ought for increase of trouble"—

"How!" said the knight; "the reckoning paid! and by whom, I pray you?"

"Een by Myne Happer, if truth name be spoken, as I said before," answered the honest landlord, with as many compassionate visitings for telling the verity as another might have felt for making a lie in the circumstance.—"And out of the moneys supplied for your honour's journey by the Abbot, as she baid to me. And baid were I to discharge my gentleman that dulleth my dowry." He added in the confidence of honesty which his frank avowal entitled him to entertain, "Nevertheless, as I said before, if it please your knighthood of een good-will to consider extraordinary trouble"—

The knight cut short his argument, by throwing the landlord a run-cobbe, which probably decided the value of a Scotch reckoning, though it would have defrayed but a half one at the Three Granes or the Vinty. The twenty or more delighted mine host, that he was to fill the stirrup-cup (for which no charge was ever made) from a better pot charter than that which he had placed for the former stop. The knight passed slowly to horse, partook of his courtesy, and thanked him with the stiff commendation of the court of Elizabeth; then mounted and followed the northern path, which was pointed out as the

nearest to Edinburgh, and which, though very unlike a modern highway, bore yet so distinct a resemblance to a public and frequented road as not to be easily mistaken.

"I shall not need her guidance to secure," said he to himself, as he rode slowly onward; "and I suppose that was one reason of her abrupt departure, so different from what one might have expected.—Well, I am well rid of her. Do we not pay to be liberated from temptation? Yet that she should have erred so much in estimation of her own situation and mine, as to think of betraying the seducing! I would I saw her once more, but to explain to her the seduction of which her inexperience hath rendered her giddy. And I fear," he added, as he emerged from some struggling trees, and looked out upon a wild moorish country, composed of a succession of swelling haggish hills, "I fear I shall never want the aid of this seducing, who might afford me a clew through the recesses of ponder mountainous labyrinth."

As the Knight thus conversed with himself, his attention was caught by the sound of a horse's footsteps; and a lad, mounted on a little grey Scottish nag, about fourteen hands high, coming along a path which led from behind the trees, joined him on the high-road, if it could be termed such.

The dress of the lad was completely in village fashion, yet neat and handsome in appearance. He had a jerkin of grey cloth checked and trimmed, with black hose of the same, with deer-skin ruffians, or moccasins, and handsome silver spurs. A cloak of a dark malvery colour was closely drawn round the upper part of his person, and the cape in part veiled his face, which was also obscured by the bonnet of black velvet cloth, and its little plume of feathers.

Sir Francis Skelton, fond of society, desirous also to have a guide, and, moreover, prepossessed in favour of so handsome a youth, failed not to ask him whence he came, and whether he was going? The youth looked another way, as he answered that he was going to Edinburgh, "to seek service in some gentleman's family."

"I fear we have run away from your last master," said Sir Francis, "since you dare not look me in the face while you answer my question."

"Indeed, sir, I have not," answered the lad, bashfully, while, as if with reluctance, he turned round his face, and instantly

withdrawn it. It was a glance, but the discovery was complete. There was no mistaking the dark full eye, the cheek in which much embarrassment could not altogether disguise an expression of comic humor, and the whole figure at once betrayed, under her metamorphosis, the Maid of the Mill. The recognition was joyful, and Sir Pierre Shafton was too much pleased to have regained his companion to remember the very good reasons which had caused him for losing her.

To his questions respecting her dress, she answered, that she had obtained it in the Kiltown from a friend; it was the holiday suit of a son of hers, who had taken the field with his kins lord, the baron of the land. She had borrowed the suit under pretence she meant to play in some remaining or rural amusements. She had left, she said, her own apparel in exchange, which was better worth ten crowns than this was worth five.

"And the rag, my ingenious Meliora," said Sir Pierre, "whence came the rag?"

"I borrowed him from our host at the Glaffe Knot," she replied; and added, half stifling a laugh, "he has sent to get, instead of it, our Bell, which I left in the Tasker's Park at Cripplegate. He will be lucky if he find it there."

"But then the poor man will lose his horse, most argute Mydele," said Sir Pierre Shafton, whose English notions of property were a little startled at a mode of acquisition more congenial to the ideas of a miller's daughter (and he a further miller in fact) than with those of an English person of quality.

"And if he does lose his horse," said Mydele, laughing, "surely he is not the first man on the marches who has had such a mischance. But he will be no loser, for I warrant he will stop the value out of moneys which he has owed my father this many a day."

"But then your father will be the loser," objected yet again the perturbation uprightness of Sir Pierre Shafton.

"What signifies it now to talk of my father?" said the damsel, pettishly; then instantly changing to a tone of deep feeling, she added, "My father has this day lost that which will make him hold light the loss of all the gear he has left."

Struck with the accents of paternal sorrow in which his companion uttered these few words, the English knight felt himself bound both in honor and conscience to expostulate

with her as strongly as he could, on the risk of the step which she had now taken, and on the propriety of her returning to her father's house. The matter of his discourse, though adorned with many unnecessary flourishes, was honourable both to his head and heart.

The Maid of the Mill returned to his firing period with her head sunk on her bosom as she rode, like one in deep thought or deeper sorrow. When he had finished, she raised up her countenance, looked full on the knight, and replied with great firmness—"If you are weary of my company, Sir Pierre Shafton, you have but to say so, and the Miller's daughter will be no farther trouble to you. And do not think I will be a burden to you, if we travel together to Edinburgh; I have wit enough and pride enough to be a willing burden to no man. But if you reject not my company at present, and fear not it will be burdensome to you hereafter, speak no more to me of returning back. All that you can say to me I have said to myself; and that I am now here, is a sign that I have said it to no purpose. Let this subject, therefore, be for ever sealed between us. I have already, in some small fashion, been useful to you, and the time may come I may be more so; for this is not your land of England, where man may justice is done with little fear or favour to great and to small; but it is a land where man do by the strong hand, and defend by the ready wit, and I know better than you the perils you are exposed to."

Sir Pierre Shafton was somewhat mortified to find that the damsel conceived her presence useful to him as a protectress as well as guide, and said something of seeking protection from knight save his own arm and his good sword. Myrie answered very quietly that she nothing doubted his bravery; but it was that very quality of bravery which was most likely to involve him in danger. Sir Pierre Shafton, whose head never kept very long in any continued train of thinking, acquiesced without much reply, resolving in his own mind that the maiden only used this apology to disguise her real motive, of affection to his person. The remembrance of the situation flattered his vanity and diverted his imagination, as placing him, in the situation of one of those remarkable heroes of whom he had read the histories, where similar transformations made a distinguished figure.

He took many a sidelong glance at his page, whose habits of country sport and country exercise had rendered her quite

adequate to sustain the character she had assumed. She managed the little tug with dexterity, and even with grace; nor did anything appear that could have betrayed her disguise, except when a bashful consciousness of her companion's eye being fixed on her, gave her an appearance of temporary embarrassment, which greatly added to her beauty.

The couple rode forward as in the morning, pleased with themselves and with each other, until they arrived at the village where they were to repose for the night, and where all the inhabitants of the little town, both male and female, joined in extolling the good grace and handsome countenance of the English knight, and the uncommon beauty of his youthful attendant.

It was here that Myrie Happer first made Sir Pierre Shafton sensible of the reserved manner in which she proposed to live with him. She announced him as her master, and, waiting upon him with the reverent demure of an actual domestic, permitted not the least approach to familiarity, not even such as the knight might with the utmost innocence have ventured upon. For example, Sir Pierre, who, as we know, was a great connoisseur in dress, was detailing to her the advantageous change which he proposed to make in her attire as soon as they should reach Edinburgh, by arraying her in his own colours of pink and carnation. Myrie Happer listened with great complacency to the mention with which he dilated upon weds, hose, shoes, and trimmings, until, carried away by the enthusiasm with which he was asserting the superiority of the falling band over the Spanish ruff, he approached his hand, in the way of illustration, towards the collar of his page's doublet. She instantly stepped back, and gravely reminded him that she was alone and under his protection.

"You cannot but remember the cause which has brought me here," she continued; "make the least approach to any familiarity which you would not offer to a prisoner surrounded by her court, and you have seen the last of the Miller's daughter—She will vanish as the chaff disappears from the shivering-hill when the west wind blows."

"I do protest, fair Madam," said Sir Pierre Shafton—but the fair Madam had disappeared before his protest could be uttered. "A most singular woman," said he to himself; "and

* This place where corn was winnowed, while that operation was performed by the hand, was called in Scotland the *shivering-hill*.

by this hand, as discreet as she is fair-featured—Cortes, shame it were to offer her scabbie or dishonour! She makes strokes too, though somewhat unbecoming of her condition. Had she but read Erasmus, and forgotten that accursed mill and shilling-bill, it is my thought that her carvers would be bordered with as many and as choice pearls of compliment, as that of the most rhetorical lady in the court of Ferdinand. I trust she means to return to bear me company."

But that was no part of Myria's prudential scheme. It was then drawing to dusk, and he saw her not again until the next morning, when the horses were brought to the door that they might prosecute their journey.

But our story here necessarily leaves the English knight and his page, to return to the Tower of Glendurg.

CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

You call it an ill angel—it may be so;
But now I am, among the ruins which fell,
"Tis the first time I've come—I'd mean to rise,
And win the title the spirit himself had forfeited.

OUR PLAY.

We must resume our narrative at the period when Mary Arwel was conveyed to the apartment which had been formerly occupied by the two Glendinnings, and when her faithful attendant, Tibbils, had exhausted herself in useless attempts to compose and to comfort her. Father Rastan also took forth with well-meant kindness those apothegms and dogmata of consolation, which friendship almost always offers to grief, though they are uniformly offered in vain. She was at length left to bask in the desolation of her own secret feelings. She felt as those who, loving for the first time, have lost what they loved, before time and repeated adversity have taught them that every loss is to a certain extent irreparable or undeniable.

Such grief may be conceived better than it can be described, as is well known to those who have experienced it. But Mary Arwel had been taught by the peculiarity of her situation, to regard herself as the Child of Destiny; and the melancholy and

reflecting turn of her disposition gave to her sorrows a depth and breadth peculiar to her character. The grave—and it was a bloody grave—had closed, as she believed, over the youth to whom she was secretly, but most warmly attached; the force and ardour of Halbur's character bearing a singular correspondence to the energy of which her own was capable. Her sorrow did not submerge itself in sighs and tears, but when the first shock had passed away, concentrated itself with deep and steady meditation to reflect and calculate, like a bankrupt debtor, the full amount of her loss. It seemed as if all that connected her with earth had vanished with this broken tie. She had never dared to anticipate the probability of an ultimate union with Halbur, yet now his supposal fell nearest that of the only son which was to sustain her from the storm. She requested the more gentle character, and more peaceful attainments, of the younger Glendinning; but it had not escaped her (what never failed escaped women in such circumstances) that he was disposed to place himself in competition with what she, the daughter of a proud and warlike race, deemed the more manly qualities of his older brother; and there is no time when a woman does so little justice to the character of a surviving lover, as when comparing him with the preferred rival of whom she has been recently deprived.

The motherly, but more kindness of Dame Glendinning, and the dutiful fondness of her old domestic, seemed now the only kind feeling of which she formed the object; and she could not but reflect how little these were to be compared with the devoted attachment of a high-spirited youth, whom the least glance of her eye could command, as the high-mettled steed is governed by the whistle of the rider. It was when plunged among these desolating reflections, that Mary Arden felt the cold of mind, arising from the sorrow and bigoted ignorance in which Dame then educated the children of her church. Their whole religion was a ritual, and their prayers were the formal iteration of unknown words, which, in the hour of affliction, could yield but little consolation to those who from habit resorted to them. Unused to the practice of mental devotion, and of personal approach to the Divine presence by prayer, she could not help exclaiming in her distress, "There is no aid for me on earth, and I know not how to ask it from Heaven!"

As she spoke these in an agony of sorrow, she cast her eyes

into the apartment, and saw the mysterious Spirit, which waited upon the entrance of her house, standing in the moonlight in the midst of the room. The same form, as the reader knows, had more than once offered itself to her sight; and either her native boldness of mind, or some peculiarly attracted to her from her birth, made her now look upon it without shrinking. But the White Lady of Arosel was now more distinctly visible, and more closely present, than she had ever before seemed to be, and Mary was appalled by her presence. She would, however, have spoken; but there was a tradition, that though others who had seen the White Lady had asked questions and received answers, yet those of the house of Arosel who had ventured to speak to her, had never long survived the colloquy. The figure, besides, as sitting up in her bed, Mary Arosel gazed on it intently, seemed by its postures to caution her to keep silence, and at the same time to bespeak attention.

The White Lady then seemed to press one of the planks of the floor with her foot, while in her usual low, melancholy, and monotonous chant, she repeated the following verses:—

"Hail, whose name was the living Dead,
Whose eyes shall converse with the Dead Alone,
Hail, whom I demand my foot the bill
The Ward, the Love, the Faith, which thou dost strive
To find, and cannot see!—Ghosts spirits dead
Track for their lot, it was my lot to weep,
Shaving the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot prints it.—Sleep, thou! sleep,
Each, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!—
But do not thou at bridle life's impulse,
Scenes there has full granted to this spot,
For all the woes that wait thou John's life—
Sleep, then, and make it peace!—I may not make it mine!"

The phantom stooped towards the floor as she concluded, as if with the intention of laying her hand on the board on which she stood. But ere she had completed that posture, her form became indistinct, was presently only like the shade of a fleecy cloud, which passed hurried earth and the moon, and was soon altogether invisible.

A strong impression of fear, the first which she had experienced in her life to any agitating extent, seized upon the mind of Mary Arosel, and for a minute she felt a disposition to faint. She repelled it, however, mustered her courage, and

addressed herself to sobs and sighs, as her church recommended. Broken chambers at length stole on her exhausted mind and frame, and she slept until the dawn was about to arise, when she was awakened by the cry of "Treason ! treason ! follow, follow !" which arose in the tower, when it was found that Florio Shafton had made his escape.

Apprehensive of some new misfortune, Mary Armand hastily arranged the dress which she had not had time to put on, and, venturing to quit her chamber, learned from Tibb, who, with her grey hairs dishevelled like those of a boy, was flying from room to room, that the bloody Southern villain had made his escape, and that Halbert Glenshawing, poor fellow, would sleep unrevenged and unquiet in his bloody grave. In the lower apartments the young men were roaring like thunder, and venting in oaths and exclamations against the fugitives the rage which they experienced in finding themselves locked up within the tower, and deterred from their vindictive pursuit by the wily pretensions of Myrie Happer. The authoritative voice of the Sub-Prior commanding silence was next heard ; upon which Mary Armand, whose tone of feeling did not lead her to enter into counsel or society with the rest of the party, again retired to her solitary chamber.

The rest of the family held council in the apse, Edward almost beside himself with rage, and the Sub-Prior in no small degree offended at the effrontery of Myrie Happer in attempting such a scheme, as well as at the unbridled boldness and docility with which it had been executed. But neither surprise nor anger availed aught. The windows, well secured with iron bars for keeping assiduous out, proved now as effectual for detaining the inhabitants within. The battlements were open, indeed ; but without ladder or rope to act as a substitute for wings, there was no possibility of descending from them. They easily succeeded in shutting the inhabitants of the cottage beyond the precincts of the court ; but the men had been called in to strengthen the guard for the night, and only women and children remained, who could contribute nothing in the emergency, except their useless exclamations of surprise, and there were no neighbours for miles around. Dame Elspeth, however, though devoted in heart, was not so unsuspicious of external affairs, but that she could find voice enough to tell the women and children without, to "leave their skiffing, and look

after the news that the cookles got minded, what of the awful distraction of her mind, what of that house shut having looked them up in their air tower as fast as if they had been in the Jewish Teltboth."

Meanwhile, the men, finding other modes of exit impossible, unanimously concluded to force the doors with such tools as the house afforded for the purpose. These were not very proper for the occasion, and the strength of the doors was great. The interior was, formed of oak, occupied them for three mortal hours, and there was little prospect of the iron door being forced in double the time.

While they were engaged in this ungrateful toil, Mary Arnold had with much less labour acquired exact knowledge of what the Spirit had intimated in her mystic rhymes. On examining the spot which the phantom had indicated by her gestures, it was not difficult to discover that a board had been loosened, which might be raised at pleasure. On removing this piece of plank, Mary Arnold was astonished to find the Black Book, well remembered by her as her mother's favourite study, of which she immediately took possession, with as much joy as her present situation rendered her capable of feeling.

Ignorant in a great measure of its contents, Mary Arnold had been taught from her infancy to hold this volume in sacred veneration. It is probable that the deceased Lady of Walter Arnold only postponed initiating her daughter into the mysteries of the Divine Word, until she should be better able to comprehend both the lessons which it taught, and the risk at which, in those times, they were studied. Death interposed, and removed her before the time became favourable to the reformers, and before her daughter was so far advanced in age as to be fit to receive religious instruction of this deep import. But the affectionate mother had made preparations for the earthly work which she had most at heart. These were slips of paper inserted in the volume, in which, by an appeal to, and a comparison of, various passages in holy writ, the errors and human inventions with which the Church of Rome had defaced the simple edifice of Christianity, as erected by its divine architect, were pointed out. These controversial topics were treated with a spirit of calmness and Christian charity, which might have been an example to the theologians of the period: but they were clearly, fully, and plainly argued, and supported by the neces-

very peace and refinement. Other papers there were which had no reference whatever to polemics, but were the simple effusions of a devout mind communing with itself. Among these was one frequently used, as it seemed from the state of the manuscript, on which the mother of Mary had transcribed and placed together those affecting texts to which the heart has recourse in affliction, and which assure us at once of the sympathy and protection afforded to the children of the promise. In Mary Arnold's state of mind, these stimulated her above all the other lessons, which, coming from a hand so dear, had reached her at a time so critical, and in a manner so touching. She read the affecting promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and the consoling exhortation, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." She read them, and her heart acquiesced in the conclusion, Surely this is the Word of God!

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has assuaged amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural solace and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which cometh not to us, is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and there are the softened showers which cause the seed of Heaven to spring and take root in the human breast. At least it was thus with Mary Arnold. She was invisible to the discordant noise which rang below, the clang of arms and the jarring symphony of the brass which they used to drown them, the measured shouts of the laboring inmates as they combined their strength for each heave, and gave time with their voices to the exertion of their arms, and their deeply muttered vows of revenge on the fugitives who had bequeathed them at their departure a task so tedious and difficult. Not all this din, combined in hideous concert, and expressive of rage but peace, love, and forgiveness, could divert Mary Arnold from the new course of study on which she had so singularly entered. "The serenity of Heaven," she said, "is above me; the sounds which are around are but those of earth and earthly passions."

Meanwhile the month was passed, and little impression was made on the iron gate, when they who laboured at it received a sudden reinforcement by the unexpected arrival of Christie of the Cliffhill. He came at the head of a small party, consisting

of four horsemen, who bore in their caps the sprig of holly, which was the badge of Arved.

"What, he!—my masters," he said, "I bring you a prisoner."

"You had better have brought us liberty," said Dan of the Howlet-helm.

Christie looked at the state of affairs with great surprise. "As I were to be hanged for it," he said, "as I may be as little a master, I could not forbear laughing at seeing men peeping through their own bars like so many rats in a rat-trap, and he with the beard belied, like the oldest rat in the cellar."

"Hush, thou unmeasured knave," said Edward, "it is the Sub-Prior; and this is neither time, place, nor company for your ruffian jests."

"What, he! is my young master maddest?" said Christie; "why, man, were he my own carnal father, instead of being father to half the world, I would have my laugh out. And now it is over, I must assist you, I reckon, for you are setting very grossly about this game—put the pinch screw the staple, man, and hand me an iron crow through the grate, for that's the best to fly away with a wicket on its shoulders. I have broke into as many grates as you have teeth in your young head—ay, and broke out of them too, as the captains of the Castle of Louisa have known full well."

Christie did not boast more skill than he really possessed; for, applying their combined strength, under the direction of that experienced engineer, bolt and staple gave way before them, and in less than half-an-hour, the grate which had so long repelled their force stood open before them.

"And now," said Edward, "to home, my master, and pursue the villain Stafton!"

"Halt there," said Christie of the Clithell; "pursue your guest, my master's friend and my own!—there go two words to that bargain. What the devil head would you pursue him for?"

"Let me pass," said Edward vehemently, "I will be wiled by no man—the villain has murdered my brother!"

"What says he?" said Christie, turning to the others; "murdered! who is murdered, and by whom?"

"The Englishman, Sir Pierre Stafton," said Dan of the

Howlet-hint, "has murdered young Halbert Glendinning yesterday morning, and we have all risen to the fray."

"It is a badlan business, I think," said Christie. "First I had you all locked up in your own tower, and next I am come to prevent you revenging a murder that was never committed."

"I tell you," said Edward, "that my brother was slain and buried yesterday morning by this false Englishman."

"And I tell you," answered Christie, "that I saw him alive and well last night. I would I knew his trick of getting out of the gaule; most men find it more hard to break through a green sod than a grated door."

Every body now paused, and looked on Christie in astonishment, until the Sub-Prior, who had hitherto avoided conversation with him, came up and required earnestly to know, whether he meant really to maintain that Halbert Glendinning lived.

"Father," he said, with more respect than he usually showed to any one save his master, "I confess I may sometimes jest with those of your coat, but not with you; because, as you may partly recollect, I owe you a life. It is certain as the sun is in heaven, that Halbert Glendinning supped at the house of my master the Baron of Arundel last night, and that he came thither in company with an old man, of whom more anon."

"And where is he now?"

"The devil only can answer that question," replied Christie, "for the devil has possessed the whole family I think. He took flight, the foolish lad, at something or other which our Baron did in his merry humour, and so he jumped into the lake and swam ashore like a wild duck. Robin of Bolnocks spoiled a good gelling in chasing him this morning."

"And why did he chase the youth?" said the Sub-Prior; "what harm had he done?"

"None that I know of," said Christie; "but such was the Baron's order, being in his mood, and all the world having gone mad, as I have said before."

"Whither away we that, Edward?" said the monk.

"To Carri-an-shin, Father," answered the youth.—"Martin and Dan, take pick-axe and mattock, and follow me if you be men."

"Right," said the monk, "and fail not to give us instant notice what you find."

"If you had caught there like Halbert Glendinning," said Christie, hallooing after Edward, "I will be bound to cut him round!—Tis a sight to see how that fellow takes the bent!—It is in the time of action men see what lack are made of. Halbert was eye skipping up and down like a roe, and his brother used to sit in the chimney-nook with his book and pipe-like trash.—But the lad was like a loaded backben, which will stand in the corner as quiet as an old coach until ye draw the trigger, and then there is nothing but flash and smoke.—But here comes my prisoner; and, setting other matters aside, I must pay a word with you, Sir Sub-Prior, respecting him. I came on before to treat about him, but I was interrupted with this business."

As he spoke, two more of Arnauld's troopers rode into the courtyard, leading between them a horse, on which, with his hands bound to his side, sat the reformed preacher, Henry Warden.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

*As silent I have been a sharp-witted youth,
Gloom, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
Turning the leaves of sport and food to misery,
Starving his body to intoxicate his mind.*

ONE PART.

THE Sub-Prior, at the Borkover's request, had not failed to return to the tower, into which he was followed by Christie of the Clithill, who, shutting the door of the apartment, drew near, and began his discourse with great confidence and familiarity.

"My master," he said, "wends me with his commendations to you, Sir Sub-Prior, above all the community of Saint Mary's, and more specially than even to the Abbot himself; for though he be termed my lord, and so forth, all the world knows that you are the tongue of the tramp."

"If you have aught to say to me concerning the community," said the Sub-Prior, "it were well you proceeded in it without further delay. Time presses, and the fate of young Glendinning dwells on my mind."

"I will be patient for him, body for body," said Christie. "I do protest to you, as sure as I am a living man, as surely is he one."

"Should I not tell his unhappy mother the joyful tidings?" said Father Bontas,— "and yet better wait till they return from searching the grave. Well, Sir Jackson, your message to me from your master?"

"My lord and master," said Christie, "hath good reason to believe that, from the information of certain back friends, whom he will reveal at more leisure, your reverend community hath been led to deem him ill attached to Holy Church, allied with heretics, and those who favour heresy, and a dangerous after the spirit of your Abbey."

"Be brief, good houseman," said the Sub-Prior, "for the devil is ever ready to be fooled when he preacheth."

"Briefly then—my master desires your friendship; and to excuse himself from the maligner's calumnies, he sends to your Abbott that Henry Warden, whose sermons have turned the world upside down, to be dealt with as Holy Church directs, and as the Abbott's pleasure may determine."

The Sub-Prior's eyes sparkled at the intelligence; for it had been accounted a matter of great importance that this man should be arrested, possessed, as he was known to be, of so much real and popularity, that scarcely the preaching of Knox himself had been more awakening to the people, and more formidable to the Church of Rome.

In fact, that ancient system, which so well accommodated its doctrines to the wants and wishes of a barbarous age, had, since the art of printing, and the gradual diffusion of knowledge, lost footing like some huge levitation, into which ten thousand reforming labours were darting their harpoons. The Roman Church of Scotland, in particular, was at her last gasp, actually bleeding blood and water, yet still with unremitted, though animal exertions, maintaining the conflict with the anabaptists, who on every side were plunging their weapons into her holy body. In many large towns, the monasteries had been suppressed by the fury of the populace; in other places, their possessions had been usurped by the power of the colonised nation; but still the hierarchy made a part of the common law of the realm, and might claim both its property and its privileges wherever it had the means of asserting them. The

community of Saint Mary's of Kennaquhair was considered as being particularly in this situation. They had retained undiminished their territorial power and influence; and the great barons in the neighbourhood, partly from their attachment to the party in the state who still upheld the old system of religion, partly because each grudged the share of the prey which the others must necessarily share, had as yet abstained from despoiling the Hibernians. The community was also understood to be protected by the powerful Bishops of Northumberland and Worcesterland, whose zealous attachment to the Catholic faith caused at a later period the great rebellion of the north of Elizabeth.

Thus happily placed, it was supposed by the friends of the decaying cause of the Roman Catholic faith, that some determined example of courage and resolution, exercised where the franchises of the church were yet entire, and her jurisdiction unimpeded, might give the progress of the new opinions late activity; and, protected by the laws which still existed, and by the favour of the sovereign, might be the means of securing the territory which Rome yet preserved in Scotland, and perhaps of recovering that which she had lost.

The matter had been considered more than once by the northern Catholics of Scotland, and they had held communication with those of the south. Father Easton, devoted by his public and private vows, had caught the flame, and had eagerly advised that they should execute the doom of heresy on the first reformed preacher, or, according to his sense, on the first heretic of eminence, who should venture within the precincts of the Hibernians. A heart, naturally kind and noble, was, in this instance, as it has been in many more, deceived by its own generosity. Father Easton would have been a bad administrator of the inquisitorial power of Spain, where that power was unimpeded, and where judgment was exercised without danger to those who inflicted it. In such a situation his rigor might have selected in favour of the attacked, where it was at his pleasure to crush or to place at freedom. But in Scotland, during this crisis, the case was entirely different. The question was, whether one of the spirituality dared, at the hazard of his own life, to step forward to assert and maintain the rights of the church. Was there any who would venture to wield the thunder in her name, or meet it round like that in the hand

of a painted *Figlio*, the object of derision instead of terror? The aide was calculated to shake the soul of Montrose; for it comprised the question, whether he dared, at all hazards to himself, to execute with stoical severity a sentence which, according to the general opinion, was to be advantageous to the church, and, according to ancient law, and to his firm belief, was not only justifiable but meritorious.

While such resolutions were agitated amongst the Catholics, chance placed a visitor within their grasp. Henry Warden had, with the solicitude proper to the enthusiastic reformers of the age, transgressed, in the vehemence of his zeal, the bounds of the discretionary liberty allowed to his sect as far, that it was thought the Queen's personal dignity was concerned in bringing him to justice. He fled from Edinburgh, with recommendations, however, from Lord James Stewart, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Murray, to some of the Border chieftains of inferior rank, who were privately conjured to procure him safe passage into England. One of the principal persons to whom such recommendation was addressed, was Julian Arvend; for so he was, and for a considerable time afterwards, the correspondence and interest of Lord James lay rather with the subordinate leaders than with the chiefs of great power, and men of distinguished influence upon the Border. Julian Arvend had mingled without scruple with both parties—yet, had as he was, he certainly would not have practised night against the guest whom Lord James had recommended to his hospitality, had it not been for what he termed the preacher's officious intermeddling in his family affairs. But when he had determined to make Warden rue the lesson he had read him, and the scene of public scandal which he had caused in his hall, Julian resolved, with the constitutional shrewdness of his disposition, to combine his vengeance with his interest. And therefore, instead of doing violence on the person of Henry Warden within his own castle, he determined to deliver him up to the Community of Saint Mary's, and at once make them the instruments of his own revenge, and found a claim of personal recompense, either in money, or in a grant of Abbey lands at a low estimate, which had begun now to be the established form in which the temporal nobles plundered the spirituality.

The Abbot-Prætor, therefore, of Saint Mary's, unexpectedly saw

the steadfast, active, and inflexible energy of the church delivered into his hand, and felt himself called upon to make good his promises to the friends of the Catholic faith, by quelling heresy in the blood of one of its most ardent professors.

To the honour more of Father Estace's heart than of his consistency, the communication that Henry Warden was placed within his power, struck him with more sorrow than triumph; but his next feelings were those of exultation. "It is sad," he said to himself, "to cause human suffering, it is cruel to cause human blood to be spilled; but the judge to whom the sword of Saint Paul, as well as the keys of Saint Peter, are confided, must not shrink from his task. Our weapon returns into our own bosom, if not wielded with a steady and unflinching hand against the irreconcilable enemies of the Holy Church. *Perseus*! It is the doom he has incurred, and were all the hostions in Scotland armed and at his back, they should not prevent his being pronounced, and, if possible, enforced.—Bring the heretic before me," he said, waving his commands about, and in a tone of authority.

Henry Warden was led in, his hands still bound, but his feet at liberty.

"Clear the apartment," said the Sub-Prior, "of all but the necessary guard on the prisoner."

All retired except Christie of the Clithill, who, having dismissed the inferior troopers whom he commanded, unsheathed his sword, and placed himself beside the door, as if taking upon him the character of sentinel.

The judge and the accused met face to face, and in that of both was reflected the noble confidence of rectitude. The monk was about, at the utmost risk to himself and his community, to exercise what in his ignorance he conceived to be his duty. The preacher, actuated by a better-informed, yet not a more ardent zeal, was prompt to submit to execution for God's sake, and to seal, were it necessary, his mission with his blood. Placed at such a distance of time as better enables us to appreciate the tendency of the principles on which they respectively acted, we cannot doubt to which the palm ought to be awarded. But the soul of Father Estace was as free from passion and personal views as if it had been started in a better case.

They approached each other, armed each and prepared for

intellectual conflict, and each intently regarding his opponent, as if either hoped to spy out some defect, some chasm in the armor of his antagonist.—As they gazed on each other, old recollections began to awake in either bosom, at the sight of features long unseen and much altered, but not forgotten. The brow of the Sub-Prior disclaimed by degrees its frown of command, the look of calm yet stern defiance gradually vanished from that of Warden, and both lost for an instant that of gloomy solemnity. They had been ardent and intimate friends in youth at a foreign university, but had been long separated from each other; and the change of name, which the preacher had adopted from motives of safety, and the monk from the common custom of the convent, had prevented the possibility of their hitherto recognizing each other in the opposite parts which they had been playing in the great polemical and political drama. But now the Sub-Prior exclaimed, "Henry Walwood!" and the preacher replied, "William Allen!"—and, stirred by the old familiar names, and never-to-be-forgotten recollections of college studies and college intimacy, their hands were for a moment locked in each other.

"Remove his bonds," said the Sub-Prior, and assisted Christie in performing that office with his own hands, although the prisoner scarcely would consent to be unbound, repeating with emphasis, that he rejoiced in the cause for which he suffered chains. When his hands were at liberty, however, he showed his sense of the kindness by again exchanging a grasp and a look of affection with the Sub-Prior.

The salute was frank and generous on either side, yet it was but the friendly recognition and greeting which are wont to take place between adverse champions, who do nothing in hate but all in honor. As each felt the pressure of the situation in which they stood, he quitted the grasp of the other's hand, and fell back, addressing each other with looks more calm and sorrowful than expressive of any other passion. The Sub-Prior was the first to speak.

"And is this, then, the end of that restless activity of mind, that bold and indelible love of truth that urged investigations to its utmost limits, and seemed to take heaven itself by storm—is this the termination of Walwood's career?—And having known and loved him during the best years of our youth, do we meet in our old age as judge and criminal?"

"Not as judge and criminal," said Henry Warden,—for to avoid confusion we describe him by his later and best known name—"Not as judge and criminal do we meet, but as a misguided oppressor and his costly and devoted victim. I, too, may ask, are these the harvest of the rich hopes excited by the classical learning, acute logical powers, and varied knowledge of William Allen, that he should sink to be the solitary drone of a cell, graced only above the swarm with the high commission of executing Roman malice on all who oppose Roman imposture?"

"Not to that," answered the Sub-Prior, "be assured—not unto that, nor unto mortal man, will I render an account of the power with which the Church may have invested me. It was granted but as a deposit for her welfare—for her welfare it shall at every risk be sacrificed, without fear and without flinching."

"I expected no less from your magnified mail," answered the preacher; "and in me have you met one on whom you may fearlessly exercise your authority, aware that his mind at least will defy your influence, as the snows of that Mount Blanc which we saw together, shrink not under the heat of the hottest summer sun."

"I do believe that," said the Sub-Prior, "I do believe that there is indeed mental unassailability by force. Let it yield then to persuasion. Let us debate these matters of faith, as we once were wont to conduct our scholastic disputes, when hours, nay, days, glided past in the mutual exercise of our intellectual powers. It may be then suggest yet hear the voice of the shepherd, and return to the universal fold."

"No, Allen," replied the preacher, "this is no vain question, devised by dreaming scholasts, on which they may wrat their intellectual faculties until the very metal be wasted away. The errors which I combat are like those floods which are only cast out by fasting and prayer. Alas! not many wise, not many learned, are shown; the cottage and the hamlet shall in our days bear witness against the schools and their disciples. Thy very wisdom, which is foolishness, hath made thee, as the Greeks of old, hold as foolishness that which is the only true wisdom."

"This," said the Sub-Prior, sternly, "is the mere cant of ignorant enthusiasts, which appeareth from learning and from authority, from the sure guidance of that lamp which God hath afforded us in the Councils and in the Fathers of the Church, to a rash, self-willed, and arbitrary interpretation of the Scriptures,

'voted according to the private opinion of each speculating heretic.'

"I decline to reply to the charge," replied Warden. "The question at issue between your Church and mine, is, whether we will be judged by the Holy Scriptures, or by the devices and decisions of men not less subject to error than ourselves, and who have defiled our holy religion with vain devices, reared up idols of stone and wood, in form of those, who, when they lived, were but sinful creatures, to share the worship due only to the Creator—established a toll-house betwixt heaven and hell, that profitable purgatory of which the Pope keeps the keys, like an iniquitous judge converts punishment for crimes, and"—

"Blasphemer, blasphemer," said the Sub-Prior, sternly, "or I will have thy blatant blasphemy stopped with a gag!"

"Ay," replied Warden, "such is the freedom of the Christian conference to which Rome's priests so kindly invite us!—the gag—the mask—the eye—is the vain vision Rome. But know thou, mine ancient friend, that the character of thy former companion is not so changed by age, but that he still dares to endure for the cause of truth all that thy proud hierarchy shall dare to inflict."

"Of that," said the monk, "I nothing doubt.—Thou wert ever a lion to turn against the spear of the hunter, not a ring to be dismayed at the sound of his bugle."—He walked through the room in silence. "Well-wed," he said at length, "we can no longer be friends. Our faith, our hope, our anchor on fatality, is no longer the same."

"Deep is my sorrow that thou speakest truth. May God so judge us," said the Reformer, "as I would buy the conversion of a soul like thine with my dearest heart's blood."

"To thee, and with better reason, do I return the wish," replied the Sub-Prior; "it is such an aim as thine that should defend the votaries of the Church, and it is now directing the battering-ram against them, and rendering practicable the breach through which all that is greedy, and all that is base, and all that is unstable and hot-headed in this increasing age, already haps to advance to destruction and to spoil. But since such is our fate, that we can no longer fight side by side as friends, let us at least act as generous enemies. You cannot have forgotten,

'O give thanks for another's evil!'

Know would, ere' it be done!'

Although, perhaps," he added, stopping short in his quotation, "your new faith forbids you to reserve a place in your memory, even for what high poets have recorded of loyal faith and generous sentiment."

"The faith of Buchanan," replied the preacher, "the faith of Buchanan and of Ross, cannot be unfriendly to literature. But the poet you have quoted affords evidence alone for a disolute court than for a convent."

"I might object on your 'Thames Iron,' said the Sub-Prior, smiling; "but I hate the judgment that, like the flesh fly, alights over whatever is sound, to detect and settle upon some spot which is tainted. But to the purpose. If I conduct thee or send thee a prisoner to Saint Mary's, thou art tonight a tenant of the dungeon, tomorrow a burden to the gibbet-tree. If I were to let thee go hence at large, I were thereby wronging the Holy Church, and breaking mine own solemn vow. Other regulations may be adopted in the capital, or better than may speedily come. With thee remains a true prisoner upon thy parole, remote or no tower, as is the phrase amongst the warriors of this country! With thee solemnly promise that thou wilt do so, and that at my summons thou wilt present thyself before the Abbot and Chapter at Saint Mary's, and that thou wilt not stir from this house above a quarter of a mile in any direction! With thee, I say, engage me thy word for this! and such is the sure trust which I repose in thy good faith, that thou shalt remain here unharmed and unscathed, a prisoner at large, subject only to appear before our court when called upon."

The preacher paused—"I am unwilling," he said, "to foster my native liberty by my self-adopted engagement. But I am already in your power, and you may bind me to my answer. By such promise, to abide within a certain limit, and to appear when called upon, I renounce not any liberty which I at present possess, and am free to exercise; but, on the contrary, being in bonds, and at your mercy, I acquire thereby a liberty which I at present possess not. I will therefore accept of thy proffer, as what is courteously offered on thy part, and may be honourably accepted on mine."

"Stay yet," said the Sub-Prior, "one important part of thy engagement is forgotten—thou art further to promise, that while thou art at liberty, thou wilt not preach or teach, directly or indirectly, any of those pestilential heresies by which so many

soul have been in this our day won over from the kingdom of light to the kingdom of darkness."

"There we break off our treaty," said Warden, firmly—"Was unto me if I preach not the Gospel?"

The Sub-Prior's countenance became clouded, and he again passed the apartment, and muttered, "A plague upon the self-willed fool!" then stopped short in his walk, and proceeded in his argument—"Why, by thine own reasoning, Henry, thy refusal here is but foolish obstinacy. It is in my power to place you where your preaching can reach no human ear; in preaching therefore to abstain from it, you grant nothing which you have it in your power to refuse."

"I know not that," replied Henry Warden; "thou mayest indeed cast me into a dungeon, but can I forestall that my Master hath not task-work for me to perform even in that dreary mansion? The chains of Solitude here, are now, born the name of breaking the bonds of Satan. In a prison, holy Paul found the fellow whom he brought to believe the word of salvation, he and all his house."

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, in a tone betwixt anger and scorn, "if you match yourself with the Blessed Apostle, it were time we had done—prepare to endure what thy folly, as well as thy luxury, deserves.—Bind him, soldiers."

With proud submission to his fate, and regarding the Sub-Prior with something which almost amounted to a smile of superiority, the preacher placed his arms so that the bonds could be again fastened round him.

"Spare me not," he said to Christo; for even that reflex hesitated to draw the cord strictly.

The Sub-Prior, meanwhile, looked at him from under his cowl, which he had drawn over his head, and partly over his face, as if he wished to shade his eye emotions. They were those of a huntsman within point-blank shot of a noble stag, who is yet too much struck with his majesty of front and of action to take aim at him. They were those of a fowler, who, loading his gun at a magnificent eagle, is yet reluctant to use his advantage when he sees the noble sovereign of the high prancing himself in proud defiance of whosoever may be attempted against him. The heart of the Sub-Prior (lighted as he was) relented, and he doubted if he ought to purchase, by a rigorous discharge of what he deemed his duty, the remorse he might

afterwards feel for the death of one so nobly independent in thought and character, the friend, besides, of his own happiest years, during which they had, side by side, striven in the noble race of knowledge, and indulged their intervals of repose in the lighter studies of classical and general letters.

The Sub-Prior's hand pressed his half-shadowed cheek, and his eye, more completely obscured, was bent on the ground, as if to hide the workings of his reluctant nature.

"Were but Edward safe from the infection," he thought to himself—"Edward, whose eager and enthusiastic mind presses forward in the chase of all that hath even the shadow of knowledge, I might trust this enthusiast with the women, after due caution to them that they cannot, without guilt, attend to his ravings."

As the Sub-Prior received these thoughts, and delayed the definitive order which was to determine the fate of the prisoner, a sudden noise at the entrance of the tower directed his attention for an instant, and, his cheek and brow suffused with all the glow of heat and determination, Edward Glendinning rushed into the room.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

There is my grave of other grey
Along the mountain path I'll wander,
And wind my solitary way
To the sad glen that waits me yonder.

There, in the cold concrete shade,
All injuries may be forgiven ;
And there for thee, O Christian maid,
My arms shall rise to heaven.

THE CHIEF, LATE OF THE HAYWARDS.

THE first words which Edward uttered were,—*"My brother is safe, revered father—he is safe, thank God, and lives !—There is not in Cor-nan-shin a grave, nor a vestige of a grave. The turf around the mountain has neither been disturbed by ploughs, spades, nor mattocks, since the deer's-hair first sprung there. He lives as surely as I live !"*

The earnestness of the youth—the sincerity with which he

looked and moved—the springy step, outstretched hand, and ardent eye, reminded Henry Warden of Halbert, so lately his guide. The brothers had indeed a strong family resemblance, though Halbert was far more athletic and active in his person, taller and better knit in the limbs, and though Edward had, on ordinary occasions, a look of more habitual sadness and more profound reflection. The preacher was interested as well as the Sub-Prior.

"Of whom do you speak, my son?" he said, in a tone as unconcerned as if his own fate had not been at the same instant trembling in the balance, and as if a danger and death did not appear to be his instant doom—"Of whom, I say, speak you? If of a youth somewhat older than you seem to be—broad-shouldered, open-featured, taller and stronger than you appear, yet having much of the same air and of the same tone of voice—if such a one is the brother whom you seek, it may be I can tell you news of him."

"Speak, then, for Heaven's sake," said Edward—"Life or death lies on thy tongue!"

The Sub-Prior joined eagerly in the same request, and, without waiting to be urged, the preacher gave a minute account of the circumstances under which he met the older Glendinning, with an exact description of his person, that there remained no doubt as to his identity. When he mentioned that Halbert Glendinning had conducted him to the dell in which they found the grass bloody, and a grave newly closed, and told how the youth accused himself of the slaughter of Sir Piccolo Shafter, the Sub-Prior looked on Edward with astonishment.

"Didst thou not say, even now," he said, "that there was no vestige of a grave in that spot?"

"No more vestige of the earth having been removed than if the turf had grown there since the days of Adam," replied Edward Glendinning. "It is true," he added, "that the adjacent grass was trampled and bloody."

"Those are delusions of the Enemy," said the Sub-Prior, crossing himself—"Christian men may no longer doubt of it."

"But as it be so," said Warden, "Christian men might better guard themselves by the sword of prayer than by the like form of a ritualistic spell."

"The badge of our salvation," said the Sub-Prior, "cannot be so termed—the sign of the cross disarmeth all evil spirits."

"Ay," answered Henry Warden, up and armed for controversy, "but it should be borne in the heart, not waved with the fingers in the air. That very impulsive act, through which your hand passes, shall as soon bear the imprint of your action, as the external action shall send the loud light who substitutes vain notions of the body, life, grandfatherhood, and signs of the cross, for the living and heart-born duties of faith and good works."

"I pity thee," said the Sub-Prior, as actively ready for polemic as himself;—"I pity thee, Henry, and reply not to thee. Thou mayest as well winnow forth and measure the ocean with a sieve, as mete out the power of holy words, deeds, and signs, by the erring gauge of thine own reason."

"Not by mine own reason would I mete thee," said Warden; "but by His holy Word, that unsetting and unerring lamp of our path, compared to which human reason is but as a glimmering and falling taper, and your boasted tradition only a misleading willow. Show me your Scripture warrant for ascribing virtue to such vain signs and notions!"

"I offered thee a fair field of debate," said the Sub-Prior, "which thou didst refuse. I will not at present resume the controversy."

"Were these my last words," said the reformer, "and were they uttered at the stake, half-choked with smoke, and as the fagots kindled into a blaze around me, with that last utterance I would testify against the superstitious devices of Rome."

The Sub-Prior suppressed with pain the controversial answer which arose to his lips, and, turning to Edward Glendinning, he said, "there could be now no doubt that his mother ought presently to be informed that her son lived."

"I told you that two hours since," said Christie of the Glindhill, "as you would have believed me. But it seems you are more willing to take the word of an old grey sinner, whose life has been spent in pattering hooves, than mine, though I never rode a steed in my life without duly saying my paternoster."

"Go, then," said Father Easton to Edward; "let thy sorrowing mother know that her son is restored to her from the grave, like the child of the widow of Zarephath; at the intercession," he added, looking at Henry Warden, "of the blessed Saint whom I invoked in his behalf."

"Doubled myself," said Warden, instantly, "then not a deceiver of others. It was no dead man, no creature of clay,

when the blessed Tichelle invoked, when, strong by the reproach of the Shemurda woman, he prayed that her son's soul might come into his eyes."

"It was by his intercession, however," repeated the Sub-Prior; "for what says the Vulgate? Thus it is written: '*Et mundavit fratrem meum Iddu; et reversus est ad eam post totum diem, et vocat;*'—and thinkest thou the intercession of a glorified saint is more feeble than when he walks on earth, shrouded in a tabernacle of clay, and seeing her with the eye of flesh?"

During this controversy Edward Glendinning appeared restless and impatient, agitated by some strong internal feeling, but whether of joy, grief, or expectation, his countenance did not expressly declare. He took now the unusual freedom to break in upon the discourse of the Sub-Prior, who, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, was obviously kindling in the spirit of controversy, which Edward directed by conjuring his reverence to allow him to speak a few words with him in private.

"Remove the prisoner," said the Sub-Prior to Christie; "look to him carefully that he escape not; but for thy life do him no injury."

His commands being obeyed, Edward and the monk were left alone, when the Sub-Prior then addressed him:

"What hath come over thee, Edward, that thy eye kindles so wildly, and thy cheek is thus changing from scarlet to pale? Why didst thou break in so hastily and unwisely upon the argument with which I was pursuing yonder heretic? And wherefore dost thou not tell thy mother that her son is restored to her by the intercession, as Holy Church well warrants us to believe, of blessed Saint Benedict, the patron of our Order? For if ever my prayers were put forth to him with zeal, it hath been in behalf of this house, and thine eyes have seen the result—go tell it to thy mother."

"I must tell her then," said Edward, "that if she has repined one day, another is lost to her."

"What moment dost thou, Edward? what language is this?" said the Sub-Prior.

"Father," said the youth, kneeling down to him, "my sin and my shame shall be told thee, and thou shalt witness my penance with thine own eyes."

"I comprehend thee not," said the Sub-Prior. "What

must thou have done to deserve such self-accusation?—Hast thou too listened," he added, knitting his brows, "to the dances of lechery, ever most effectual tempter of those, who, like yonder unhappy man, are distinguished by their love of knowledge?"

"I am guiltless in that matter," answered Glendinning, "nor have presumed to think otherwise than that, my kind father, hast taught me, and thus the Church allows."

"And what is it then, my son," said the Sub-Prior, kindly, "which thus afflicts thy conscience? speak it to me, that I may answer thee in the words of comfort; for the Church's mercy is great to those obedient children who doubt not her power."

"My confusion will require her mercy," replied Edward. "My brother Halbert—so kind, so brave, so gentle, who spoke not, thought not, acted not, but in love to me, whose hand had aided me in every difficulty, whose eye watched over me like the eagle's over her nestlings, when they prove their first flight from the eyrie—this brother, so kind, so gently affectionate—I heard of his sudden, his bloody, his violent death, and I rejoined—I heard of his unexpected restoration, and I answered!"

"Edward," said the father, "thou art beside thyself—what could urge thee to such odious ingratitude?—In your hurry of spirits you have mistaken the confused tone of your feelings—Go, my son, pray and compose thy mind—we will speak of this another time."

"No, father, no," said Edward, vehemently, "now or never!—I will find the means to tame this rebellious heart of mine, or I will tear it out of my bosom—Mistake its passions!—No, father, grief can ill be mistaken for joy—All wept, all shrieked around me—my mother—the monks—the too, the name of my crime—all wept—and I—I could hardly disguise my brutal and insane joy under the appearance of revenge—Brother, I said, I cannot give thee tears, but I will give thee blood—Yes, father, as I mounted here after hour, while I kept watch upon the English prisoner, and said, I am an hour nearer to hope and to happiness!"

"I understand thee not, Edward," said the monk, "nor can I conceive in what way thy brother's supposed murder should have affected thee with such unreasoned joy—Surely the world desire to succeed him in his small possessions?"

"Perish the paltry trash!" said Edward with the same emotion. "No, father, it was rivalry—it was jealous rage—it was the love of Mary Arden, that rendered me the unscrupulous wretch I confess myself!"

"Of Mary Arden!" said the Priest—"of a lady as high above either of you in name and in rank! How dared Halbert—how dared you, to presume to lift your eye to her but in haughty and respect, as a superior of another degree from yours!"

"When did love wait for the sanction of hierarchy!" replied Edward; "and in what but a line of dead ancestors was Mary, our mother's guest and foster-child, different from us, with whom she was brought up!—Enough, we loved—we both loved her! But the passion of Halbert was requited. He knew it not, he saw it not—but I was sharpened. I saw that even when I was more approved, Halbert was more beloved. With me she would sit for hours at our common task with the cold simplicity and indifference of a sister, but with Halbert she treated not herself. She changed colour, she was flattered when he approached her; and when he left her she was sad, pensive, and solitary. I bore all this—I saw my rival's advancing progress in her affections—I bore it, father, and yet I hated him not—I could not hate him!"

"And well for thee that thou didst not," said the father; "wild and headstrong as thou art, wouldst thou hate thy brother for partaking in thine own folly?"

"Father," replied Edward, "the world esteems thee wise, and holds thy knowledge of mankind high; but thy question shows that thou hast never loved. It was by an effort that I saved myself from hating my kind and affectionate brother, who, all unconscious of my rivalry, was perpetually looking on with kindness. Nay, there were moments of my mind in which I could return that kindness for a time with exuberant enthusiasm. Never did I feel this so strongly as on the night which parted us. But I could not help rejoicing when he was exempt from my path—could not help sorrowing when he was again restored to be a stumbling-block in my path."

"May God be gracious to thee, my son!" said the monk; "this is an awful state of mind. Even in such evil mood did the first murderer rise up against his brother, because Abel's was the more acceptable sacrifice."

"I will wrestle with the demon which has haunted me,

father," replied the youth, firmly—"I will wrestle with him, and I will subdue him. But first I must remove from the scenes which are to follow here. I cannot endure that I should see Mary Averell's eyes again flash with joy at the restoration of her lover. It were a sight to make indeed a second Cain of me! My fears, turbid, and transitory joy discharged itself in a thirst to commit homicide, and how can I estimate the frenzy of my despair?"

"Madman!" said the Sub-Prior, "at what dreadful crime does thy fury drive?"

"My lot is determined, father," said Edward, in a resolute tone; "I will embrace the spiritual state which you have so oft recommended. It is my purpose to return with you to Saint Mary's, and, with the permission of the Holy Virgin and of Saint Benedict, to offer my profession to the Abbot."

"Not now, my son," said the Sub-Prior, "not in this distemperature of mind. The wise and good accept not gifts which are made in heat of blood, and which may be after repented of; and shall we make our offerings to wisdom and to goodness itself with less of solemn meditation and deep devotion of mind, than is necessary to make them acceptable to our own frail companions in this valley of darkness? This I say to thee, my son, not as meaning to deter thee from the good path thou art now inclined to prefer, but that thou mayest make thy vocation and thine election sure."

"There are actions, father," returned Edward, "which brook no delay, and this is one. It must be done this very now; or it may never be done. Let me go with you; let me not behold the return of Hubert into this house. Shame, and the sense of the injustice I have already done him, will join with those dreadful passions which urge me to do him yet further wrong. Let me then go with you."

"With me, my son," said the Sub-Prior, "thou shalt surely go; but our rule, as well as reason and good order, require that you should dwell a space with us as a probationer, or novice, before taking upon thee those final vows, which, separating thee for ever from the world, dedicate thee to the service of Heaven."

"And when shall we set forth, father?" said the youth, as eagerly as if the journey which he was now undertaking led to the pleasure of a summer holiday.

"Even now, if thou wilt," said the Sub-Prior, yielding to his impetuosity—"go, then, and command them to prepare for our departure.—Yet stay," he said, as Edward, with all the ardent enthusiasm of his character, hastened from his presence, "come hither, my son, and kneel down."

Edward obeyed, and knelt down before him. Notwithstanding his slight figure and thin features, the Sub-Prior could, from the energy of his tone, and the earnestness of his devotional manner, impress his pupils and his penitents with no ordinary feelings of personal reverence. His heart always was, as well as seemed to be, in the duty which he was immediately performing; and the spiritual guide who thus shows a deep conviction of the importance of his office, seldom fails to impress a similar feeling upon his hearers. Upon such occasions as the present, his pearly body seemed to assume more majestic stature—his spare and emaciated countenance bore a bolder, loftier, and more commanding port—his voice, always harmonious, trembled as labouring under the immediate impulse of the Divinity—and his whole demeanour seemed to bespeak, not the more ordinary man, but the organ of the Church in which she had vested her high power for delivering sinners from their load of iniquity.

"Hast thou, my fair son," said he, "deliberately considered the circumstances which have thus suddenly determined thee to a religious life?"

"The sins I have confessed, my father," answered Edward, "but I have not yet told of a strange appearance, which, acting in my mind, hath, I think, aided to determine my resolution."

"Tell it thou now," returned the Sub-Prior; "it is thy duty to leave me unimpaired in weight, so that thereby I may understand the temptation that hovers thee."

"I tell it with unwillingness," said Edward; "for although, God wot, I speak but the mere truth, yet even while my tongue speaks it as truth, my own ear receives it as falsehood."

"Yet say the whole," said Father Ruston; "neither fair rebuke from me, seeing I may know reasons for resolving as thou that which others might regard as blunders."

"Know, then, father," replied Edward, "that haterid hope and despair—and, heaven! what a hope!—the hope to find the corpse mangled and crushed hardly in amongst the bloody clay which the feet of the successful victor had trod down upon my good, my gentle, my courageous brother,—I sped to the

glen called *Christianschlen*; but, as your reverence has been already informed, neither the grave which my unbeloved widow had in spite of my better self longed to see, nor my appearance of the earth having been opened, was visible in the solitary spot where Martin had, at morning yesterday, seen the first Albat. You know our *dehsemen*, father. The place had an evil name, and this deception of the sight inclined them to leave it. My companions became affrighted, and hastened down the glen as men caught in tempest. My hopes were too much blighted, my mind too much agitated, to fear either the living or the dead. I descended the glen more slowly than they, often looking back, and not ill pleased with the politeness of my companions, which left me to my own perplemed and needy humor, and induced them to hasten into the broader dale. They were already out of sight, and lost amongst the windings of the glen, when, looking back, I saw a female form standing beside the fountain:—

"How, my fair son?" said the Sub-Prior, "behave you just now with your present situation?"

"I just now, father," answered the youth; "it may be I shall never just again—scarcely not for many a day. I saw, I say, the form of a female clad in white, such as the Spirit which haunts the house of Aedel is supposed to be. Believe me, my father, for, by heaven and earth, I saw naught but what I saw with these eyes."

"I believe thee, my son," said the monk; "poured in thy strange story."

"The apparition," said Edward Ghendling, "sang, and thus ran her lay; for, strange as it may seem to you, her words abide by my remembrance as if they had been sung to me from infancy upward:—

'Thou who seek'st my fountain here,
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not see;
Whose heart within lay'd wildly glad
Thou must be true when'd dark and sad;
Hie thee back, thou dar'st not here
Chaper no walls, grave no here;
The Dead Alive is gone and fled—
On thee and join the Living Dead!'

'The Living Dead, whose other leave
Of strands such thoughts as thou hast here,
Whose hearts within the widens swirl
Of passion by their eyes upstir!'

Where, under sad and solemn stars,
 Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow,
 Seek the convent's hushed room,
 Prayers and vigils be thy doom;
 Dull the gown, and dim the grey,
 To the cloister haunts away!

"'Tis a wild lay," said the Sub-Prior, "and chaunted, I fear me, with no good end. But we have power to turn the machinations of Satan to his shame. Edward, thou shalt go with me as thou dostest; thou shalt prove the life for which I have long thought thee best fitted—thou shalt aid, my son, this trembling hand of mine to sustain the Holy Aik, which hold unshaken men press nobly forward to touch and to profane.—Wilt thou not first see thy mother?"

"I will see no one," said Edward, hastily; "I will risk nothing that may shake the purpose of my hour. From Saint Mary's they shall learn my destination—all of them shall learn it. My mother—Mary Ansel—my restored and happy brother—they shall all know that Edward lives no longer to the world to be a dog on their happiness. Mary shall no longer need to constrain her looks and expressions to coldness because I am nigh. She shall no longer"—

"My son," said the Sub-Prior, interrupting him, "it is not by looking back on the vanities and vanities of this world, that we fit ourselves for the discharge of duties which are not of it. Go, get our horses ready, and, as we dismount the girth together, I will teach thee the truths through which the fathers and wise men of old had their precious sickness, which can convert suffering into happiness."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

Now, as my life, this gear is all entangled,
 Like to the yarn-cloth of the drowsy knitter,
 Draw'd by the folk's hands through the axle
 While the good dame sits knitting o'er the fire!
 Master, stand; 'twill serve some skill to clear it.

OLD FATHER.

EDWARD, with the speed of one who doubts the steadiness of his own resolution, hastened to prepare the horses for their

departure, and at the same time thanked and discharged the neighbours who had come to his assistance, and who were not a little surprised both at the suddenness of his proposed departure, and at the turn affairs had taken.

"Here's cold hospitality," quoth Dan of the Bonnet-knot to his comrades; "I trust the Oldlandings may die and come alive right oft, ere I put foot in stirrup again for the matter."

Martin soothed them by placing food and liquor before them. They ate willingly, however, and departed in bad humour.

The joyful news that Halbert Oldlandings' Fred, was quickly communicated through the surviving family. The mother wept and thanked Heaven alternately; until, her habits of domestic economy revivifying as her feelings became calmer, she observed, "It would be an easy task to reward the gods, and what were they to do while they were broken in that fashion? All open doors come in."

Tith remarked, "She eye thought Halbert was ever gleg at his weapon to be killed one easily by our Sir Ploice of them a'. They might say of these Southerns as they lifted; but they had not the pith and wind of a many foot, when it came to close grips."

On Mary Arund the impression was immeasurably deeper. She had but newly learned to pray, and it seemed to her that her prayers had been instantly answered—that the compassion of Heaven, which she had learned to inspire in the words of Scripture, had descended upon her after a manner almost miraculous, and recalled the dead from the grave at the sound of her lamentations. There was a dangerous degree of enthusiasm in this strain of feeling, but it originated in the purest devotion.

A silk and embroidered cushion, one of the few articles of more costly value which she possessed, was devoted to the purpose of wrapping up and concealing the sacred volume, which hitherto she was to regard as her chiefest treasure, lamenting only that, for want of a fitting interpreter, much must remain to her a book closed and a fountain sealed. She was aware of the yet greater danger she incurred, of putting an imperfect or even false sense upon some of the doctrines which appeared most comprehensible. But Heaven had provided against both these hazards.

While Edward was preparing the house, Christie of the Oldhill again solicited his advice respecting the returned

preacher, Henry Warden, and again the worthy monk laboured to reconcile in his own mind the compassion and esteem which, almost in spite of him, he could not help feeling for his former companion, with the duty which he owed to the Church. The unexpected resolution of Edward had removed, he thought, the chief objection to his being left at Glendoung.

"If I carry this Wellwood, or Warden, to the Monastery," he thought, "he must die—die in his honey—pothick body and soul. And though such a measure was once thought advisable, to stifle terror into the heretics, yet such is now their daily increasing strength, that it may rather cause them to fury and to revenge. True, he refuses to pledge himself to abstain from sowing his tares among the wheat; but the ground here is too barren to receive them. I fear not his making incursions on these poor women, the vessels of the Church, and lead up in due obedience to her behests. The heat, searching, inquiring, and bold disposition of Edward, might have afforded fuel to the fire; but that is removed, and there is nothing left which the flames may catch to.—Thus shall he have no power to spread his evil doctrines abroad, and yet his life shall be preserved, and it may be his soul rescued as a prey from the devil's net. I will myself contend with him in argument; for when we stalled in silence, I yielded not to him, and surely the cause for which I struggle will support me, were I yet more weak than I deem myself. Were this man reclaimed from his error, an hundred-fold more advantage would arise to the Church from his spiritual regeneration, than from his temporal death."

Having finished these meditations, in which there was at once goodness of disposition and narrowness of principle, a considerable portion of self-epitaph and no small degree of self-delusion, the Sub-Prior commanded the prisoner to be brought into his presence.

"Hear," he said, "whatever a rigid sense of duty may demand of me, ancient friendship and Christian compassion forbid me to lead thee to assured death. Thou wert wont to be generous, though stern and stubborn in thy resolves; let not thy sense of what thine own thoughts term duty, draw thee farther than mine have done. Remember, that every sheep whom thou shalt have led astray from the fold, will be demanded in time and through severity of him who hath left thee the liberty of doing such evil. I ask no engagement of

Go, now that thou remain a prisoner on thy ward at this tower, and wilt appear when summoned."

"Thou hast bound an invention to bind my hands," replied the preacher, "more sure than would have been the heaviest shackles in the prison of thy convent. I will not readily do what may endanger thee with thy unhappy superiors, and I will be the more cautious, because, if we had further opportunity of conference, I trust thou ownest may yet be rescued as a heretic from the burning, and that, coming from thee the liver of Antichrist, that trader in human sin and human souls, I may yet assist thee to lay hold on the Rock of Ages."

The Sub-Prior heard the sermon, so similar to that which had occurred to himself, with the same kindly feelings with which the game-cock listens and replies to the challenge of his rival.

"I bless God and Our Lady," said he, drawing himself up, "that my faith is already anchored on that Rock on which Saint Peter founded his Church."

"It is a perversion of the text," said the sage Henry Warden, "grounded on a vain play upon words—a most idle personification."

The controversy would have been continued, and in all probability—the what can insure the good temper and moderation of polemics!—might have ended in the preacher's being transported a captive to the Monastery, had not Christie of the Chancel observed that it was growing late, and that he, having to descend the gloom, which had no good reputation, cared not greatly for travelling there after sunset. The Sub-Prior, therefore, stifled his desire of argument, and again telling the preacher, that he trusted to his gratitude and generosity, he bade him farewell.

"Be assured, my old friend," replied Warden, "that no willing act of mine shall be to thy prejudice. But if my Master shall place work before me, I must obey God rather than man."

These two men, both excellent from natural disposition and acquired knowledge, had more points of similarity than they themselves would have admitted. In truth, the chief distinction between them was, that the Catholic, defending a religion which afforded little interest to the feelings, had, in his devotion to the cause he represented, more of the head than of the heart, and was polite, cautious, and artful; while the Protestant,

acting under the strong impulse of more lately-adapted conviction, and feeling, as he justly might, a more animated confidence in his cause, was enthusiastic, eager, and promptitude in his desire to advance it. The priest would have been contented to defend, the peasant aspired to conquer; and, of course, the impulse by which the latter was governed, was more active and more decisive. They could not part from each other without a mutual pressure of hands, and each looked in the face of his old companion, as he bade him adieu, with a countenance strongly expressive of sorrow, affection, and pity.

Father Bastian then explained briefly to Dame Glendinning, that this person was to be her guest for some days, sheltering her and her whole household, under high spiritual observance, to hold any conversation with him on religious subjects, but commanding her to attend to his wants in all other particulars.

"May our Lady forgive me, reverend father," said Dame Glendinning, somewhat dumfounded at this intelligence, "but I must needs say, that ever many guests have been the ruin of many a house, and I know they will bring down Glendinning. First came the Lady of Arundel—(her soul be at rest—she meant me ill)—but she brought with her as many begges and fairies, as has kept the house in care ever since, so that we have been living as it were in a dream. And then came that English knight, if it please you, and if he have killed my son outright, he has chased him off the gate, and it may be long enough ere I see him again—for by the damage done to our door and inner door. And now your reverence has given me the charge of a heretic, who, if it like, may bring the great horned devil himself down upon us all; and they say that if he neither door nor window will serve him, but he will take away the side of the said tower along with him. Nevertheless, reverend father, your pleasure is doubtless to be done to our power."

"Go to, woman," said the Sub-Prior; "send for wickedness from the kitchen, and let them charge the expense of their repasts to the Community, and I will give the treasurer warrant to allow them. Moreover, in settling the mortal debts, and fine-dietes, thou shalt have allowance for the trouble and charges to which thou art now put, and I will cause strict search to be made after thy son."

The dame started deep and low at each favourable expression; and when the Sub-Prior had done speaking, she added her further hope that the Sub-Prior would hold some commanding with her gently the Miller, concerning the fate of his daughter, and exposed to him that the chance had by no means happened through any negligence on her part.

"I can doubt me, father," she said, "whether Myrie finds her way back to the Mill in a hurry; but it was all her father's own fault that let her run humping about the country, riding on bare-backed nags, and never willing to do a turn of work within doors, unless it were to dress delicately at dinner time for his old kye."

"You ranted me, dame, of another matter of urgency," said Father Bontace; "and, God knows, too many of them press on me at this moment. This English knight must be sought out, and explanation given to him of those most strange chances. The giddy girl must also be recovered. If she hath suffered in reputation by this unhappy mistake, I will not hold myself innocent of the disgrace. Yet how to find them out I know not."

"So please you," said Christo of the Chintell, "I am willing to take the chase, and bring them back by fair means or foul; for though you have always looked as black as night at me, whenever we have forgotten, yet I have not forgotten that, had it not been for you, my neck would have bore the weight of my fair quarter." If any man can track the trail of them, I will say in the face of both Marie and Terlotdale, and take the Forest to boot, I am that man. But first I have matters to trust of on my master's score, if you will permit me to ride down the glen with you."

"Nay but, my friend," said the Sub-Prior, "thou shouldst remember I have but slender cause to trust thee for a companion through a place so solitary."

"Tush! tush!" said the jackman, "fear me not; I had the worst too surely to begin that sport again. Besides, have I not said a dozen of times, I owe you a life! and when I owe a man either a good turn or a bad, I never fail to pay it either or."

"In Sir David Lindsay's Play, this proverbial saying is used by Cressen. Think in a more literary form:

But thou must bind me in his gripsack,
My debt for worth will not paid, says my kappie.

later. Moreover, beware me if I care to go alone down the glen, or even with my troopers, who are, every loan of them, as much devil's bait as myself; whereas, if your reverence, since that is the word, take hands and pusher, and I come along with jack and spear, you will make the devils take the sin, and I will make all human enemies take the oath."

Edward here entered, and told his reverence that his horse was prepared. At this instant his eye caught his mother's, and the resolution which he had so strongly formed was staggered when he recollected the necessity of bidding her farewell. The Sub-Prior saw his embarrassment, and came to his relief.

"Dame," said he, "I forget to mention that your son Edward goes with me to Saint Mary's, and will not return for two or three days."

"You'll be willing to help him to recover his brother! May the saints reward your kindness!"

The Sub-Prior returned the benediction which, in this instance, he had not very well deserved, and he and Edward set forth on their route. They were presently followed by Christie, who came up with his followers at such a speedy pace, as intimated sufficiently that his wish to obtain spiritual conveyance through the glen was extremely strong. He had, however, other matters to stimulate his speed, for he was desirous to communicate to the Sub-Prior a message from his master Julian, connected with the delivery of the prisoner Warden; and having requested the Sub-Prior to ride with him a few yards before Edward and the troopers of his own party, he thus addressed him, sometimes interrupting his discourse in a manner testifying that his fear of supernatural beings was not altogether lulled to rest by his confidence in the security of his fellow-traveller.

"My master," said the rider, "deemed he had sent you an acceptable gift in that old heretic preacher; but it seems, from the slight case you have taken of him, that you make small account of the boon."

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, "do not thus judge of it. The Community must account highly of the service, and will reward it to thy master in goodly fashion. But this man and I are old friends, and I trust to bring him back from the paths of perdition."

"Nay," said the moss-trooper, "when I saw you shake hands at the beginning I counted that you would fight it all out to

love and honour, and that there would be no extreme dealings betwixt ye—however it is all one to my master—Saint Mary! what call you you, Sir Monk?”

“The branch of a willow streaming across the path betwixt us and the sky.”

“Heedless me,” said Christie, “if it looked not like a man’s hand holding a sword.—But, touching my master, he, like a prudent man, hath kept himself aloof in these broken times, until he could see with precision what footing he was to stand upon. Right tempting offers he hath had from the Lords of Congregation, whom you call heretics; and at one time he was minded, to be plain with you, to have taken their way—for he was assured that the Lord James* was coming this road at the head of a stout body of country. And accordingly Lord James did so far reckon upon him, that he sent this man Warden, or whatsoever be his name, to my master’s protection, as an assured friend; and, moreover, with tidings that he himself was marching hitherward at the head of a strong body of men.”

“Now, Our Lady beseech’d!” said the Sub-Prior.

“Amen!” answered Christie, in some trepidation, “did your reverence see aught?”

“Nothing whatever,” replied the monk; “it was thy tale which wrested from me that exclamation.”

“And it was some cause,” replied he of the Cloithill, “for if Lord James should come either, your Habitsmen would make for it. But be of good cheer—that expedition is ended before it was begun. The Baron of Avenel had news were that Lord James has been fain to march westward with his merry-men, to protect Lord Scrymge against Cassilis and the Kennedys. By my faith, it will cost him a brack; for wot ye what they say of that man,—

‘Tis that Wyke and the town of aye,
Peripatrick and the cruises of Owe,
No man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court Saint Kenneth.’†

“Then,” said the Sub-Prior, “the Lord James’s purpose of coming southwards being broken, and this person, Henry Warden, a cold reception at Avenel Castle.”

“Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Murray.

* This name agrees with some traditions in an old description of Carfax Church Ayrshire, by the parish minister of Marble, who says that the Kennedys bartered so in power and number that they gave rise to the rhyme in question.†

"It would not have been altogether so rough a one," said the monastropher; "for my master was in heavy thought what to do in these unsettled times, and would scarce have hearkened attending a man sent to him by so terrible a leader as the Lord James. But, to speak the truth, some busy devil tempted the old man to meddle with my master's Christian liberty of land-fasting with Catholics of Newport. So that broke the wind of peace between them, and now ye may have my master, and all the force he can make, at your devotion, for Lord James never forgave wrong done to him; and if he came by the upper hand, he will have Julian's head if there were never another of the name, as it is like there is not, excepting the bit slip of a little powder. And now I have told you more of my master's affairs than he would thank me for; but you have done me a frank turn once, and I may need one at your hands again."

"Thy frankness," said the Sub-Prior, "shall surely advantage thee; for much it concerns the Church in these broken times to know the purposes and motives of those around us. But what is it that thy master expects from us in reward of good service; for I esteem him one of those who are not willing to work without their hire?"

"Nay, that I can tell you daily; for Lord James had promised him, in case he would be of his faction in these parts, an easy tack of the tithel-shroves of his own barony of Aversel, together with the lands of Cranberry Moor, which he intended with his own. And he will look for no less at your hand."

"But there is old Gilbert of Cranberry Moor," said the Sub-Prior, "what are we to make of him? The heretic Lord James may take on him to dispose upon the goods and lands of the Holdlens at his pleasure, because, doubtless, but for the protection of God, and the homage which yet remain faithful to their creed, he may despoil us of them by force; but while they are the property of the Community, we may not take straddles from ancient and faithful vassals, to gratify the covetousness of those who serve God only from the lure of gain."

"By the mass," said Christie, "it is well talking, Sir Prior; but when ye consider that Gilbert has but two half-starved cowardly peasants to follow him, and only an odd jaded steer to ride upon, fitter for the plough than for manly service; and that the Baron of Aversel never rides with fewer than ten jack-men at his back, and officers with fifty, bodin is all that effin

to war as if they were to do battle for a kingdom, and mounted on sage that stick at the clash of the sword as if it were the clank of the lid of a corn-shoot—I say, when ye have conquered all this, ye may guess what course will best serve your Monastery."

"Friend," said the monk, "I would willingly purchase thy master's assistance on his own terms, since thou leave us no better means of defence against the sacrilegious spoliation of heresy; but to take from a poor man his patrimony!"—

"For that matter," said the rider, "his seat would scarce be a safe one, if my master thought that Gilbert's interest should betray him and what he wishes. The Haldorne has land enough, and Gilbert may be quartered elsewhere."

"We will consider the possibility of so disposing the matter," said the monk, "and will expect in consequence your master's most active assistance, with all the followers he can make, to join in the defence of the Haldorne, against any force by which it may be threatened."

"A man's hand and a mailed glove on that," said the judicious. "They call us manacles, thieves, and what not; but the side we take we hold by.—And I will be blithe when my Harrow comes to a point which side he will take, for the castle is a kind of hell (Our Lady forgive me for naming such a word in this place!) while he is in his mood, studying how he may best advantage himself. And now, Heaven be praised! we are in the open valley, and I may cross a round path, should ought happen to provoke it."

"My friend," said the Sub-Prior, "thou hast little merit in abstaining from coarseness or blasphemy, if it be only out of fear of evil spirits."

"Nay, I am not quite a church vessel yet," said the judicious, "and if you hold the curb too tight on a young horse, I promise you he will rear.—Why, it is much for me to forbear old customs on any account whatever."

The night being fine, they forded the river at the spot where the Scandinavian met with his unhappy encounter with the spirit. As soon as they arrived at the gate of the Monastery, the porter in waiting eagerly exclaimed, "Reverend father, the Lord Abbot is most anxious for your presence."

"Let these strangers be carried to the great hall," said the

* Note 2. Good folk of the Haldorne.

Sub-Prior, "and be treated with the best by the fellows; reminding them, however, of that modesty and decency of conduct which becometh guests in a house like this."

"But the Lord Abbot demands you instantly, my venerable brother," said Father Philip, arriving in great haste. "I have not seen him more discouraged or desolate of counsel since the field of Floddenburgh was stricken."

"I come, my good brother, I come," said Father Eastern. "I pray thee, good brother, let this youth, Edward Glendinning, be conveyed to the Chamber of the Novices, and placed under their instruction. God hath touched his heart, and he proposeth laying aside the vanities of the world, to become a brother of our holy order; which, if his good parts be matched with fitting facility and humility, he may one day live to adorn."

"My very venerable brother," exclaimed old Father Nicholas, who came hobbling with a third summons to the Sub-Prior, "I pray thee to listen to our worshipful Lord Abbot. The holy patroness be with us! never saw I Abbot of the House of Saint Mary's in such consternation; and yet I remember me well when Father Inghram had the news of Flodden-field."

"I come, I come, venerable brother," said Father Eastern—And having repeatedly ejaculated "I come!" he at last went to the Abbot in good earnest.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

It is not words will do it—Church artillery
Are shewed soon by real valiance,
And cannons are best well opposed to cannon.
Go, with your powder, with your church plate down,
Hit the clerical soldier rampant in your hall,
And quaff your long-erred longbeards—Turn them out,
Then pinned with your good cheer, to guard your well,
And they will venture but.—

OLD PLAY.

THE Abbot received his counsellor with a treacherous eagerness of welcome, which amounted to the Sub-Prior as extreme agitations of spirits, and the strictest need of good counsel. There was neither master-dish nor standing-cup upon the little table,

at the elbow of his huge chair of state ; his hands alone lay there, and it seemed as if he had been telling them in his extremity of distress. Beside the hands was placed the mitre of the Abbot, of an antique form, and blazoning with precious stones, and the rich and highly-embossed coverer rested against the same table.

The Sacristan and old Father Nicholas had followed the Sub-Prior into the Abbot's apartment, perhaps with the hope of learning something of the important matter which seemed to be in hand.—They were not mistaken ; for, after having ushered in the Sub-Prior, and being themselves in the act of retiring, the Abbot made them a signal to remain.

"My brethren," he said, "it is well known to you with what painful soul we have overseen the weighty affairs of this house committed to our unworthy hand—your bread hath been given to you, and your water hath been sure—I have not wasted the revenues of the Convent on vain pleasures, on hunting or hawking, or in change of rich cope or alb, or in feasting like lords and justices, saving those who, according to old wont, were received in time of Christmas and Easter. Neither have I enriched either mine own relations nor strange women, at the expense of the patrimony."

"There hath not been such a Lord Abbot," said Father Nicholas, "to my knowledge, since the days of Abbot Ingilram who"—

At that pertentious word, which always preluded a long story, the Abbot broke in.

"May God have mercy on his soul!—we talk not of him now.—What I would know of ye, my brethren, is, whether I have, in your mind, faithfully discharged the duties of mine office?"

"There has never been subject of complaint," answered the Sub-Prior.

The Sacristan, more diffuse, enumerated the various acts of indulgence and kindness which the mild government of Abbot Boniface had conferred on the brotherhood of Saint Mary's—the infirmary—the grange—the school—the weekly mass of boiled sterne—the enlarged accommodation of the refectory—the better arrangement of the college—the improvement of the revenue of the Monastery—the disbursement of the privations of the brethren.

"You might have added, my brother," said the Abbot,

Listening with melancholy acquiescence to the detail of his own merits, "that I ceased to be both that curious screen, which screeneth the children from the north-east wind.—But all these things avail nothing.—As we read in holy Hieronim, *Cups et cibus per salutem Dei*. It hath cost me no little thought, as common fall, to keep these weighty matters in such order as you have seen them—there was both born and him to be kept full—infirmary, dormitory, guest-hall, and refectory, to be looked to—proceedings to be made, confusions to be heard, strangers to be entertained, vows to be granted or refused; and I warrant me, when every one of you was asleep in your cell, the Abbot hath his awake for a full hour by the bell, thinking how these matters might be ordered wisely and suitably."

"May we ask, reverend my lord," said the Sub-Prior, "what additional care has now been thrown upon you, since your discourse seems to point that way?"

"Marry, this it is," said the Abbot. "The talk is not now of *liberty*,^{*} or of *caritas*, or of *hilled almonds*, but of an English host coming against us from Haxham, commanded by Sir John Foster; nor is it of the screening us from the east wind, but how to escape Lord James Stewart, who cometh to lay waste and destroy with his heretic soldiers."

"I thought that purpose had been broken by the feud between Scapple and the Knaresdale," said the Sub-Prior, hastily.

"They have accorded that matter at the expense of the Church as usual," said the Abbot; "the Earl of Cassilis is to have the third-shroves of his lands, which were given to the house of Croyland, and he has stricken hands with Stewart, who is now called Marry.—*Principes conveniunt utraque adversus Dominicum*.—There are the letters."

The Sub-Prior took the letters, which had come by an express messenger from the Primate of Scotland, who still laboured to uphold the tottering fabric of the system under which he was at length buried, and, stepping towards the lamp, read them with an air of deep but settled conviction—the Sacristan and Father Nicholas looked on helplessly at each other as the darkness of the poultry-yard when the hawk came over it. The Abbot seemed bowed down with the anxiety of sorrowful

* Note E. Indisposition to the Minors.

apprehension, but kept his eye anxiously fixed on the Sub-Prior, as if striving to catch some comfort from the expression of his countenance. When at length he beheld that, after a second intent perusal of the letters, he remained still silent and full of thought, he asked him in an anxious tone, "What is to be done?"

"Our duty must be done," answered the Sub-Prior, "and the rest is in the hands of God."

"Our duty—our duty!" answered the Abbot, impatiently; "doubtless we are to do our duty; but what is that duty? or how will it serve us?—Will bell, book, and candle, drive back the English invaders? or will Murray ease the prisons and excommunicates? or can I fight for the Haldimans, like *Julian Maubron*, against those profane *Nimmons*? or send the *Sacristan* against this new *Holmesman*, to bring back his head in a basket?"

"True, my Lord Abbot," said the Sub-Prior, "we cannot fight with carnal weapons, it is alike contrary to our habit and vow; but we can die for our *Convent* and for our *Order*. Besides, we can arm those who will and can fight. The English are but few in number, trusting, as it would seem, that they will be joined by *Murray*, whose march has been interrupted. If *Forster*, with his *Cambridges* and *Stichens* bandits, ventures to march into Scotland, to pillage and despoil our House, we will levy our vassals, and, I trust, shall be found strong enough to give him battle."

"In the blessed name of Our Lady," said the Abbot, "think you that I am *Petrus Rezzata*, to go forth the leader of an host?"

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, "let some man skilled in war lead our people—there is *Julian Awood*, an approved soldier."

"But a scuffle, a detached party, and, in brief, a man of *Belal*," quoth the Abbot.

"Still," said the monk, "we must use his ministry in that to which he has been brought up. We can purchase him richly, and indeed I already know the price of his service. The English, it is expected, will presently set forth, hoping here to seize upon *Piercie Euston*, whose refuge being taken with us, they make the pretext of this unhallowed assault."

"Is it even so?" said the Abbot; "I never judged that his body of sin and his brain of *Sathans* held so much good."

"Yet we must have his assistance, if possible," said the Sub-

Prior; "he may interest in our behalf the great Pierre, of whose friendship he boasts, and that good and faithful Lord may break Foster's purpose. I will despatch the jackman after him with all speed.—Chiefly, however, I trust in the military spirit of the land, which will not suffer peace to be easily broken on the frontier. Credit me, my lord, it will bring to our side the hands of many, whose hearts may have gone astray after strange doctrines. The great chiefs and barons will be ashamed to let the vassals of peaceful monks fight unaided against the old enemies of Scotland."

"It may be," said the Abbot, "that Foster will wait for Murray, whose purpose hitherto is but delayed for a short space."

"By the road, he will not," said the Sub-Prior; "we know this Sir John Foster—a pestilent heretic, he will long to destroy the Church—born a Borderer, he will thirst to plunder her of her wealth—a Border-warden, he will be eager to ride in Scotland. There are too many causes to urge him on. If he joins with Murray, he will have at best but an auxiliary's share of the spoil—if he comes hither before him, he will reckon on the whole harvest of depredation as his own. Julian Avenel also has, as I have heard, some spite against Sir John Foster; they will fight, when they meet, with double determination.—Sanctitas, send for our bailiff.—Where is the roll of Sanctis men liable to do suit and service to the Haldoune?—Send off to the Baron of Mougilist; he can raise three-score horse and better—Say to him the Monastery will compound with him for the customs of his bridge, which have been in controversy, if he will show himself a friend at such a point.—And now, my lord, let us compute our possible numbers, and those of the enemy, that human blood be not spilled in vain—Let us therefore calculate"—

"My brain is dazed with the emergency," said the poor Abbot—"I am not, I think, more a coward than others, so far as my own person is concerned; but speak to me of marching and collecting soldiers, and calculating forces, and you may as well tell of it to the youngest novice of a monastery. But my meditation is taken.—Brethren," he said, rising up, and coming forward with that dignity which his comely person enabled him to assume, "hear for the last time the voice of your Abbot Sanctis. I have done for you the best that I could; in

quieter than I had perhaps done better, for it was the quiet that I sought the dolester, which has been to me a place of turmoil, as much as if I had sat in the receipt of custom, or ridden forth as leader of an armed host. But now matters turn worse and worse, and I, as I grow old, am less able to struggle with them. Also, it becomes me not to hold a place, whereof the duties, through my default or misfortune, may be but imperfectly filled by me. Wherefore I have resolved to desert this mine high office, so that the order of these matters may presently devolve upon Father Eustace here present, our well-beloved Sub-Prior; and I now rejoice that he hath not been provided according to his merits elsewhere, seeing that I well hope he will succeed to the mine and staff which it is my present purpose to lay down."

"In the name of Our Lady, do nothing hastily, my lord!" said Father Nicholas—"I do remember that when the worthy Abbot Ingelmar, being in his ninetieth year—for I warrant you he could remember when Benedict the thirteenth was deposed—and being ill at ease and bed-ridden, the brethren counselled in his ear that he were better resign his office. And what said he, being a pleasant man! many, that while he could croak his little finger he would keep hold of the crozier with it."

The Eustace also strongly remonstrated against the resolution of his Superior, and set down the insufficiency he pleaded to the native modesty of his disposition. The Abbot listened in downcast silence; even flattery could not win him out.

Father Eustace took a sadder tone with his disconnected and dejected Superior. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "if I have been silent concerning the virtues with which you have governed this house, do not think that I am unaware of them. I know that no man ever brought to your high office a more sincere wish to do well to all mankind; and if your rule has not been marked with the bold lines which sometimes distinguished your spiritual predecessors, their faults have equally been strangers to your character."

"I did not believe," said the Abbot, turning his looks to Father Eustace with some surprise, "that you, father, of all men, would have done me this justice."

"In your absence," said the Sub-Prior, "I have even done it more fully. Do not lose the good opinion which all men enter-

take of you, by resuming your office when your care is most needed."

"But, my brother," said the Abbot, "I leave a worse able in my place."

"That you do not," said Eustace; "because it is not necessary you should resign, in order to possess the use of whatever experience or talent I may be accounted master of. I have been long enough in this profession to know that the individual qualities which any of us may have, are not his own, but the property of the Community, and only so far useful when they promote the general advantage. If you care not in person, my lord, to deal with this troublesome matter, let me implore you to go instantly to Edinburgh, and make what friends you can in our behalf, while I in your absence will, as Sub-Prior, do my duty in defence of the Hallidoms. If I succeed, may the honour and praise be yours, and if I fail, let the disgrace and shame be mine own."

The Abbot smiled for a space, and then replied,—*"No, Father Eustace, you shall not suspect me by your generosity. In times like these, this house must have a stronger pliancy than my weak hands afford; and he who steers the vessel must be chief of the crew. Shame were it to accept the praise of other men's labours; and, in my poor mind, all the praise which can be bestowed on him who undertakes a task so perilous and perplexing, is a mist beneath his merits. Undertake to him would deprive him of an iota of it! Assume, therefore, your authority to-night, and proceed in the preparations you judge necessary. Let the Chapter be summoned to-morrow after we have heard mass, and all shall be ordered as I have told you. Benedicite, my brethren!—peace be with you!—May the new Abbot-expectant sleep as sound as he who is about to resign his mitre."*

They retired, affected even to tears. The good Abbot had shown a point of his character to which they were strangers. Even Father Eustace had held his spiritual superior hitherto as a good-humoured, indolent, self-indulgent man, whose chief merit was the absence of gross faults; so that this sacrifice of power to a sense of duty, even if a little alloyed by the reciter motives of fear and apprehended difficulties, raised him considerably in the Sub-Prior's estimation. He even felt an unwillingness to profit by the resignation of the Abbot Beaulieu, and

in a manner to rise on his ruins; but this sentiment did not long contend with those which led him to needless higher considerations. It could not be denied that Eustace was entirely unfit for his situation in the present crisis; and the Sub-Prior felt that he himself, acting merely as a delegate, could not well take the decisive measures which the time required; the woe of the Community therefore demanded his elevation. If, besides, there crept in a feeling of a high dignity obtained, and the native exultation of a haughty spirit called to contend with the imminent dangers attached to a post of such distinction, these sentiments were so strangely blended and amalgamated with others of a more disinterested nature, that, as the Sub-Prior himself was unconscious of their agency, we, who have a regard for him, are not sollicitous to detect it.

The Abbot elect carried himself with more dignity than formerly, when giving such directions as the pressing circumstances of the time required; and those who approached him could perceive an unusual kindling of his solemn eye, and an unusual flush upon his pale and faded cheek. With brightness and precision he wrote and dictated various letters to different barons, negotiating them with the moderated invasion of the Holderness by the English, and conjuring them to lend aid and assistance as in a common cause. The temptation of advantage was held out to those whom he judged less susceptible of the cause of honour, and all were urged by the motives of patriotism and ancient animosity to the English. The time had been when no such exhortations would have been necessary. But so essential was Elizabeth's aid to the reformed party in Scotland, and so strong was that party almost everywhere, that there was reason to believe a great many would observe neutrality on the present occasion, even if they did not go the length of taking with the English against the Catholics.

When Father Eustace considered the number of the immediate vassals of the Church, whose aid he might legally command, his heart sank at the thoughts of ranking them under the banner of the fierce and profligate Julian Arundel.

"Were the young enthusiast Hubert Glendinning to be found," thought Father Eustace in his anxiety, "I would have risked the battle under his leading, young as he is, and with better hope of God's blessing. But the battle is now too late, nor know I a chief of name whom I might trust in this import-

and matter better than this *Armed*."—He touched a bell which stood on the table, and commanded Christie of the Oldfield to be brought before him.—"Then await me a life," said he to that person on his entrance, "and I may do thee another good turn if thou best shows with me."

Christie had already drained two standing-cups of wine, which would, on another occasion, have added to the insolence of his familiarity. But at present there was something in the augmented dignity of manner of Father Bontar, which imposed a restraint on him. Yet his answers partook of his usual character of unshaken assurance. He professed himself willing to return a true answer to all inquiries.

"Was the Baron (so styled) of *Armed* any friendship with Sir John Foster, Warden of the West Marches of England?"

"Such friendship as is between the wild-cat and the tinker," replied the rider.

"Will he do battle with him should they meet?"

"As surely," answered Christie, "as ever cock fought on Shrovetide-even."

"And would he fight with Foster in the Church's quarrel?"

"On any quarrel, or upon no quarrel whatever," replied the jackman.

"We will then write to him, letting him know, that if upon occasion of an apprehended incursion by Sir John Foster he will agree to join his forces with ours, he shall lead our men, and be gratified for doing so to the extent of his wish.—Yet one word more—Thou didst say thou couldst find out where the English knight Pierce Shaffon has this day fled to?"

"That I can, and bring him back too, by fair means or force, as best likes your reverence."

"No force must be used upon him. Within what time wilt thou find him out?"

"Within thirty hours, so he have not moved the Lethian Firth.—If it is to do you a pleasure, I will set off directly, and wind him as a death-dog tracks the moon-trooper," answered Christie.

"Bring him hither then, and thou wilt deserve good at our hands, which I may soon have free means of bestowing on thee."

"Thanks to your reverence, I put myself in your reverence's hands. We of the spear and staffle walk something recklessly

through life; but if a man were wiser than he is, your reverence knows he must live, and that's not to be done without shifting, I true."

"Peace, sir, and begone on thine errand—then shalt have a letter from us to Sir Percie."

Christie made two steps towards the door; then turning back and hesitating, like one who would make an impertinent pleasantry if he dared, he asked what he was to do with the wench Myra Happer whom the Southern knight had carried off with him.

"Am I to bring her hither, please your reverence?"

"Hither, you misapert know!" said the churchman; "remember you to whom you speak!"

"No offence meant," replied Christie; "but if such is not your will, I would carry her to Arund Castle, where a well-favoured wench was never unwelcome."

"Bring the unfortunate girl to her father's, and break no second jests here," said the Sub-Prior—"See that thou guide her in all safety and honour."

"In safety, surely," said the rider, "and in such honour as her outbreak has left her.—I bid your reverence farewell, I must be on horse before cock-crow."

"What, in the dark!—how knowest thou which way to go?"

"I tracked the knight's horse tread as far as near to the ford, as we rode along together," said Christie, "and I observed the track turn to the northward. He is for Edinburgh, I will warrant you—so soon as daylight comes I will be on the road again. It is a horse-spoke hoof-mark, for the shoe was made by old Bokle of Cananish—I would swear to the curve of the socket." So saying he departed.

"Ratful scoundrel," said Father Rostane, looking after him, "that chides us to use such implements as these! But, needed as we are on all sides, and by all conditions of men, what alternative is left us?—But, now let me to my most needful task."

The Abbot then accordingly sat down to write letters, arrange orders, and take upon him the whole charge of an institution which tottered to its fall, with the same spirit of proud and devoted fortitude wherewith the commander of a fortress, reduced nearly to the last extremity, calculates what means remain to him to protract the fatal hour of surrender.

storm. In the meanwhile Albert Throckmole, having given a few natural signs to the downfall of the pre-sentences he had so long enjoyed amongst his brethren, fell fast asleep, leaving the whole care and toils of office to his assistant and successor.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

*And when he came to broken bridges,
He shook his bow and arrows;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.*

CH. HENSON.

We return to Halbert Glendinning, who, as our readers may remember, took the high road to Edinburgh. His intercourse with the preacher Henry Warden, from whom he received a letter at the moment of his deliverance, had been so brief, that he had not even learned the name of the soldierman to whose care he was recommended. Something like a name had been spoken indeed, but he had only comprehended that he was to meet the chief advancing towards the south, at the head of a party of horse. When day dawned on his journey, he was in the same uncertainty. A better scholar would have been informed by the address of the letter, but Halbert had not so far profited by Father Eustace's lessons as to be able to decipher it. His mother-wit taught him that he must not, in such uncertain times, be too hasty in asking information of any one; and when, after a long day's journey, night surprised him near a little village, he began to be dubious and anxious concerning the issue of his journey.

In a poor country, hospitality is generally exercised freely, and Halbert, when he requested a night's quarters, did nothing either degrading or extraordinary. The old woman, to whom he made this request, granted it the more readily, that she thought she saw some resemblance between Halbert and her son Saunders, who had been killed in one of the frays so common in the time. It is true Saunders was a short square-made fellow, with red hair and a freckled face, and somewhat bandy-legged, whereas the stranger was of a brown complexion, tall, and considerably well made. Nevertheless, the widow was

clear that there existed a general resemblance betwixt her guest and Saunders, and kindly pressed him to share of her evening cheer. A pedlar, a man of about sixty years old, was also her guest, who talked with great feeling of the misery of pursuing such a profession as his in the time of war and turmoil.

"We think much of knights and soldiers," said he; "but the pedlar-elf who travels the land has need of more courage than them all. I am sure he must face much risk, God help him. Have have I come this length, trusting the godly Earl of Murray would be on his march to the Borders, for he was to have paraded with the Harle of Arundel; and instead of that course news that he has gone westward—about some tale in Aquitaine. And what to do I wot not; for if I go to the south without a safeguard, the next heavy rider I meet might ease me of such and such, and maybe of my life to boot; and then, if I try to strike across the moors, I may be as ill off before I can join myself to that good Lord's company."

He was quicker at catching a hint than Halbert Glendinning. He said he himself had a desire to go westward. The pedlar looked at him with a very doubtful air, when the old dame, who perhaps thought her young guest resembled the umphville Saunders, not only in his looks, but in a certain pretty turn to slight-of-hand, which the defunct was supposed to have possessed, tipped him the wink, and assured the pedlar he need have no doubt that her young cousin was a true man.

"Cousin?" said the pedlar, "I thought you said this youth had been a stranger."

"If knowing makes ill reckoning," said the landlady; "he is a stranger to me by eyesight, but that does not make him a stranger to me by blood, more especially seeing his likeness to my son Saunders, poor bairn."

The pedlar's scruples and jealousies being thus removed, or at least allayed, the travellers agreed that they would proceed in company together the next morning by daybreak, the pedlar acting as a guide to Glendinning, and the youth as a guard to the pedlar, until they should fall in with Murray's detachment of horse. It would appear that the landlady never doubted what was to be the event of this compact, for, taking Glendinning aside, she charged him "to be moderate with the pair body, but at all events, not to forget to take a piece of black

say, to make the odd wife a new robbery." Halbert laughed and took his leave.

It did not a little appeal the pedlar, when, in the midst of a black heath, the young man told him the nature of the commission with which their hostess had charged him. He took heart, however, upon seeing the open, frank, and friendly demeanour of the youth, and vented his exclamations on the wretched old traitress. "I gave her," he said, "yester-even see further gone, a yard of that very black say, to make her a source-shief; but I see it is ill done to teach the cat the way to the kirk."

Thus set at ease on the intentions of his companion (for in those happy days the worst was always to be expected from a stranger), the pedlar acted as Halbert's guide over moor and moor, over hill and many a dale, in such a direction as might best lead them towards the route of Murray's party. At length they arrived upon the side of an eminence, which commanded a distant prospect over a tract of savage and desolate moorland, marshy and waste—an alternate change of shingly hill and level moor, only varied by blue stagnant pools of water. A road scarcely marked winded like a serpent through the wilderness, and the pedlar, pointing to it, said—"The road from Edinburgh to Glasgow. Here we must wait, and if Murray and his train be not already passed by, we shall soon see traces of them, unless some new purpose shall have altered their resolution; for in these blessed days no man, were he the nearest the throne, as the Earl of Murray may be, knows when he lays his head on his pillow at night where it is to lie upon the following even."

They passed accordingly, and sat down, the pedlar cautiously using for a seat the box which contained his treasures, and not succeeding from his companion that he wore under his donk a plaidie hanging at his belt in case of need. He was courteous, however, and offered Halbert a share of the provisions which he carried about him for refreshment. They were of the coarsest kind—aut-bread baked into cakes, oatmeal dished with cold water, an onion or two, and a morsel of smoked hame, completed the feast. But such as it was, no Scotsman of the time, had his rank been much higher than that of Glendinning, would have refused to share in it, especially as the pedlar professed, with a mysterious air, a top's hame, which he carried along from

his shoulders, and which, when its contents were examined, produced to each party a clam-shell full of excellent wine—though—a liquor strange to Halbert, for the strong wines known in the south of Scotland come from France, and in that were but rarely used. The podlar recommended it as excellent, and he had procured it in his last visit to the house of Doune, where he had severely tested under the self-control of the Laird of Buchanan. He also set an example to Halbert, by devoutly emptying the cup “to the speedy downfall of Antichrist.”

Their conviviality was scarce ended, ere a rising dust was seen on the road of which they commanded the prospect, and half-a-score of horsemen were dimly descried advancing at considerable speed, their capes glancing, and the points of their spears twinkling as they caught a glimpse of the sun.

“There,” said the podlar, “must be the out-coming of Murray’s party; let us lie down in the peat-bag, and keep ourselves out of sight.”

“And why so?” said Halbert; “let us rather go down and make a signal to them.”

“God forbid!” replied the podlar; “do you know as ill the customs of our Scottish nation! That plump of spears that are spurring on so fast are doubtless commanded by some wild kinsman of Morton, or some such daring far-seeing as neither regards God nor man. It is their business, if they meet with any obstacle, to pick quarrels and clear the way of them; and the chief knows nothing of what happens, coming up with his more discreet and moderate friends, it may be a full mile in the rear. Were we to go near those hobs of the laird’s hall, your letter would do you little good, and my pack would do me terrible black ill; they would tid every stick of clothes from our back, fling us into a moss-bag with a stone at our heels, named as the hour that brought us into this coursed and staid world, and neither Murray nor any other man over the wies. But if he did come to ken of it, what might he help it!—it would be accounted a mere mistake, and there were all the mean made. O swoll me, youth, that when men drew cold steel on each other in their native country, they neither can nor may dwell deeply on the offences of those whose wounds are useful to them.”

They suffered, therefore, the vanguard, as it might be termed, of the Earl of Murray’s host to pass forward; and it was not

long until a denser cloud of dust began to arise to the northward.

"Now," said the postler, "let us hurry down the hill; for to tell the truth," said he, dragging Halford along earnestly, "a Scottish noble's march is like a serpent—the head is furnished with fangs, and the tail hath its sting; the only harmless point of access is the main body."

"I will hasten as fast as you," said the youth; "but tell me why the rearward of such an army should be as dangerous as the van?"

"Because, as the vanguard consists of their picked wild desperadoes, reckless for mischief, such as neither fear God nor regard their fellow-creatures, but understand themselves bound to hurry from the road whatever is displeasing to themselves, so the rear-guard consists of mis-proud serving-men, who, being in charge of the baggage, take care to amend by their cautions upon travelling-merchants and others, their own thefts on their master's property. You will hear the advanced *capot parties*, as the French call them, and so they are indeed, namely, children of the fall, singing rascals and false-bellied of sin and harlotry. And then will come on the middleward, when you will hear the canticles and psalms sung by the reverend nobles, and the gentry, and honest and pious clergy, by whom they are accompanied. And last of all, you will find in the rear a legend of goddess-ladies, and palfreys, and horse-boys, talking of nothing but dicing, drinking, and dubbing."

As the postler spoke, they had reached the side of the high-road and Murray's main body was in sight, consisting of about three hundred horse, marching with great regularity, and in a closely compacted body. Some of the troopers wore the liveries of their masters, but this was not common. Most of them were dressed in such colours as chance dictated. But the majority, being clad in blue cloth, and the whole armed with cuirass and back-plate, with cloches of mail, gambesols, and palfreys, and either mailed horse or strong jack-boots, they had something of a uniform appearance. Many of the leaders were clad in complete armour, and all in a certain half-military dress, which no man of quality in those distracted times ever felt himself sufficiently safe to shun.

The foremost of this party immediately rode up to the postler and to Halford Glenfinnan, and demanded of them who they

were. The peller told his story, the young Glendinning exhibited his letter, which a gentleman carried to Murray. In an instant after, the word "Halt!" was given through the squadron, and at once the onward heavy tramp, which seemed the most distinctive attribute of the body, ceased, and was heard no more. The command was announced that the troop should halt here for an hour to refresh themselves and their horses. The peller was assured of safe protection, and accommodated with the use of a baggage horse. But at the same time he was ordered into the rear; a command which he reluctantly obeyed, and not without wringing piteously the hand of Halbert as he separated from him.

The young heir of Glendun was in the meanwhile conducted to a plot of ground more raised, and therefore drier than the rest of the moor. Here a carpet was flung on the ground by way of table-cloth, and around it sat the leaders of the party, partaking of an entertainment as coarse with relation to their rank, as that which Glendinning had so lately shared. Murray himself rose as he came forward, and advanced a step to meet him.

This celebrated person had in his appearance, as well as in his mind, much of the admirable qualities of James V. his father. Had not the stain of illegitimacy rested upon his birth, he would have filled the Scottish throne with as much honour as any of the Stewart race. But history, while she acknowledges his high talents, and most that was princely, nay, royal, in his conduct, cannot forget that ambition led him farther than honour or loyalty warranted. Brave amongst the bravest, fair in presence and in favour, skilful to manage the most intricate affairs, to attach to himself those who were doubtful, to stun and overthrow, by the suddenness and impetuosity of his enterprises, those who were resolute in resistance, he attained, and as to personal merit certainly deserved, the highest place in the kingdom. But he showed, under the influence of strong temptation, the opportunities which his sister Mary's misfortune and imprudence threw in his way; he supplanted his sovereign and benefactress in her power, and his history affords us one of those mixed characters, in which principle was so often sacrificed to policy, that we must condemn the statesman while we pity and regret the individual. Many events in his life gave likelihood to the charge that he himself

aimed at the crown; and it is too true, that he countenanced the fatal expedient of establishing an English, that is a foreign and a hostile interest, in the councils of Scotland. But his death may be received as an atonement for his offences, and may serve to show how much more safe is the person of a real patriot, than that of the mere head of a faction, who is accounted answerable for the offences of his momentary attendants.

When Murray approached, the young rustic was naturally shocked at the dignity of his presence. The commanding form and the countenance to which high and important thoughts were familiar, the features which bore the resemblance of Scotland's long line of kings, were well calculated to impress awe and reverence. His dress had little to distinguish him from the high-born nobles and barons by whom he was attended. A buff-coat, richly embroidered with silver lace, supplied the place of armour; and a massive gold chain, with its medal, hung round his neck. His black velvet basnet was decorated with a string of large and fair pearls, and with a small tufted feather; a long heavy sword was girt to his side, as the familiar companion of his hand. He wore gilded spurs on his heels, and thus completed his equipment.

"This letter," he said, "is from the gaily preacher of the word, Henry Warden, young man! is it not so?" Halbert answered in the affirmative. "And he writes to us, it would seem, in some straits, and refers us to you for the circumstances. Let us know, I pray you, how things stand with him."

In some perturbation Halbert Glenclaving gave an account of the circumstances which had accompanied the preacher's imprisonment. When he came to the discussion of the head-fasting engagement, he was struck with the anxious and displeased expression of Murray's brow, and contrary to all prudential and politic rule, seeing something was wrong, yet not well aware what that something was, had almost stopped short in his narrative.

"What ails the fool!" said the Earl, drawing his dark-red eyebrows together, while the same dusky glow kindled on his brow—"Hast thou not learned to tell a true tale without stammering?"

"So please you," answered Halbert, with considerable address, "I have never before spoken in such a presence."

"He seems a modest youth," said Murray, turning to his

next attendant, "and yet one who in a good cause will neither fear friend nor foe.—Speak on, friend, and speak freely."

Halbert then gave an account of the quarrel between Julia Arnesel and the preacher, which the Earl, biting his lip the while, compelled himself to listen to as a thing of indifference. At first he appeared even to take the part of the Baron.

"Henry Warden," he said, "is too hot in his zeal. The law both of God and man maketh allowance for certain offences, though not strictly formal, and the laws of such may recede."

This general declaration he expressed, accompanying it with a glance around upon the five followers who were present at this interview. The most of them answered—"There is no contravening that," but one or two looked on the ground, and were silent. Murray then turned again to Glendinning, commending him in any what next chance, and not to omit any particular. When he mentioned the manner in which Julia had cast from him his cross-bone, Murray drew a deep breath, set his teeth hard, and laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger. Casting his eyes once more around the circle, which was now augmented by one or two of the reformed preachers, he seemed to devour his rage in silence, and again commended Halbert to proceed. When he came to describe how Warden had been dragged to a dungeon, the Earl seemed to have found the point at which he might give vent to his own resentment, source of the sympathy and approbation of all who were present. "Judge you," he said, looking to those around him, "judge you, my peers, and noble gentlemen of Scotland, between me and this Julia Arnesel—he hath broken his own word, and hath violated my self-conduct—and judge you also, my reverend brethren, he hath put his hand forth upon a preacher of the gospel, and perchance may sell his blood to the worshippers of Antichrist!"

"Let him die the death of a traitor," said the southern chiefs, "and let his tongue be struck through with the hangman's scyde bow to atone his perjury!"

"Let him go down to his place with David's priests," said the preachers, "and be his ashes cast into Tophet!"

Murray heard them with the smile of expected revenge; yet it is probable that the brutal treatment of the female, whose circumstances somewhat resembled those of the Earl's own mother, had its share in the grim smile which varied his an-

burnt cheek and its hangings. To Halbert Glendinning, when his narrative was finished, he spoke with great kindness.

"He is a bold and gallant youth," said he to those around, "and formed of the stuff which becomes a bustling time. There are periods when men's spirits shine brightly through them. I will know something more of him."

He questioned him more particularly concerning the force of Arundel's probable forces—the strength of his castle—the dispositions of his next heir, and this brought necessarily forward the sad history of his brother's daughter, Mary Arundel, which was told with an embarrassment that did not escape Murray.

"Ha! Julian Arundel," he said, "and do you provide my resentment, when you have so much more reason to deplore my justice! I know Walter Arundel, a true Scotsman and a good soldier. Our sister, the Queen, most right his daughter; and were her hand restored, she would be a fitting bride to some brave man who may better merit our favour than the traitor Julian."—Then looking at Halbert, he said, "Art thou of gentle blood, young man?"

Halbert, with a faltering and uncertain voice, began to speak of his distant pretensions to claim a descent from the ancient Glendowrynes of Galloway, when Murray interrupted him with a smile.

"Nay—nay—leave pedigrees to books and heralds. In our days each man is the son of his own deeds. The glorious light of reformation hath shone alike on prince and peasant; and peasant as well as prince may be illustrated by fighting in its defence. It is a stirring world, where all may advance themselves who have stout hearts and strong arms. Tell me frankly why thou hast left thy father's house?"

Halbert Glendinning made a frank confession of his deal with Pierre Shafton, and mentioned his supposed death.

"By my hand," said Murray, "thou art a bold spurrer-back, to match thee so early with such a kilt as Pierre Shafton. Queen Elizabeth would give her glove filled with gold to know that meddling counsel to be under the soil.—Would she not, Morton?"

"Ay, by my word, and crown her glove a better gift than the crown," replied Morton, "which few Border lads like this fellow will esteem just valuation."

"But what shall we do with this young household?" said Murray; "what will our preachers say?"

"Tell them of Moses and of Balaak," said Morton; "it is but the writing of an Egyptian when all is said and done."

"Let it be so," said Murray, laughing; "but we will bury the tale, as the prophet did the body, in the sand. I will take care of this scruple.—Be near to us, Glendinning, share that is thy name. We retain thee as a squire of our household. The master of our house will see thee fully equipped and armed."

During the expedition which he was now engaged in, Murray found several opportunities of putting Glendinning's courage and presence of mind to the test, and he began to rise so rapidly in his esteem, that those who knew the Earl considered the youth's fortune as certain. One step only was wanting to raise him to a still higher degree of confidence and favour—it was the abjuration of the Popish religion. The ministers who attended upon Murray, and formed his chief support amongst the people, found an easy convert in Halbert Glendinning, who, from his earliest days, had never felt much devotion towards the Catholic faith, and who listened eagerly to more reasonable views of religion. By thus adopting the faith of his master, he rose higher in his favour, and was constantly about his person during his prolonged stay in the west of Scotland, which the intractability of those whom the Earl had to deal with, precluded from day to day, and week to week.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Paint the din of battle long'd
 Flashed down the hollow wind;
 War and terror fill'd below,
 Wounds and death were left behind.

FRASER.

THE autumn of the year was well advanced, when the Earl of Morton, one morning, rather unexpectedly, entered the antechamber of Murray, in which Halbert Glendinning was in waiting.

"Call your master, Halbert," said the Earl; "I have news for him from Torricastle; and for you too, Glendinning.—"

"Nona! nena! my Lord of Murray!" he exclaimed at the door of the Earl's bedroom; "come forth instantly." The Earl appeared, and greeted him shy, demanding eagerly his tidings.

"I have had a warm friend with me from the south," said Morton; "he has been at Saint Mary's Monastery, and brings important tidings."

"Of what complexion?" said Murray, "and can you trust the bearer?"

"He is faithful, on my life," said Morton; "I wish all around your Lordship may prove equally so."

"At what, and whom, do you point?" demanded Murray.

"Here is the Egyptian of trusty Halbert Glendinning, our Southland Nona, come alive again, and flourishing, gay and bright as ever, in that Teviotdale Goshen, the Habitation of Knapshole."

"What news you, my lord?" said Murray.

"Only that your new handman has put a false tale upon you. Fiesole Shafton is alive and well; by the same token that the gull is thought to be detained there by love to a miller's daughter, who reared the country with him in disguise."

"Glendinning," said Murray, bending his brow into his darkest frown, "dost thou not, I trust, dared to bring me a lie in thy mouth, in order to win my confidence?"

"My lord," said Halbert, "I am incapable of a lie. I should choke as one were my life to require that I pronounced it. I say, that this sword of my father was through the body—the point came out behind his back—the hilt pressed upon his breast-bone. And I will plunge it as deep in the body of any one who shall dare to charge me with falsehood."

"How, fellow!" said Morton, "wouldst thou brand a nobleman?"

"Be silent, Halbert," said Murray, "and you, my Lord of Morton, rebuke him. I see truth written on his brow."

"I wish the hanks of the manuscript may correspond with the superscription," replied his more suspicious ally. "Look to it, my lord, you will one day lose your life by too much confidence."

"And you will lose your friends by being too readily suspicious," answered Murray. "Enough of this—let us hear thy tidings."

"Sir John Porter," said Morton, "is about to send a party into Scotland to waste the Highlands."

"How! without waiting my presence and permission!" said Murray—"he is mad—will he come as an enemy into the Queen's country!"

"He has Elizabeth's express orders," answered Morton, "and they are not to be trifled with. Indeed, his march has been more than once projected and laid aside during the time we have been here, and has caused much alarm at Kilmacphail. Boniface, the old Abbot, has resigned, and whom, think you, they have chosen in his place?"

"No one, surely," said Murray; "they would presume to hold no election until the Queen's pleasure and time were known!"

Morton shrugged his shoulders—"They have chosen the pupil of old Cardinal Beaton, that wily determined champion of Rome, the bosom-friend of our busy Primate of Saint Andrews. Beaton, late the Sub-Prior of Kilmacphail, is now its abbot, and, like a second Pope Julius, is keeping men and making masters to fight with Porter if he comes forward."

"We must prevent that meeting," said Murray, hastily; "whichever party wins the day, it were a fatal encounter for us—" Who commands the troop of the Abbot?"

"Our faithful old friend, Julian Arved, nothing less," answered Morton.

"Gladfishing," said Murray, "send trumpets to horse directly, and let all who love us get on horseback without delay—Yes, my lord, this were indeed a fatal dilemma. If we take part with our English friends, the country will cry shame on us—the very old wives will attack us with their rods and spell-books—the very stones of the street will rise up against us—we cannot set our face to such a deed of infamy. And my sister, whose confidence I already have such difficulty in preserving, will altogether withdraw it from me. Then, were we to oppose the English Warden, Elizabeth would call it a protecting of her enemies, and what not, and we should lose her."

"The she-dragon," said Morton, "is the best card in our pack; and yet I would not willingly stand still and see English blades carve Scots flesh—What say you to loitering by the way, marching far and away for fear of spoiling our houses? They might then fight dog fight bull, fight Abbot fight archer,

and no one could blame us for what chanced when we were not present."

"All would blame us, James Douglas," replied Murray; "we should lose both sides—we had better advance with the utmost velocity, and do what we can to keep the peace betwixt them.—I would the rag that brought Pierre Shafton hither had broken his neck over the highest bench in Northumberland!—He is a proper contrivance to make all this bustle about, and to furnish perhaps a national war!"

"Had we known in time," said Douglas, "we might have had him privately waited upon as he entered the Borders; there are strapping lads enough would have rid us of him for the lace of his spur-ribs." But to the saddle, James Stewart, since so the phrase goes. I hear your trumpets sound to horse and array—we shall soon see which rag is best treated."

Followed by a train of about three hundred well-mounted men-at-arms, these two powerful barons directed their course to Dumfries, and from thence onward to Twickdale, marching at a rate which, as Morton had foretold, soon disabled a good many of their horses, so that when they approached the scene of expected action, there were not above two hundred of their train remaining in a body, and of these most were mounted on steeds which had been sorely jaded.

They had hitherto been amused and agitated by various reports concerning the advance of the English soldiers and the degree of resistance which the Albert was able to oppose to them. But when they were six or seven miles from Saint Mary's of Kinnegadair, a gentleman of the country, whom Murray had summoned to attend him, and on whose intelligence he knew he could rely, arrived at the head of two or three servants, "bloody with spurring, dory red with haste." According to his report, Sir John Foster, after several times surrounding, and as often delaying, his intended invasion, had at last been so stung with the news that Pierre Shafton was openly holding within the Halkidons, that he determined to execute the command of his mistress, which directed him, at every risk, to make himself master of the Englishman's person. The Albert's retreating warriors had collected a body of men almost equal in number to those of the English Warden, but less practised in arms. They were waited under the command of Julian Avenel,

* *Spur-ribs—Spur-leashes.*

and it was apprehended they would join battle upon the banks of a small stream which forms the verge of the Halldome.

"Who knows the place?" said Murray.

"I do, my lord," answered Glendinning.

"The well," said the Earl; "take a score of the best-mounted horse—make what haste thou canst, and announce to them that I am coming up instantly with a strong power, and will cut to pieces, without mercy, whichever party strikes the first blow.—Davidson," said he to the gentleman who brought the intelligence, "thou shalt be my guide.—Hie thee on, Glendinning—Say to Foster I conjure him as he respects his mistress's service, that he will leave the matter in my hands. Say to the Abbot, I will burn the Monastery over his head, if he strikes a stroke till I come.—Tell the dog, Julian Arundel, that he hath already one deep score to settle with me—I will set his head on the top of the highest pinnacle of Saint Mary's, if he presume to open another. Make haste, and spare not the spur for fear of spoiling horse-flesh."

"Your bidding shall be obeyed, my lord," said Glendinning; and choosing those whose horses were in best plight to be his attendants, he went off as fast as the jaded state of their cavalry permitted. Hill and holler vanished from under the feet of the charges.

They had not ridden half the way, when they met stragglers coming off from the field, whose appearance announced that the conflict was begun. Two supported in their arms a third, their older brother, who was pierced with an arrow through the body. Halbert, who knew them to belong to the Halldome, called them by their names, and questioned them of the state of the affair; but just then, in spite of their efforts to retain him in the middle, their brother dropped from the horse, and they despatched in haste to revive his last breath. From men thus engaged no information was to be obtained. Glendinning, therefore, pushed on with his little troop, the more anxiously, as he perceived other stragglers, bearing Saint Andrew's cross upon their caps and corselets, flying apparently from the field of battle. Most of these when they were aware of a body of horsemen approaching on the road, held to the one hand or the other, at such a distance as precluded coming to speech of them. Others, whose fear was more intense, kept the covered road, galloping wildly as fast as their horses could carry them, and

when questioned, only glared without reply on those who spoke to them, and rode on without drawing backs. Several of these were also known to Halbert, who had therefore no doubt, from the circumstances in which he met them, that the men of the Hallidons were defeated. He became now unrespectably anxious concerning the fate of his brother, who, he could not doubt, must have been engaged in the affray. He therefore increased the speed of his horse, so that not above five or six of his followers could keep up with him. At length he reached a little hill, at the descent of which, surrounded by a semicircular sweep of a small stream, lay the plain which had been the scene of the skirmish.

It was a melancholy spectacle. War and terror, to use the expression of the poet, had rushed on to the field, and left only wounds and death behind them. The battle had been stoutly contested, as was almost always the case with these border skirmishes, where ancient hatred and mutual injuries made men stubborn in maintaining the cause of their conflict. Towards the middle of the plain, there lay the bodies of several men who had fallen in the very act of grappling with the enemy; and these were seen countenances which still bore the stern expression of unextinguishable hate and defiance, hands which clasp the hilt of the broken falchion, or strive in vain to pluck the deadly arrow from the wound. Some were wounded, and, covered of the courage they had lately shown, were begging aid, and craving water, in a tone of melancholy depression, while others tried to teach the faltering tongue to pronounce some half-forgotten prayer, which, even when first learned, they had but half understood. Halbert, uncertain what course he was next to pursue, rode through the plain to see if, among the dead or wounded, he could discover any trace of his brother Edward. He experienced no interruption from the English. A distant clank of steel announced that they were still pursuing the scattered fugitives, and he guessed, that to approach them with his followers until they were again under some command would be to throw away his own life and that of his men, whom the victors would instantly confound with the Scots against whom they had been successful. He resolved, therefore, to pause until Harry came up with his force, to which he was the more readily moved, as he heard the trumpets of the English Warden sounding the retreat, and recalling from the pursuit.

He drew his men together, and made a stand in an advantageous spot of ground, which had been occupied by the Scots in the beginning of the action, and most fiercely disputed while the skirmish lasted.

While he stood here, Halbert's ear was assailed by the feeble moan of a woman, which he had not expected to hear amid that scene until the retreat of the foe had permitted the relations of the slain to approach, for the purpose of burying them the last duties. He looked with anxiety, and at length observed, that by the body of a knight in bright armour, whose coat, though soiled and broken, still showed the marks of rank and birth, there sat a female wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and holding something pressed against her bosom, which he soon discovered to be a child. He glanced towards the English. They advanced not, and the continued and prolonged sound of their trumpets, with the shouts of the leaders, announced that their powers would not be instantly re-assembled. He had, therefore, a moment to look after this unfortunate woman. He gave his horse to a spearman as he dismounted, and approaching the unhappy female, asked her, in the most soothing tone he could assume, whether he could assist her in her distress. The mourner made him no direct answer; but endeavouring, with a trembling and unskilful hand, to undo the springs of the vicer and gorget, said, in a tone of impatient grief, "Oh, he would recover instantly could I but give him air—had and living, life and honour, would I give for the power of undoing those cruel iron platings that suffocate him?" He that would soothe sorrow must not argue on the vanity of the most deceitful hopes. The body lay as that of one whose last draught of vital air had been drawn, and who must never more have answers with the ether sky. But Halbert Glendinning failed not to notice the vicer and not loose the gorget, when, to his great surprise, he recognised the pale face of Julian Arvend. His last fight was over, the fierce and terrible spirit had departed in the strife in which it had so long delighted.

"Alas! he is gone," said Halbert, speaking to the young woman, in whom he had now no difficulty of knowing the unhappy Catherine.

"Oh, no, no, no," she reiterated, "do not say so—he is not dead—he is but in a swoon. I have him as long in one myself—and then his voice would arouse me, when he spoke kindly,

and said, Catherine, look up for my sake—And look up, Julian, for mine!" she said, addressing the senseless corpse; "I know you do but counteract to frighten me, but I am not frightened," she added, with an hysterical attempt to laugh; and then instantly changing her tone, entreated him to "speak, were it but to cure my folly. Oh, the saddest word you ever said to me would now sound like the dearest you wanted me to believe I gave you all. Lift him up," she said, "lift him up, for God's sake!—have you no compassion? He promised to wed me if I bore him a boy, and this child is so like to its father!—How shall he keep his word if you do not help me to awaken him!—Christie of the Climbill, Bowley, Haindon! ye were constant at his feet, but ye fled from him at the fray, false villains as ye are!"

"Not I, by Heaven!" said a dying man, who made some shift to raise himself on his elbow, and discovered to Halbert the well-known features of Christie; "I fled not a foot, and a man can but fight while his breath lasts—mine is going fast.—So, youngster," said he, looking at Glen-Harrowing, and seeing his military dress, "thou hast to'en the banner at last! It is a better cup to live in than die in. I would chance had sent thy brother here instead—there was good in him—but thou art as wild, and wilt soon be as wicked, as myself."

"God forbid!" said Halbert hastily.

"Marry, and more, with all my heart," said the wounded man, "there will be company now without thee where I am going. But God be praised I had no hand in that wickedness," said he, looking to poor Catherine; and with some exclamation in his mouth, that sounded between a prayer and a curse, the soul of Christie of the Climbill took wing to the last moment.

Deeply wrapt in the painful interest which these shocking events had excited, Glen-Harrowing forgot for a moment his own situation and duties, and was first recalled to them by a tramping of hoofs, and the cry of Saint George for England, which the English soldiers still continued to use. His handful of men, for most of the strugglers had waited for Marry's coming up, remained on horseback, holding their banners upright, having no command either to retreat or resist.

"There stands our Captain," said one of them, as a strong party of English came up, the vanguard of Foster's troop.

"Your Captain! with his sword sheathed, and on foot is

the presence of his enemy! a raw soldier, I warrant him," said the English leader. "So be! young man, is your dress set, and will you now answer me if you will fight or fly?"

"Neither," answered Halbert Glendinning, with great tranquillity.

"Then throw down thy sword and yield thee," answered the Englishman.

"Not till I can help myself so otherwise," said Halbert, with the same moderation of tone and manner.

"Art thou for thine own hand, friend, or to whom dost thou owe service?" demanded the English Captain.

"To the noble Earl of Marry."

"Then thou servest," said the Scotchman, "the most disloyal nobleman who breathes—false both to England and Scotland."

"True be it," said Glendinning, regardless of all consequences.

"Hail art thou so hot now, and wert so cold but a minute since! I lie, do I? Will thou do battle with me on that quarrel?"

"With one to one—one to two—or two to five, as you list," said Halbert Glendinning; "grant me but a fair field."

"That thou shalt have.—Stand back, my master," said the brave Englishman. "If I fall, give him fair play, and let him go off free with his people."

"Long life to the noble Captain!" cried the soldiers, as impatient to see the duel, as if it had been a bull-baiting.

"He will have a short life of it, though," said the sergeant. "If he, an old man of sixty, is to fight for any reason, or for no reason, with every man he meets, and especially the young fellows he might be fatter to.—And here comes the Warden besides to see the sword-play."

In fact, Sir John Foster came up with a considerable body of his household, just as his Captain, whose age rendered him unequal to the combat with so strong and active a youth as Glendinning, was deprived of his sword.

"Take it up for shame, old Stenarth Dalton," said the English Warden; "and thou, young man, tell me who and what thou art!"

"A follower of the Earl of Marry, who bore his will to your house," answered Glendinning;—"but here he comes to say it himself; I see the van of his household come over the hills."

"Get into order, my masters," said Sir John Foster to his

followers; "you that have broken your spears, draw your swords. We are something unprovided for a second field, but if yonder dark cloud on the hill-edge bring us foul weather, we must bear as lowly as our broken shields will bide it. Meanwhile, Stanzath, we have got the deer we have hunted for—here is Pierce Shafton hard and fast betwixt two troopers."

"Who, that lad?" said Bolton; "he is no more Pierce Shafton than I am. He hath his gay cloak indeed—but Pierce Shafton is a round dozen of years older than that slip of raguary. I have known him since he was three high. Did you never see him in the tilt-yard or in the presence?"

"To the devil with such vanities!" said Sir John Foster; "when had I leisure for them or any thing else? During my whole life has she kept me to this hangman's office, chasing thieves one day and traitors another, in daily fear of my life; the lance never hang up in the hall, the buck never out of the stirrup, the saddle never off my nag's back; and now, because I have been mistaken in the person of a man I never saw, I warrant me, the next letter from the Privy Council will rate me as I were a dog—a man were better dead than thus shamed and harassed."

A trumpet interrupted Foster's complaints, and a Scottish pageant who attended, declared "that the noble Earl of Murray desired, in all honour and safety, a personal conference with Sir John Foster, midway between their parties, with six of company in each, and ten five minutes to come and go."

"And now," said the Englishman, "comes another plague. I must go speak with yonder false Scot, and he knows how to frame his devices, to cast dust in the eyes of a plain man, as well as ever a knave in the north. I am no match for him in words, and for hard blows we are but too ill provided.—Peradventure, we grant the conference—and you, Sir Swordsman" (speaking to young Glendinning), "draw off with your weapons to your own party—watch—attend your Earl's trumpet.—Stanzath Bolton, put our troop in order, and be ready to move forward at the waving of a flag.—Ook you gone to your own friends, I tell you, Sir English, and bide not here."

Notwithstanding this peremptory order, Halbert Glendinning could not help stopping to cast a look upon the unfortunate Catherine, who lay helpless of the danger and of the trampling of so many horses around her, helpless, as the

second glance secured him, of all and for ever. Glancing almost rejoiced when he saw that the last misery of life was over, and that the back of the war-horse, amongst which he was compelled to leave her, could only injure and deface a senseless corpse. He caught the infant from her arms, half ashamed of the shout of laughter which rose on all sides, at seeing an armed man in such a situation assume such an unwonted and inconvenient burden.

"Shoulder your infant!" cried a harquebinder.

"Port your infant!" said a pikeman.

"Peace, ye brutes," said Starvath Bolton, "and respect humanity in others if you have none yourselves. I pardon the lad having done some discredit to my gay hairs, when I see him take care of that helpless creature, which ye would have trampled upon as if ye had been littered of bitch-valves, not born of women."

While this passed, the leaders on either side met in the neutral space between the forces of either, and the Earl addressed the English Warden:—"Is this fair or honest usage, Sir John, or for whom do you hold the Earl of Marston and myself, that you ride in Scotland with armed banner, flag, day, and make prisoners at your own pleasure? Is it well done, think you, to spoil our land and shed our blood, after the many proofs we have given to your mistress of our devotion due to her will, saving always the allegiance due to our own sovereign?"

"My Lord of Murray," answered Foster, "all the world knows you to be a man of quick legges and deep wisdom, and these several weeks have you held me in hand with promising to arrest my sovereign mistress's rebel, this Piersie Shafton of Wilton, and you have never kept your word, allying turncoats in the west, and I was not what other causes of kindness. Now, since he has had the insolence to return hither, and live openly within ten miles of England, I could no longer, in plain duty to my mistress and queen, tarry upon your excessive delays, and therefore I have sent her force to take her rebel, by the strong hand, wherever I can find him."

"And is Piersie Shafton in your hands, then?" said the Earl of Murray. "He avows that I may not, without my own great shame, suffer you to remove him hence without doing battle."

"Will you, Lord Earl, after all the advantages you have

received at the hands of the Queen of England, do battle in the cause of her rebel!" said Sir John Foster.

"Not so, Sir John," answered the Earl, "but I will fight to the death in defence of the liberties of our free kingdom of Scotland."

"By my faith," said Sir John Foster, "I am well content—my sword is not blunted with all it has done yet this day."

"By my honour, Sir John," said Sir George Morton of Chipchase, "there is but little reason we should fight these Scottish Lords of an now, for I hold opinion with old Stenarth Bolton, and believe yonder prisoner to be no more Pierre Shafton than he is the Earl of Northumberland; and you were but ill advised to break the peace between the countries for a prisoner of less consequence than that gay mischief-maker."

"Sir George," replied Foster, "I have often heard you heroes are afraid of haries—Nay, lay not hand on sword, man—I did but jest; and for this prisoner, let him be brought up hither, that we may see who or what he is—always under assurance, my lords," he continued, addressing the Scots.

"Upon our word and honour," said Morton, "we will offer no violence."

The laugh turned against Sir John Foster considerably, when the prisoner, being brought up, proved not only a different person from Sir Pierre Shafton, but a female in man's attire.

"Think the mantle from the queen's face, and cast her to the hemo-bays," said Foster; "she has kept such company ere now, I warrant."

Even Murray was moved to laughter, no common thing with him, at the disappointment of the English Warden; but he would not permit any violence to be offered to the fair Molliars, who had thus a second time rescued Sir Pierre Shafton at her own personal risk.

"You have already done more mischief than you can well answer," said the Earl to the English Warden, "and it were dishonour to me should I permit you to harm a hair of this young woman's head."

"My lord," said Morton, "if Sir John will ride apart with me but for one moment, I will show him such reasons as shall make him content to depart, and to refer this unhappy day's work to the judgment of the Commissioners nominated to try offences on the Border."

He then led Sir John Foster aside, and spoke to him in this manner:—"Sir John Foster, I much marvel that a man who knows your Queen Elizabeth as you do, should not know that, if you hope anything from her, it must be for doing her useful service, not for involving her in quarrels with her neighbours, without any advantage. Sir Knight, I will speak frankly what I know to be true. Had you seized the true Pierre Shafton by this Madrid insult; and had your deed threatened, as most likely it might, a breach betwixt the countries, your politic princes and her politic council would rather have disgraced Sir John Foster than entered into war in his behalf. But now that you have stricken short of your aim, you may rely on it you will have little thanks for carrying the matter further. I will work thus far on the Earl of Murray, that he will undertake to discharge Sir Pierre Shafton from the realm of Scotland.—He will advise, and let the matter now pass off—you will gain nothing by further violence, for if we fight, you, as the weaker and the weaker through your former action, will needs have the worst."

Sir John Foster listened with his head declining on his breast-plate.

"It is a cruel chance," he said, "and I shall have little thanks for my day's work."

He then rode up to Murray, and said, that, in deference to his Lordship's presence and that of my Lord of Morton, he had come to the resolution of withdrawing himself, with his power, without further proceedings.

"Stop there, Sir John Foster," said Murray, "I cannot permit you to retire in safety, unless you leave some one who may be surety to Scotland, that the injuries you have at present done us may be fully answered for;—you will reflect that by permitting your retreat, I become accountable to my Sovereign, who will demand a reckoning of me for the blood of her subjects, if I suffer those who shed it to depart so easily."

"It shall never be told in England," said the Warden, "that John Foster gave pledges like a civilized man, and that on the very field on which he stands victorious.—But," he added, after a moment's pause, "if Stewarth Bolton will to abide with you on his own free choice, I will say nothing against it: and, as I trust him, it were better he should stay to see the dismissal of this same Pierre Shafton."

"I receive him as your hostage, nevertheless, and shall treat him as such," said the Earl of Murray. But Foster, turning away as if to give directions to Bolton and his men, affected not to hear this observation.

"There rides a faithful servant of his most beautiful and Sovereign Lady," said Murray aside to Morton. "Happy men! he knows not whether the execution of her commands may not cost him his head; and yet he is most certain that to leave them unexecuted will bring disgrace and death without reprieve. Happy are they who are not only subjected to the caprice of Dame Fortune, but held bound to account and be responsible for them, and that to a sovereign as ready and fierce as her humorous helpship herself!"

"We also have a female Sovereign, my lord," said Morton.

"We have so, Douglas," said the Earl, with a suppressed sigh; "but it remains to be seen how long a female hand can hold the reins of power in a realm so wild as ours. We will now go on to Saint Mary's, and see ourselves after the state of that House.—Glenlaming, look to that woman and protect her.—What the Lord, man, hast thou got in thine arm!—an infant, as I live!—where couldst thou find such a charge, at such a place and moment?"

Halbert Glenlaming briefly told the story. The Earl rode forward to the place where the body of Julian Avenel lay, with his unhappy companion's arms wrapped around him like the trunk of an uprooted oak borne down by the tempest with all its try galands. Both were cold dead. Murray was touched in an unexpected degree, remembering, perhaps, his own birth. "What have they to answer for, Douglas," he said, "wilt thou show the sweetest gifts of affection?"

The Earl of Morton, unhappy in his marriage, was a libertine in his amours.

"You must ask that question of Henry Warden, my lord, or of John Knox.—I am but a wild counsellor in women's matters."

"Forward to Saint Mary's," said the Earl; "pass the wud as.—Glenlaming, give the infant to this same female counsellor, and let it be taken charge of. Let no disturbance be done to the dead bodies, and call on the country to bury or remove them.—Forward, I say, my masters!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Does he lie married!—Does he wear a spouse!

Kate Jones.

THE news of the last battle, so quickly earned by the fugitives to the village and convent, had spread the greatest alarm among the inhabitants. The Sacristan and other monks counselled flight; the Treasurer recommended that the church plate should be offered as a tribute to bribe the English officer; the Abbot alone was unmoved and undaunted.

"My brethren," he said, "since God has not given our people victory in the combat, it must be because he requires of us, his spiritual soldiers, to fight the good fight of martyrdom, a conflict in which nothing but our own faint-hearted cowardice can make us fall of victory. Let us assume, then, the armour of faith, and prepare, if it be necessary, to die under the rule of those princes, to the service of which we have devoted ourselves. Highly honoured are we all in this distinguished summons, from our dear brother Nicholas, whose grey hairs have been preserved until they should be surrounded by the crown of martyrdom, down to my beloved son Edward, who, arriving at the vineyard at the latest hour of the day, is yet permitted to share its toils with those who have laboured from the morning. Be of good courage, my children. I dare not, like my united predecessors, promise to you that you shall be preserved by miracle—I and you are alike unworthy of that especial interposition, which in earlier times turned the sword of marriage against the bosom of tyrants by whom it was violated, desecrated the hardened hearts of heretics with prodigies, and called down hosts of angels to defend the shrine of God and of the Virgin. Yet, by heavenly aid, you shall this day see that your Father and Abbot will not disgrace the mitre which sits upon his brow. Go to your cells, my children, and examine your private devotions. Array yourselves also in alb and cope, as for our most solemn festivals, and be ready, when the tolling of the largest bell announces the approach of the evening, to march forth to meet them in solemn procession. Let the church be opened to afford such refuge as may be to those of our vessels, who, from their position in this day's unhappy battle, or other

case, are particularly apprehensive of the rage of the enemy. Tell Sir Pierre Shaffan, if he has escaped the light"—

"I am here, most venerable Abbot," replied Sir Pierre; "and if it so sooneth meet to you, I will presently assemble such of the men as have escaped this massacre, and will renew the resistance, even unto the death. Certain, you will learn from all that I did my part in this unhappy matter. Had it pleased Julian Arden to have attended to my counsel, especially in somewhat withdrawing of his main battle, even as you may have marked the hero on either the stoop of thealcon, receiving him rather upon his back than upon his wing, affairs, as I do conceive, might have had a different face, and we might then, in a more bellicose manner, have maintained that affray. Nevertheless, I would not be understood to speak anything in disregard of Julian Arden, whom I saw fall fighting manfully with his face to his enemy, which hath banished from my memory the unworthy term of 'reckling encounter' with which it pleased him something rashly to qualify my advice, and for which, had it pleased Heaven and the saints to have prolonged the life of that excellent person, I had it bound upon my soul to have put him to death with my own hand."

"Sir Pierre," said the Abbot, at length interrupting him, "our time allows brief leisure to speak what might have been."

"You are right, most venerable Lord and Father," replied the incorrigible Englishman; "we protest, as grammarians have it, conceive full mortality less than the future mood, and indeed our negotiations respect chiefly the present. In a word, I am willing to head all who will follow me, and offer such opposition as mankind and mortality may permit, to the advance of the English, though they be my own countrymen; and be assured Pierre Shaffan will measure his length, being five foot ten inches, on the ground as he stands, rather than give two yards in retreat, according to the usual motion in which we retrograde."

"I thank you, Sir Knight," said the Abbot, "and I don't not that you would make your words good; but it is not the will of Heaven that carnal weapons should remove us. We are called to endure, not to resist, and may not waste the blood of our innocent countrymen in vain.—Fruitless opposition becomes not men of our profession; they have no commands to resign the sword and the spear.—God and Our Lady have not blessed our banner."

"Dosthink you, reverend lord?" said Florio Shafton, very eagerly, "are you resign the defence that is in your power—there are many posts near the entry of this village where brave men might live or die to the advantage; and I have this additional motive to make defence—the safety, namely, of a fair friend, who, I hope, hath escaped the hands of the heretics."

"I understood you, Sir Florio," said the Abbot—"you mean the daughter of our Convent's miller?"

"Reverend my lord," said Sir Florio, not without hesitation, "the fair Myriada is, as may be in some sort alleged, the daughter of one who mechanically propaeth arms to be manipulated into blood, without which we could not exist, and which is therefore an employment in itself honourable, nay, necessary. Nevertheless, if the purest sentiments of a generous mind, streaming forth like the rays of the sun reflected by a diamond, may enable one, who is in some sort the daughter of a mechanicaly mechanic"—

"I have no time for all this, Sir Knight," said the Abbot; "be it enough to assure, that with our will we war no longer with carnal weapons. We of the spirituality will teach you of the temperance how to die in cold blood, our hands not clenched for resistance, but folded for prayer—our hearts not filled with jealous hatred, but with Christian meekness and forgiveness—our ears not deafened, nor our senses confused, by the sound of clamorous instruments of war; but, on the contrary, our voices composed to Hallelujah, Kyrie-Eleison, and Salve Regina, and our blood temperate and cold, as those who think upon reconciling themselves with God, not of avenging themselves of their fellow-creatures."

"Lord Abbot," said Sir Florio, "this is nothing to the fate of my Meliana, whom, I beseech you to observe, I will not abandon while golden life and steel blade life together on my sidebars. I commanded her not to follow us to the field, and yet notwithstanding I saw her in her page's attire amongst the rear of the combatants."

"You must seek elsewhere for the person in whose fate you are so deeply interested," said the Abbot; "and at present I will pray of your knighthood to inquire concerning her at the church, in which all our more delicious meals have taken refuge. It is my advice to you, that you also abide by the house of the altar; and, Sir Florio Shafton," he added, "be of

one thing secure, that if you cease to burn it will involve the whole of this brotherhood; for never, I trust, will the moment of us lay safety at the expense of surrendering a friend or a guest. Leave us, my son, and may God be your aid!"

When Sir Piersie Shafton had departed, and the Abbot was about to betake himself to his own cell, he was surprised by an unknown person suddenly requiring a conference, who, being admitted, proved to be no other than Henry Warden. The Abbot started as he entered, and exclaimed angrily—"Ha! are the few hours that fate allows him who may not wear the mitre of this house, not to be consumed from the intrusion of luxury? Dost thou come," he said, "to enjoy the hopes which fate holds out to thy demerited and accursed sect, to see the beams of destruction sweep away the pride of old religion—to deface our shrines—to mutilate and lay waste the bodies of our benefactors, as well as their appliances—to destroy the pinnacles and carved work of God's house and our Lady's?"

"Fears, William Abbot!" said the Protestant preacher, with dignified composure; "for none of these purposes do I come. I would have these stately shrines deprived of the idols which, no longer simply regarded as the effigies of the good and of the wise, have become the objects of idol worship. I would otherwise have its ornaments retained, unless as they are or may be a snare to the souls of men; and especially do I condemn those ravages which have been made by the bloody fury of the people, stung into and against will-worship by bloody persecution. Against such wanton devastations I lift my testimony."

"Like distinguisher that thou art!" said the Abbot Bursow, interrupting him; "what signifies the protest under which thou dost despoil the house of God? and why at this present emergency wilt thou insert the master of it by thy ill-considered presence?"

"Thou art unjust, William Abbot," said Warden; "but I am not the less ardent in my resolution. Thou hast protected me some time since at the hazard of thy rank, and what I know thou holdest still dearer, at the risk of thy reputation with thine own sect. Our party is now uppermost, and, believe me, I have come down the valley, in which thou dost quarter me for sequestration's sake, simply with the wish to keep my engagements to thee."

"Ay," answered the Abbot, "and it may be that my inter-

ing to that worldly and infernal compassion which pleaded with me for thy life, is now avenged by this impending judgment. Heaven hath smitten, it may be, the erring shepherd, and scattered the flock."

"Think better of the Divine judgments," said Warden. "Not for thy sins, which are those of thy blinded education and circumstances; not for thine own sins, William Allan, art thou stricken, but for the accumulated guilt which thy misnamed Church hath accumulated on her head, and those of her votaries, by the errors and usurpations of ages."

"Now, by my own belief in the Rock of Peter," said the Abbot, "thou dost withhold the last spark of human indignation for which my bosom has feel—I thought I might not again have felt the impulse of earthly passion, and it is thy voice which once more calls me to the expression of human anger! yes, it is thy voice that comest to insult me in my hour of sorrow with those blasphemous accusations of that church which hath kept the light of Christianity alive from the times of the Apostles till now."

"From the times of the Apostles!" said the preacher eagerly. "Nearer, William Allan—the primitive church differed as much from that of Rome, as did light from darkness, which, did thou permit, I should speedily prove. And woe dost thou judge, in saying I come to insult thee in thy hour of affliction, being here, God wot, with the Christian wish of fulfilling an engagement I had made to my host, and of rendering myself to thy will while it had yet power to exercise might upon me, and if it might so be, to mitigate in thy behalf the rage of the victors whom God hath sent as a scourge to thy chastity."

"I will none of thy intervention," said the Abbot, sternly; "the dignity to which the Church has exalted me, never should have enrolled my bosom more proudly in the time of the highest prosperity, than in debt at this crisis—I ask nothing of thee, but the assurance that my loyalty to thee hath been the means of perverting no soul to Satan, that I have not given to the wolf any of the sheep heads whom the Great Shepherd of souls had intrusted to my charge."

"William Allan," answered the Protestant, "I will be sincere with thee. What I promised I have kept—I have withheld my voice from speaking even good things. But it has pleased Heaven to call the maiden Mary Avenel to a better name of

fish than those and all the disciples of Rome can teach. Her I have aided, with my humble power—I have orientated her from the machinations of evil spirits to which she and her house were exposed during the blindness of their Romish superstition, and, thanks be to my Master, I have not reason to fear she will again be caught in the snare."

"Wretched man!" said the Abbot, unable to suppress his rising indignation, "is it to the Abbot of Saint Mary's that you boast having aided the soul of a dweller in Our Lady's Hallows into the paths of foul error and damning heresy!—Then dost urge me, Wellwood, beyond what is becoming me to bear, and movest me to employ the few moments of power I may yet possess, in removing from the face of the earth one, whose qualities, given by God, have been so utterly perverted as thus to the service of Satan."

"Do thy pleasure," said the penitent; "thy vain wrath shall not prevent my doing my duty to advantage thee, where it may be done without neglecting my higher call. I go to the Earl of Marry."

The conference, which was advancing fast into bitter dissension, was here interrupted by the deep and solemn toll of the largest and heaviest bell of the Convent, a sound famous in the dioceses of the Community, for dispelling of tempests, and putting to flight demons, but which now only announced danger, without affording any means of warding against it. Hastily repeating his orders, that all the brethren should attend in the choir, arrayed for solemn procession, the Abbot ascended to the battlements of the holy Monastery, by his own private staircase, and there met the Sacristan, who had been in the act of directing the tolling of the huge bell, which fell under his charge.

"It is the last time I shall discharge mine office, most venerable Father and Lord," said he to the Abbot, "for yonder come the Philistines; but I would not that the huge bell of Saint Mary's should sound for the last time, otherwise than in true and full tone—I have been a sinful man for one of our holy profession," added he, looking upward, "yet may I presume to say, not a bell hath sounded out of tune from the tower of the house, while Father Philip had the superintendence of the chime and the bellry."

The Abbot, without reply, cast his eyes towards the path,

which, winding around the mountain, descends upon Kennaquhair, from the south-east. He beheld at a distance a cloud of dust, and heard the neighing of many horses, while the occasional sparkle of the long line of spears, as they came downwards into the valley, announced that the band were thither in arms.

"Shame on my weakness!" said Abbot Fostace, jerking the tears from his eyes; "my sight is too much dimmed to observe their motions—look, my son, Edward," for his favourite novice had again joined him, "and tell me what ensigns they bear."

"They are Scottish men, when all is done," exclaimed Edward—"I see the white crosses—it may be the Western Borderers, or Perithous and his clan."

"Look at the banner," said the Abbot; "tell me, what are the blazons?"

"The arms of Scotland," said Edward, "the lion and its treasure, quartered, as I think, with three cushions—Can it be the royal standard?"

"Alas! no," said the Abbot, "it is that of the Earl of Murray. He hath assumed with his new conquest the badge of the valiant Randolph, and hath dropt from his hereditary coat the bend which indicates his own house birth—would to God he may not have blotted it also from his memory, and also as well at possessing the name, as the power, of a king."

"At least, my father," said Edward, "he will score us from the violence of the Borderers."

"Ay, my son, as the shepherd secures a silly lamb from the wolf, which he destines in due time to his own banquet. Oh, my son, evil days are on us! A breach has been made in the walls of our monastery—thy brother hath fallen from the field. Such news brought my last mortal intelligence—Murray hath already spoken of rewarding his services with the hand of Mary Arundel."

"Of Mary Arundel!" said the novice, tottering towards and grasping hold of one of the carved pinnacles which adorned the great battlement.

"Ay, of Mary Arundel, my son, who has also sinned the faith of her fathers. Weep not, my Edward, weep not, my beloved son! or weep for their apostasy, and not for their union—Bless God, who hath called thee to himself, out of the

tests of wickedness; but for the grace of Our Lady and Saint Benedict, thou also hadst been a confessor."

"I endeavour, my father," said Edward, "I endeavour to forget; but what I would now blot from my memory has been the thought of all my former life—Murray dare not forward a match so unequal in birth."

"He dares do what suits his purpose.—The Castle of Arundel is strong, and needs a good castellan, devoted to his service; so for the difference of their birth, he will send it no more than he would mind defacing the natural regularity of the ground, were it necessary he should erect upon it military lines and entrenchments. But do not droop for that—awaken thy soul within thee, my son. Think you past with a vain vision, an idle dream, sunk in solitude and inaction—I weep not, yet what am I now like to lose!—Look at those towers, where saints dwell, and where heroes have been buried.—Think that I, so briefly called to preside over the pious flock, which has dwelt here since the first light of Christianity, may be this day written down the last father of this holy community.—Come, let us descend, and meet our fate. I see them approach near to the village."

The Abbot descended, the novice cast a glance around him; yet the sense of the danger impending over the stately structure, with which he was now united, was unable to banish the recollection of Mary Arundel.—"His brother's bride!" he pulled the cord over his face, and followed his Superior.

The whole bells of the Abbey now added their peal to the death-toll of the lament which had so long sounded. The monks wept and prayed as they got themselves into the order of their procession for the last time, so seemed but too probable.

"It is well our Father Boniface hath retired to the island," said Father Philip; "he could never have put over this day—it would have broken his heart!"

"God be with the soul of Abbot Inghram!" said old Father Nicholas, "there were no such doings in his days.—They say we are to be put forth of the abbacy; and how I am to live anywhere else than where I have lived for three seventy years, I wot not—the best is, that I have not long to live anywhere."

A few moments after this the great gate of the Abbey was swung open, and the procession moved slowly forward from beneath its huge and richly-adorned gateway. Cross and

banner, pike and halberd, dresses containing robes, and masses streaming with incense, preceded and were intermingled with the long and solemn array of the brotherhood, in their long black gowns and cowls, with their white scapularies hanging over them, the various officers of the convent each displaying his proper badge of office. In the centre of the procession came the Abbot, surrounded and supported by his chief assistants. He was dressed in his habit of high solemnity, and appeared so much unconcerned as if he had been taking his usual part in some ordinary assembly. After him came the inferior persons of the convent; the novices in their blue or white dresses, and the lay brethren distinguished by their hoods, which were seldom worn by the Fathers. Women and children, mixed with a few men, came in the rear, bewailing the apprehended desecration of their sacred sanctuary. They moved, however, in order, and restrained the marks of their sorrow to a low wailing sound, which rather mingled with than interrupted the measured chant of the monks.

In this order the procession entered the marketplace of the village of Koomaphale, which was then, as now, distinguished by an ancient cross of curious workmanship, the gift of some former monarch of Scotland. Close by the cross, of much greater antiquity, and scarcely less honoured, was an immensely large oak-tree, which perhaps had witnessed the worship of the Druids, ere the stately Monastery to which it adjacent had raised its spire in honour of the Christian faith. Like the Bo-tree of the African village, or the Platanus-tree mentioned in White's Natural History of Selborne, this tree was the rendezvous of the villagers, and regarded with peculiar veneration; a feeling common to most nations, and which perhaps may be traced up to the remote period when the patriarch rested the angels under the oak at Mamre.*

The monks formed themselves each in their due place around the cross, while under the ruins of the aged tree crowded the old and the feeble, with others who felt the common alarm. When they had thus arranged themselves, there was a deep and solemn pause. The monks stifled their chant, the lay populace hushed their lamentations, and all awaited in terror

* It is scarcely necessary to say, that in Malacca, the prototype of Koomaphale, no such oak ever existed.

and silence the arrival of those heretical forces, whom they had been so long taught to regard with fear and trembling.

A distant trampling was at length heard, and the glances of spears was seen to gliss through the trees above the village. The sounds increased, and became more thick, one dense rum-tum-tum rushing sound, in which the tread of hoofs was mingled with the ringing of armour. The horsemen soon appeared at the principal entrance which leads into the irregular square or market-place which forms the centre of the village. They entered two by two, slowly, and in the greatest order. The van continued to move on, riding round the open space, until they had attained the utmost point, and then turning their horses' heads to the street, stood fast; their companions followed in the same order, until the whole market-place was closely surrounded with soldiers; and the file who followed, making the same manœuvre, formed an inner line within those who had first arrived, until the place was begirt with a quadruple file of horsemen closely drawn up. There was now a pause, of which the Abbot availed himself, by commanding the brotherhood to raise the schola chant *De profundis* clemei. He looked around the armed ranks, to see what impression the schola sounds made on them. All were silent, but the brows of some had an expression of contempt, and almost all the rest bore a look of indifference; their course had been too long decided to permit past feelings of enthusiasm to be again awakened by a procession or by a hymn.

"Their hearts are hardened," said the Abbot to himself in dejection, but not in despair; "it remains to see whether those of their leaders are equally obdurate."

The leaders, in the meanwhile, were advancing slowly, and Murray, with Marton, rode in deep conversation before a chosen band of their most distinguished followers, amongst whom came Halbert Glendinning. But the prior Henry Warden, who, upon leaving the Monastery, had instantly joined them, was the only person admitted to their conference.

"You are determined, then," said Marton to Murray, "to give the ladies of Arundel, with all her pretensions, to this rascal and obscure young man?"

"Hath not Warden told you," said Murray, "that they have been bred together, and are lovers from their youth upward?"

"And that they are both," said Warden, "by means which may be almost termed miraculous, rescued from the defilements of Rome, and brought within the pale of the true Church. My residence at Glendower hath made me well acquainted with these things. Ill would it become my habit and my calling, to thrust myself into match-making and giving in marriage, but were were it in me to see your lordships do no less wrong to the feelings which are proper to our nature, and which, being indulged honestly and under the restraints of religion, become a pledge of domestic quiet here, and future happiness in a better world. I say, that you will do ill to rend these ties asunder, and to give this maiden to the kinman of Lord Morton, though Lord Morton's kinman he be."

"These are fair reasons, my Lord of Murray," said Morton, "why you should refuse me so simple a boon as to bestow this silly damsel upon young Bannypack. Speak out plainly, my lord; say you would rather see the castle of Avenel in the hands of one who owns his name and existence solely to your favour, than in the power of a Douglas, and of my kinman?"

"My Lord of Morton," said Murray, "I have done nothing in this matter which should agrieve you. This young man Glendower has done me good service, and may do me more. My promise was in some degree passed to him, and that while Julian Avenel was alive, when ought beside the maiden's life had would have been hard to come by; whereas, you never thought of such an alliance for your kinman, till you saw Julian lie dead yonder on the field, and knew his land to be a wulf free to the first who could seize it. Come, come, my lord, you do less than justice to your gallant kinman, in wishing him a bride bred up under the milk-pail; for this girl is a peasant wench in all but the accident of birth. I thought you had more deep respect for the honour of the Douglases."

"The honour of the Douglases is safe in my keeping," answered Morton, haughtily; "that of other ancient families may suffer as well as the name of Avenel, if rustic are to be matched with the blood of our ancient heroes."

"This is but idle talking," answered Lord Murray; "in times like these, we must look to men and not to pedigrees. Hay was but a rustic before the battle of Lannerty—the bloody pole actually dragged the plough ere it was blessed on a cross by the host. Times of action make princes into peasants, and

boon into barren. All shrines have sprung from one mean man; and it is well if they have never degenerated from his virtues who raised them first from obscurity."

"My Lord of Murray will please to exempt the house of Douglas," said Morton, laughingly; "men have seen it in the tree, but never in the sapling—have seen it in the stream, but never in the fountain." In the outset of our Scottish novels, the Black Douglas was powerful and distinguished as now."

"I bend to the honours of the house of Douglas," said Murray, somewhat ironically; "I am conscious we of the Royal House have little right to compete with them in dignity—What though we have worn crowns and carried sceptres for a few generations if our genealogy moves no further back than to the humble *Alexander Dapifer*!"†

Morton's cheek reddened as he was about to reply; but Henry Warton rallied himself of the liberty which the Protestant clergy long possessed, and started it to interrupt a discussion which was becoming too eager and personal to be friendly.

"My lords," he said, "I must be bold in discharging the duty of my Master. It is a shame and scandal to hear two nobles, whose hands have been so forward in the work of reformation, fall into discord about such vain follies as now occupy your thoughts. Bethink you how long you have thought with one mind, seen with one eye, heard with one ear, confirmed by your union the congregation of the Church, appalled by your joint authority the congregation of Antichrist; and will you now fall into discord about an old decayed castle and a few barren hills, about the loves and tilings of an humble squire, and a damsel bred in the same obscurity, or about the still vainer questions of life genealogy?"

"The good man hath spoken right, noble Douglas," said Murray, reaching him his hand, "our union is too essential to the good cause to be broken off upon such idle terms of discussion. I am fixed to gratify Obedience in this matter—my promise is passed. The wars, in which I have had my share, have made many a family miserable; I will at least try if I may not make one happy. There are maid and matron now

* Peter L. Genealogy of the Douglas family.

† John K. Pedigree of the Howards.

in Scotland.—I promise you, my noble ally, that young Henrypack shall be richly wived."

"My lord," said Warden, "you speak nobly, and like a Christian. Alas! this is a land of hatred and bloodshed—let us not chase from thence the few voices that remain of gentle and domestic love.—And be not too eager for wealth to thy noble kinsman, my Lord of Morton, seeing contentment in the marriage state no way depends on it."

"If you allude to my family misfortune," said Morton, whose Countess, wedded by him for her estate and honours, was hateful to her mind, "the habit you wear, and the liberty, or rather license, of your profession, protect you from my resentment."

"Alas! my lord," replied Warden, "how quick and sensitive is our misfortune! When, pressing forward in our high calling, we point out the errors of the Sovereigns, who punish our boldness more than the noble Morton! But touch we upon his own sin, which most needs healing, and he shrinks from the faithful diagnosis in fear and impatient anger!"

"Enough of this, good and reverend sir," said Murray; "you transgress the prudences yourself recommended even now.—We are now close upon the village, and the good Abbot is come forth at the head of his choir. Then hast pleaded well for him, Warden, otherwise I had taken this occasion to pull down the cross, and chase away the monks."

"Nay, but do not so," said Warden; "this William Allen, whom they call the Abbot Eustace, is a man whose misfortune would more justify our cause than his prosperity. You cannot inflict more than he will endure; and the more that he is made to bear, the higher will be the influence of his talents and his courage. In his conventual throne he will be but coldly looked on—disturbed, it may be, and carried. But turn his crucifix of gold into a crucifix of wood—let him travel through the land, an oppressed and impoverished man, and his penance, his eloquence, and learning, will win more hearts from the good cause, than all the mitred abbots of Scotland have been able to make prey of during the last hundred years."

"Tush! tush! man," said Morton, "the revenue of the Halidome will bring more men, spears, and horses, into the field in one day, than his preaching in a whole lifetime. There are not the days of Peter the Hermit, when monks could march armies from England to Jerusalem; but gold and good deeds

will still do as much or more than ever. Had Julian Arund had but a score or two more men this morning, Sir John Foster had not missed a worse welcome. I say, confiscating the monk's revenues is drawing his dog-tooth."

"We will surely lay him under contribution," said Murray; "and, moreover, if he desires to remain in his Abbey, he will do well to protect Fiamia Shafton."

As he thus spoke, they entered the market-place, distinguished by their complete armour and their lofty plumes, as well as by the number of followers bearing their colours and banners. Both these parental notions, but more especially Murray, so nearly allied to the crown, had at that time a retinue and household not much inferior to that of Scottish royalty. As they advanced into the market-place, a pursuivant, passing forward from their train, addressed the monks in these words:—"The Abbot of Saint Mary's is commanded to appear before the Earl of Murray."

"The Abbot of Saint Mary's," said Bontace, "is, in the patrimony of his Convent, superior to every temporal lord. Let the Earl of Murray, if he seeks him, come himself to his presence."

On receiving this answer, Murray smiled scornfully, and, dismounting from his lofty saddle, he advanced, accompanied by Morton, and followed by others, to the body of monks assembled around the cross. There was an appearance of shivering among them at the approach of the haughty lord, so divided and so powerful. But the Abbot, casting on them a glance of rebuke and encouragement, stepped forth from their ranks like a courageous leader, when he saw that his personal valour must be displayed to revive the drooping courage of his followers. "Lord James Stewart," he said, "or Earl of Murray, if that be thy title, I, Eustace, Abbot of Saint Mary's, demand by what right you have filled our peaceful village, and surrounded our brethren, with these bands of armed men? If hospitality is sought, we have never refused it to courteous riding—if violence be intent against peaceful churchmen, let us know at once the pretext and the object."

"Sir Abbot," said Murray, "your language would better have become another age, and a personage inferior to ours. We come not here to reply to your interrogations, but to demand of you why you have broken the peace, collecting your vessels

in arms, and converting the Queen's flags, whereby many men have been slain, and much trouble, perchance breach of unity with England, is likely to arise!"

"*Lapses in felix!*" answered the Abbot, scornfully. "The wolf accused the sheep of mauling the vicar when he drank in it above her—but it served as a pretext for devouring her. Consecrate the Queen's flags! I did so to defend the Queen's land against foreigners. I did but my duty; and I regret I had not the means to do it more effectually."

"And was it also a part of your duty to receive and harbour the Queen of England's rebel and traitor; and to incense a war between England and Scotland?" said Harney.

"In my younger days, my lord," answered the Abbot, with the same impetuosity, "a war with England was no such decided matter; and not merely a misadvised abbot, bound by his rule to show hospitality and afford sanctuary to all, but the poorest Scottish peasant, would have been ashamed to have pleaded fear of England as the reason for shutting his door against a persecuted exile. But in those older days, the English soldiers saw the face of a Scottish nobleman, save through the bars of his prison."

"Monk!" said the Earl of Morton, sternly, "this insolence will little avail thee; the days are gone by when Bonar's priors were permitted to leave noblemen with impunity. Give us up this Florio Shafon, or by my father's soul I will set thy Abbey in a bright flame!"

"And if thou dost, Lord of Morton, its ruins will tumble above the tombs of thine own ancestors. Be the issue as God wills, the Abbot of Saint Mary's gives up no one whom he hath promised to protect."

"Abbot!" said Harney, "bethink thee ere we are driven to deal roughly—the hands of these men," he said, pointing to the soldiers, "will make wild work among altars and cells, if we are compelled to undertake a search for this Englishman."

"Ye shall not need," said a voice from the crowd; and, advancing gracefully before the Earls, the Englishman flung from him the mantle in which he was muffled. "Viv the saint that shadowed Shafon!" said he; "behold, my lords, the Knight of Wilverton, who spares you the guilt of violence and murders."

"I protest before God and man against any infringement of the privileges of this house," said the Abbot, "by an attempt to

impose violent hands upon the person of this noble knight. If there be yet spirit in a Scottish Parliament, we will make you hear of this elsewhere, my lords!"

"Spare your threats," said Murray; "it may be my purpose with Sir Pierre Shafton is not such as thou dost suppose—Attack him, parafurant, as our prisoner, rescue or no rescue."

"I yield myself," said the English knight, "reserving my right to defy my Lord of Murray and my Lord of Morton to single duel, even as one gentleman may demand satisfaction of another."

"You shall not want those who will answer your challenge, Sir Knight," replied Morton, "without aspiring to men above their own degree."

"And where am I to find these superlative champions," said the English knight, "whose blood runs more pure than that of Pierre Shafton?"

"Here is a fight for you, my lord!" said Murray.

"As ever was fown by a wild-goose," said Stewart's Bolton, who had now approached to the front of the party.

"Who dared to say that word?" said the English knight, his face crimson with rage.

"Tut! man," said Bolton, "make the best of it, thy mother's father was but a tailor, old Overstich of Eddersham—Wag, what! because thou art a miscreant bird, and despoilst thine own natural lineage, and reflect in unsold stiles and valvots, and keepst company with galleys and cutters, must we lose our memory for that? Thy mother, Moll Overstich, was the prettiest wench in those parts—she was wedded by wild Shafton of Wilverton, who, men say, was akin to the Pierre on the wrong side of the blanket."

"Help the knight to some strong valvot," said Morton, "he hath fallen from such a height, that he is stunned with the tumble."

In fact, Sir Pierre Shafton looked like a man stricken by a thunderbolt, while, notwithstanding the seriousness of the scene before him, no one of those present, not even the Abbot himself, could refrain from laughing at the craft and mortified expression of his face.

"Laugh on," he said at length, "laugh on, my masters," shrugging his shoulders; "it is not for me to be offended—yet would I knew full this from that scoundrel who is laughing at the incident, how he had discovered this unhappy blot in an

otherwise spotless usage, and for what purpose he hath made it known?"

"I make it known!" said Halbert Glendinning, in astonishment,—for to him this pathetic appeal was made,—"I never heard the thing till this moment."

"Why, did not that old rude soldier learn it from thee?" said the knight, in increasing amazement.

"Not I, by Heaven!" said Bolton; "I never saw the youth in my life before."

"But you have seen him ere now, my worthy master," said Dame Glendinning, bursting in her turn from the crowd. "My son, this is Starvath Bolton, he to whom we owe life, and the means of preserving it.—If he be a prisoner, as seems most likely, use thine interest with these noble lords to be kind to the widow's friend."

"What, my Dame of the Glen?" said Bolton; "thy brow is more withered, as well as mine, since we met last, but thy tongue holds the touch better than my own. This box of thine gave me the fall surely this morning. The Raven Vexiel has turned as stout a trooper as I prophesied; and where is White Head?"

"Alas!" said the mother, looking down, "Edward has taken orders, and become a monk of this Abbey."

"A monk and a soldier!—Evil trades both, my good dame. Better have made one a good master fashioner, like old Over-sitch of Hellsness. I sighed when I married you the two heavy children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own. The soldier dies in the field, the monk scarce lives in the cloister."

"My dearest mother," said Halbert, "where is Edward—can I not speak with him?"

"He has just left us for the present," said Father Philip, "upon a message from the Lord Abbot."

"And Mary, my dearest mother?" said Halbert.—Mary Arnold was not far distant, and the three were soon withdrawn from the crowd, to hear and relate their various chances of fortune.

While the subordinate personages thus disposed of themselves, the Abbot held serious discussion with the two Bishops, and, partly yielding to their demands, partly defending himself

* Note N. The White Spirit.

with skill and dispatch, was enabled to make a composition for his Convent, which left it practically in no worse situation than before. The Earls were the more reluctant to drive matters to extremity, since he protested, that if urged beyond what his conscience would comply with, he would throw the whole head of the Monastery into the Queen of Scotland's hands, to be disposed of at her pleasure. This would not have answered the views of the Earls, who were contented, for the time, with a moderate sacrifice of money and lands. Matters being so far settled, the Abbot became anxious for the fate of Sir Pierre Shafton, and implored mercy in his behalf.

"He is a coward," he said, "my lords, but he is a generous, though a vain fool; and it is my firm belief you have this day done him more pain than if you had run a postard into him."

"Run a needle into him you mean, Abbot," said the Earl of Marston; "by mine honour, I thought this grandson of a fashioner of doublets was descended from a crowned head at least!"

"I held with the Abbot," said Murray; "there were little chance in surrendering him to Elizabeth, but he shall be sent where he can do her no injury. Our parliament and Bolton shall escort him to Dasher, and ship him off for Fladen.—But soft, here he comes, and leading a female as I think."

"Lords and others," said the English knight with great solemnity, "make way for the lady of Pierre Shafton—a secret which I listed not to make known, till fate, which hath betrayed what I vainly strove to conceal, makes me less desirous to hide that which I now announce to you."

"It is Myale Happon, the Miller's daughter, on my Eh!" said Thib Tacket. "I thought the prize of these Piarde would have a fit!"

"It is indeed the lovely Myale," said the knight, "whose merits towards her devoted servant deserved higher rank than he had to bestow."

"I suspect, though," said Murray, "that we should not have heard of the Miller's daughter being made a lady, had not the knight proved to be the grandson of a tailor."

"My Lord," said Pierre Shafton, "it is your valor to strike him that cannot strike again; and I hope you will consider what is due to a prisoner by the law of arms, and say nothing more on this odious subject. When I am once more mine own man, I will find a new road to dignity."

"Sleep one, I presume," said the Earl of Norton.

"Nay, Douglas, you will drive him mad," said Murray; "besides, we have other matter in hand—I must see Warden Wood Glendinning with Mary Arneil, and put him in possession of his wife's castle without delay. It will be best done ere our forces leave these parts."

"And I," said the Miller, "have the Elm gird to grind; for I hope some one of the good fathers will wed my wench with her gay bridegroom."

"It needs not," said Shafan; "the accomodail hath been solemnly performed."

"It will not be the worst of another bolting," said the Miller; "it is always best to be sure, as I say when I chance to take malthus trials from the same meal-sack."

"Steal the Miller off him," said Murray, "or he will worry him dead. The Abbot, my lord, offers us the hospitality of the Convent; I move we should repair thither, Sir Pierre and all of us. I must learn to know the Maid of Arneil—to-morrow I must act as her father—all Scotland shall see how Murray can reward a faithful servant."

Mary Arneil and her lover avoided meeting the Abbot, and took up their temporary abode in a house of the village, where next day their hands were united by the Protestant preacher in presence of the two Earls. On the same day Pierre Shafan and his wife departed, under an escort which was to conduct him to the sea-side, and see him embark for the Low Countries. Early on the following morning the bands of the Earl were under march to the Castle of Arneil, to invest the young bridegroom with the property of his wife, which was surrendered to them without opposition.

But without those scenes which seemed to mark every remarkable event which befall the fated family did Mary take possession of the ancient castle of her forefathers. The same wraith-like form which had appeared more than once at Glendung, was seen by Tith Tacket and Martin, who returned with their young mistress to partake her altered fortune. It glided before the revels as they advanced upon the long nursery, passed at each drawbridge, and flourished its hand, as in triumph, as it disappeared under the gloomy archway, which was surmounted by the insignia of the house of Arneil. The two trusty servants made their victim only known to those

Glendower, who, with much pride of heart, had accompanied her son to see him take his rank among the barons of the land. "Oh, my dear lady!" she exclaimed, when she heard the tale, "the castle is a grand place to be sure, but I wish ye diann a' desire to be back in the quiet house of Glendower before the play be played out." But this natural reflection, springing from maternal anxiety, was soon forgotten amid the busy and pleasing task of extending and adorning the new habitation of her son.

While these affairs were passing, Edward had hidden himself and his sorrows in the paternal Tower of Glendower, where every object was full of matter for bitter reflection. The Abbot's kindness had despatched him thither upon pretence of placing some papers belonging to the Abbey in safety and security; but in reality to prevent his witnessing the triumph of his brother. Through the deserted apartments, the scene of so many bitter reflections, the unhappy youth stalked like a discontented ghost, conspiring up around him at every step new subjects for sorrow and for self-reproach. Impatient, at length, of the state of irritation and agonised reflection in which he found himself, he rushed out and walked hastily up the glen, as if to shake off the load which hung upon his mind. The sun was setting when he reached the entrance of Carriau-din, and the recollection of what he had seen when he last visited that haunted ravine, burst on his mind. He was in a humor, however, rather to seek out danger than to avoid it.

"I will face this mystic being," he said; "she foretold the fate which has wrapt me in this dream,—I will know whether she has aught else to tell me of a life which cannot but be miserable."

He failed not to see the White Spirit seated by her accustomed haunt, and singing in her usual low and sweet tone. While she sang, she seemed to look with sorrow on her golden zone, which was now diminished to the fineness of a silver thread.

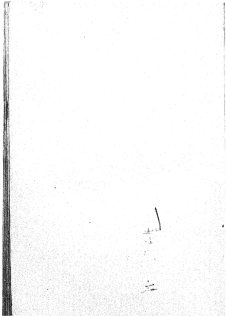
"Fare thee well, thou Elfy grace!
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garb and bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Parting the twilight hind,
Who sees thee now without a wind.

"Forward, Standish ! now nothing
 Shall thou answer to my song,
 While thy crystal bubble glancing,
 Keep the time in mystic dancing,
 Time and truth are lost and lost,
 Like mortal pleasures by fortune's coast.

"The knot of life at length is tied,
 The Quest is lost, the Quest is hid,
 Vainly did my magic sleight
 Send the lover from her sight ;
 Whiter look and purer will,
 Tell's is left behind !"

The vision seemed to weep while she sang ; and the words impressed on Edward a melancholy belief, that the alliance of Mary with his brother might be fatal to them both.

*Here terminates the First Part of the Benedictine's Manuscript. I have in vain endeavored to ascertain the precise period of the story, as the dates cannot be exactly reconciled with those of the most accredited historians. But it is admitting too careless the writers of *Ugolino* are upon these important subjects. I observe that the learned Mr. Laurence Thompson, in his late publication entitled *FRANCONIA*, has not only placed the bed of Edward the Confessor with an offspring unknown to history, with many other relations of the same kind, but has inverted the order of nature, and placed his scenes with scenes in the midst of summer. All that can be alleged by the warmest admirer of this author amounts to this,—that the circumstances objected to are just as true as the rest of the story ; which appears to me (more especially in the matter of the seasons) to be a very imperfect defence, and that the author will do well to profit by Captain Stedman's advice to his servant, and never tell him more lies than are indispensably necessary.*



NOTES TO THE MONASTERY.

NOTE A, p. 8.—HILLSLAP AND COLUMBIA.

[Mr. John Northwick of Exeter, in a note to the publisher (June 14, 1843), says that Mr. Walker has reversed the geographical positions of these towns—that Columbia belonged to Mr. Lucas of Devon, while Hillslap forms part of his estate of Exeter. He adds—"It is good that the tower of Hillslap, which I have taken measures to preserve from injury, was chiefly in his hand, at the time of Woodbury, when writing the Monastery. I may mention that, on one of the occasions when I had the honour of being a visitor at Abbotford, the station then being full, I sent a party to be put up at our tenant's at Hillslap—"Well," said Mr. Walker, "if you do that, you must trust for its not being lifted before to-morrow, to the protection of Halford Woodhouse against Charles of the Churchill." At page 24, vol. ii. last edition, the 'winding stone' which the monks succeeded in describing. The winding stone story is still to be seen in Hillslap, but not in either of the other two towns." It is, however, probable, from the Goodfellow sent on Columbia, that that tower also had been of old a possession of the Northwicks.]

NOTE B, p. 10.—THE WHITE LADY, AND BERNARD.

[Referring to the "Monastery," Mr. Lockhart, in his *Memoirs of Scott*, says he has little to add to the information afforded by the author himself in his Introduction to the novel.

"The Monastery was considered a failure—the first of the series on which any such sentence was pronounced;—and here I need to stop in favour of the White Lady of Arundel, generally criticised as the primary high-water of Mr. Walter Scott's, who was hardly, though not quite so generally, condemned. In either case, considered separately, Mr. Walter seems to have erred from dwelling (in the German) too on materials that might have done very well for a rapid sketch. The phantom with whom we have to do seems to become familiar, is even to fall—even the wreck of Roderic is combated with a momentary appearance and few syllables of the death she craves."

"The beautiful natural scenery, and the sterling Scotch character and manners introduced in the Monastery, are, however, sufficient to redeem even these sketches."—J. G. LOCKHART.]

NOTE C, p. 58.—GALASHIEL.

As gallantry of all times and nations has the same mode of thinking and acting, so it often expresses itself by the same symbols. In the third act 1745-6, a party of Highlanders, under a Chieftain of rank, came to Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Glasgow, but then occupied by the family of Agnes Bruce of Chamberlain. They demanded quarters, which of course were not to be refused to armed men of a strange state and unknown language. But the demands represented to the captain of the mountaineers, that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope, that, under these circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. "God forbid," said the gallant chief, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I request to see the infant?" The child was brought, and the Chieftain, taking his cradle out of its basket, and placing it on the child's breast, "That will be a token," he said, "to any of our people who may come thither, that Donald M'Glashiel of Edinburgh has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection." The lady who received his infancy this babe of Highland protection, is now Mary, lady Clerk of Penpont; and on the 10th of June still wears the cradle which was placed on her breast, with a white rose as a kindred decoration. [Lady Mary Clerk died in Edinburgh in 1834 in her 89th year.]

NOTE D, p. 61.—3 actors.

This representation continues to prevail, though any would suppose it need now be antiquated. It is only a year or two since an illustrious puppet showman, who, disdaining to acknowledge the production of *Glasgow Penpont*, called himself an artist from Yarmouth, brought a complete set of a singular nature before the notice, at Sheriff of Edinburgh. The singular dexterity with which the showman had exhibited the machinery of his little stage, had, upon a British holiday, excited the eager curiosity of some mechanics of Galashiel. These men, from no worse motive that could be discovered than a thirst after knowledge beyond their sphere, committed a burglary upon the tent in which the puppets had been designed to repose, and carried them off in the night of their plaid, when returning from British to their own village.

"But with the morning and reflection came?"

The party feared, however, they could not enter Penpont house, and that the whole troop were equally intruders; they had also, perhaps, some apprehensions of the Blacksmith of the district; and, willing to be quit of their booty, they left the puppets seated in a grove by the side of the British, where they were soon to be touched by the first beams of the rising sun. Here a shepherd, who was on foot with scythe to mow his master's sheep in a field of turnips, to his other attendants, saw this train, profoundly gay, sitting in the little garden. His examination produced that:—

Sheep.—You see these gay-looking things? what do you think they were!

Stephens.—Oh, I am so that free to say what I might think they were.
 Mary.—Come, tell, I must have a shock sooner—who did you think they were?

Stephens.—Oh, oh, truth I am so that free to say that I mistook who I might think they were.

Mary.—Come, come, oh! I ask you distinctly, did you think they were the ladies you saw?

Stephens.—Indeed, oh, and I know say but I might think it was the Good Nightmen.

These unwillingly was he brought to attend to the irritable and capricious inhabitants of his boat.

NOTE K, p. 85.—*SHALWATER OR SHALWATER.*

A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text, actually situated at a small hamlet about a mile and a half above Malton, called from the circumlocution Bridge-end. It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Minster-antiquary* Epithetism:—

"In another journey through the north parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Malton, in the shire of Yorkshire, I saw the remains of a curious bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octagonal pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and I suppose, another opposite one toward the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or terrace surrounding it; the whole is hollow from the door upwards, and now open at the top, near which is a small window. I was informed that not long ago a countryman and his family lived in this tower—and got his livelihood by laying out planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not; but as it is singular in the kind, I have thought fit to exhibit it."

The vestiges of this curious structure of bridge still exist, and the author has often seen the foundations of the adjacent when drifting down the Tweed at night, for the purpose of killing salmon by torch-light. Mr. John Hunter of Bridgwater mentions, that about fifty years ago the pillars were visible above water; and the late Mr. David Kyle of the George Inn, Malton, told the author that he saw a stone taken from the river bearing this inscription:—

"I, Sir John Fringle of Palmerston,
 Give an hundred marks of good new gold,
 To help to tugging bring over Tweed."

Fringle of Galeside, afterwards of Wharfedale, was the Baron to whom the bridge belonged.

NOTE L, p. 161.—*QUARTER REVENUE.*

There are many instances to be met with in the ancient customs of this shire and several others of persons who formed an intimacy distinguishing each other by some quaint epithet. In *Every Man out of the*

Moreover, there is a humorous debate upon names next fit to bind the sides of the warring English and Cavaliers Club, which ends by adopting those of Conscience and Revolution. What is more to the point is in the speech of Helen, a voluptuary and a coquette in *Cynthia's Bower*. "You know that I call Helen's *Thais* my *Helen*, and she calls me her *Amorette*. Now, when I meet her in the presence moon, I will come to her and say, 'Sweet Helen, I have hitherto contested my arms with the likes of your hand, and now I will taste the roses of your lip.' To which she cannot but blushing answer, 'May, may you are too ambitious!' and then do I reply, 'I cannot be too ambitious of Helen, sweet lady. Will not be good!'"—I think there is some remnant of this dappery preserved in *Manette Lodge*, where each brother is distinguished by a name in the Lodge, signifying some abstract quality, as *Discretion*, or the like. See the *Manette House* of George Wilson, First Laureate to the Lodge of St. David's. Edin. 1768.

NOTE G, p. 165.—HOWLAND YORKE AND STURLEY.

"Yorke," says Camden, "was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately ambitious—famous in his time amongst the common folks and stragglers, as being the first that, in the great admiration of many of his boldness, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in duelling. Whereas, till that time, the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle."

Having a command in the Low Countries, Yorke revolved to the Spanish, and died miserably, poisoned, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards his bones were dug up and gibbeted by the command of the States of Holland.

Thomas Sturley, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a merchant, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He wooed the daughter and heiress of a wealthy alderman of London named Curtis, after whose death he considered the riches he then acquired in all manner of extravagance. His wife, whose fortune supplied his wants, represented to him that he ought to make more of his. Sturley replied, "I will make as much of thee, believe me, as it is possible for any to do;" and he kept his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel before he finally ran away from her.

Having fled to Italy, he resolved to impose upon the Pope with a plan of invading Ireland, for which he levied soldiers, and made some preparations, but ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He ended with their prince on his fatal voyage to Barbary, and fell with him at the battle of Alcanzar.

Sturley, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in *Waverley's Old Ballads*, vol. III., edition 1818. His life is also introduced in a tragedy by George Poul, as has been supposed, called the *Battle of Alcanzar*, from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of *Don Sebastian*; if so, it is surprising he omitted a character so conspicuous to King Charles the Second's time, as the witty, brave, and prodigious Thomas Sturley.

NOTE H, p. 179.—JULIAN AVARIL.

It was necessary to make a prototype for this brutal, bloodthirsty, and cruel Barker child, in an age which showed but too many such, the latest of Black Omensha might be selected for that purpose. He was a friend and confidant of Bodwell, and an agent in Henry Dursley's murder. At his last stage he was, like other great offenders, a sweating postman; and, as his confidants' tears, distresses and servants being in the chamber, he said, "The God's will, sit down and pray for me, for I have been a great sinner otherwise" (that is, besides his share in Dursley's death), "for the which God is this day punishing me; for of all men on the earth, I have been one of the proudest, and most high-minded, and most certain of my body. But specially I have shed the innocent blood of one Michael Hunter with my own hands. Alas, therefore I beseech the will Michael, having me lying on my back, having a stick in his hand, might have slain me if he had pleased, and did it not, which of all things grieves me most in conscience. Alas, in a rage I hurled a poor man for a horse,—with many other wicked deeds, for which I ask my God mercy. It is not marvel I have been wicked, considering the wicked company that ever I have been in, but specially within the seven years bypast, in which I never saw two good men or one good deed, but all kind of wickedness, and yet God would not suffer me to be lost."—See the whole confession in the *State Trials*.

Another worthy of the Barker, called Charles Hume, of somewhat subordinate rank, was a similar picture of profligacy. He had fallen into the hands of Sir Robert Carey, then Viceroy of the English East Marches, who gives the following account of his prisoner's confession:—

"When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries, and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries; and we three, at the Warden's men, came to the Prisoner's chamber, where Hume was, and were let into his chamber. We sat down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend, and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He, voluntarily of himself, said that he had lived long enough to do as many villainies as he had done; and wished, told us that he had been with above thirty men's wives—what in England, what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, mostly smothering them; and that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soul. We pressed him to let our master know his desire, who, we learn, would promptly grant it. We took leave of him; and presently I took order that Mr. Selby, a very honest preacher, should go to him, and get him from him till his execution the next morning; for after I had heard his own confession, I was received no conditions should save his life, and so took order, that at the gates opening the next morning, he should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed."—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth*.

[This incident is also referred to in one of the notes to *A Legend of Scotland*, page 125.]

NOTE I, p. 304.—FOURTH OF THE SHAKESPEARE CONTEST.

Mr Fleecie Shadow's extreme love of dress was an attribute of the wardrobe of this period. The display made by their footclothes was in the numbers of their retinue; but as the actual influence of the nobility began to be restricted both in France and England by the increasing power of the Crown, the indulgence of vanity in personal display became more inordinate. There are many allusions to this change of custom in Shakespeare and other dramatic writers, where the reader may find mention made of

"knee-cloth'd heels"

"For yet apparel against the triangle day."

James informs us, that for the first entrance of a gallant, "I wore good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel."—*Henry Allen out of his Humour*.

In the Memoirs of the Honourable Family, a curious instance occurs of this fashionable species of extravagance. In the year 1587, when James V. brought over his short-lived bride from France, the Lord Bonarville of the day was so proud in the expense of his apparel, that the money which he borrowed on the occasion was compensated by a perpetual annuity of threescore pounds Scottish, payable out of the treasury of Oronough till demerday, which was assigned by the mother to Saint Magdalen's Chapel. By this deep expense the Lord Bonarville had rendered himself so glorious in apparel, that the King, who saw as brave a gallant enter the gate of Haddington, followed by only two pages, called upon several of the nobles to ascertain who it could be who was so richly dressed and so slightly attended, and he was not recognised until he entered the presence-chamber. "You are very brave, my lord," said the King as he received his homage; "but where are all your men and attendants?" The Lord Bonarville readily answered, "If it please your Majesty, here they are," pointing to the lace that was on his own and his page's clothes; whereon the King laughed heartily, and having surveyed the heavy moon moon, bade him have away with it all, and let him have his short hand of spurs again.

There is a scene in James's *Henry Allen out of his Humour* (act IV. Scene II, in which a Knight of the time gives an account of the effects of a duel on the clothes of himself and his opponent, and never departs a syllable from the catalogue of his wardrobe. We shall insert it in evidence that the luxury of our ancestors was not inferior to that of our own time.

"Fustian. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gallant and myself, Sir Pantarolo. You know him if I should name him—Signior Lucubrator.

"Fust. Lucubrator! What inexpressible chance interposed itself to your two loves?

"Fust. Faith, sir, the same that wretched Agamemnon, and great Thetis' son; but let me come nearer, sir. He sent me a challenge, next with some few braves, which I entered; and, in due, we met. Now indeed, sir, I must tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment; for, look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he came valiantly on, and wild, advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have

took his arm, for he had left his body to my clothing, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. He, I trust my purpose in his arm, rolled his doublet sleeves, cut him close by the left elbow and through his hair. He, again, slight me here—I had on a gold ermine hat-band, then gave some up, about a heavy French hat I had; cuts my hat-band, and yet it was many goldsmith's work, cuts my hair, which, by good fortune, being thick underlaid with gold twist and squashes, disappointed the force of the blow; nevertheless it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six pence of an Italian cut-work band I wore, and me three pence in the Exchange but three days before—

"*Foul.* This was a strange encounter.

"*Foul.* Nay, you shall hear, sir. With this, we both fell out and brawled. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to my thickest manner of defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows; but I, being loath to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramonium, ran him up to the left through the doublet, through the shirt, and put raised the skin. He, making a wrong blow, kills upon my unbuttoned gilet—I but throw off the hangings a little before—strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with blue taffetas, cuts off two paces underlaid with pearl, runs through the drawings-out of these, enters the linings, and slices the flesh.

"*Car.* I wonder he speaks out of his wrought shirt.

"*Foul.* Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we passed. But, as I proceed, I must tell you, sir, that in the last encounter, not having leisure to put off my above apiece, one of the swords caught hold of the collar of my boot, and being Spanish hilted, and subject to hiss, overthrew me, made me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat of a new wearing, a pounce colour and another, and shivers me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf: He, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away; I having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt—

"*Car.* O, comes it in there!

"*Foul.* Hide after him, and, lighting at the court-gate both together, entered, and marched head in hand up into the prison. Was not this business well sorted!

"*Alar.* Well! you; and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

"*Foul.* True value! it was a judgement begun with much resolution, maintained with as much power, and ended with more humanity."

NOTE J, p. 164.—GOLD PLATE OF THE BUCKHORN.

In some statements for their lack of words on most occasions, the Buckhorns were aware themselves of the bills which they had pledged, even to an enemy. If any person broke his word as pledged, the individual to whom bills had not been advanced, went to living in the next Buckhorn meeting a glove hung on the point of a spear, and pretends to strike and English the name of the defrauder. This was accounted so great a disgrace

to all connected with him, that his own children sometimes destroyed him, to escape the injury he had brought on them.

Constance, a spy engaged by Sir Ralph Sadler, talks of two border slaves, whom he used as his guides :—"That they would not care to stand, and yet that they would not betray any man that trusts in them, for all the gold in Scotland or in France. They are my guides and saviours. If they would betray me they might get their pasture, and none me to be hanged; but I have told them, ere this."—*Sadler's Letter during the Northern Invasion.*

NOTE K, p. 371.—INSTRUCTIONS TO THE MONKS

The *Letters*, written, and boiled already, of which Abbot Beodulf speaks, were special occasions for enjoying banquets, afforded to the monks by guests from different monasteries, or from other benefactors to the convent. There is one of these charters called the *Edwards Christian Letters*. By this charter, which is very curious, our Robert Bruce, on the 10th January, and in the twelfth year of his reign, assigns, out of the customs of Berwick, and falling there, out of the customs of Edinburgh or Haddington, the sum of one hundred pounds, at the half-yearly terms of Pentecost and Saint Martin's in winter, to the Abbot and community of the monks of Melrose. The precise purpose of this sum is to furnish to each of the monks of the said monastery, while placed at food in the refectory, an entire meal of rice boiled with milk, or of chicken, or peas, or other pulse of that kind which could be procured in the country. This addition to their sustenance is to be entitled the King's Meal. And it is declared, that although any monk should, from some honest apology, want appetite or inclination to eat of the king's meal, he shall, nevertheless, be placed on the table with those of his brethren, and afterwards carried to the gate and given to the poor. "Neither is it our pleasure," continues the beautiful sovereign, "that the dinner, which is or ought to be served up to the said monks according to their ancient rule, should be diminished in quantity, or rendered inferior in quality, on account of this our meal, so diminished as aforesaid." It is, moreover, provided, that the abbot, with the consent of the most sage of his brethren, shall name a prudent and discreet monk for receiving, directing, and expending, all matters concerning this sum, for the benefit of the monastery, agreeably to the royal desire and intention, rendering a faithful account thereof to the abbot and superior of the same convent. And the same charter declares the King's further pleasure, that the said sum of religion should be heard yearly and for ever, to acknowledge of the above donation, to clothe three poor men at the feast of Saint Martin in winter, and to feed them on the same day, delivering to each of them four ells of large or broad, or six ells of narrow cloth, and to each also a new pair of shoes or sandals, according to their order; and if the said monks shall fail in their engagements, or any of them, it is the King's will that the fault shall be redeemed by a double performance of what has been omitted, to be executed at the sight of the chief barons of Scotland by the time being and before the return of Saint Martin's day succeeding that on which the omission has taken place.

pastors Wilkins, Johnson, Wilkins et David Samuel Andrew, Chaplain, Dunkirkensis et Montserratensis ecclesiarum del grato obsequio Remonde Alente de Alibethbrook Concoffaria, Danvers, Maine, et Hugues de Pyl de Montin et de River, Comites Waltero Remondino Natus. Jacobo domine de Douglas et Alexandre Fraser Generaribus nostris honoris militibus. Agni Alibethbrook, datus die Januarij. Anno Regni nostri vicentesim.

NOTE I, p. 414.—*ORIGINATOR OF THE DOUGLAS FAMILY.*

The late excellent and industrious antiquary, Mr. George Chalmers, has rehearsed the names of the House of Douglas, or rather of House of Galloway, their history, but with less than his usual accuracy. In the first volume of his *Caledonia*, he quotes the passage in Galloway for the purpose of establishing it.

The historian (of the Douglases) cries out, "We do not know them in the Fountains, but in the stream; not in the east, but in the west; for we know not which is the main main that did rise above the vulgar." This ascription Mr. Chalmers receives without, and alleges, that if the historian had attended more to research than to declaration, he might easily have seen the first main man of this renowned family. This he alleges to have been one Theobaldus Flammationis, or Theobald the Fleming, to whom David, Abbot of Kelso, between the years 1147 and 1150, granted certain lands on Douglas water, by a deed which Mr. Chalmers receives to be the first link of the chain of titles in Douglasshire. Hence, he says, the family must renounce their family domain, or acknowledge this obscure Fleming as their ancestor. Theobald the Fleming, it is acknowledged, did not himself assume the name of Douglas; "but," says the antiquary, "his son William, who inherited his estate, called himself Douglas, and was named by others, De Douglas;" and he refers to the deeds in which he is so designated. Mr. Chalmers' full argument may be found in the first volume of his *Caledonia*, p. 879.

This proposition is one which a Scotsman will admit willingly, and only upon undeniable testimony; and as it is liable to strong grounds of challenge, the present notice, with all the respect to Mr. Chalmers which his modest and official character merit, is not unwilling to take this opportunity to state some plausible grounds for doubting that Theobaldus Flammationis was either the father of the first William de Douglas, or to the slightest degree connected with the Douglas family.

It must first be observed, that there is no reason whatever for concluding Theobaldus Flammationis to be the father of William de Douglas, except that they both held lands upon the small river of Douglas; and that there are two strong presumptions to the contrary. For, first, the father being named Fleming, there seems no good reason why the son should have assumed a different designation: secondly, there does not occur a single instance of the name of Theobald during the long line of the Douglases; yet, an omission very readily to take place had the original father of the race been so called. There are secondary considerations indeed; but they are important, in so far as they withhold any support of Mr. Chalmers' opinion, except from the point which he has rather assumed than proved,

namely, that the lands granted to Theobald the Fleming were the same which were granted to William de Douglas, and which constituted the original domain of which we find this powerful family lords.

Now, it happens, singularly enough, that the lands granted by the Abbot of Kelso to Theobaldus Flammantius are not the same as which William de Douglas was in possession. Nay, it would appear, from comparing the charter granted to Theobaldus Flammantius, that, though situated on the water of Douglas, they never made a part of the barony of that name, and therefore cannot be the same with those held by William de Douglas in the succeeding generation. But if William de Douglas did not succeed Theobaldus Flammantius, there is no more reason for holding these two persons to be father and son than if they had lived in different provinces; and we are still as far from having discovered the first named man of the Douglas family as House of Godscroft was in the 14th century. We leave the question to antiquaries and genealogists.

NOTE M, p. 414.—*PROGENY OF THE STEWARTS.*

To do justice to the memory of the learned and indefatigable Chalmers for having ventured to hazard his genealogical propositions concerning the descent of the Douglases, we are bound to render him our grateful thanks for the brilliant light which he has thrown on that of the House of Stewart, still more important to Scottish history.

The acute pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spear of Hector, conquered so many obstacles from Scottish history, had discovered among the real thorns of Douglas and Fleming, the rejection of which leaves left the Stewartian family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Adam, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary detected in this Walter, the descendant of Adam, the son of Fiocht, who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Galloway in Strathclyde, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son William, and by his second son Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart.

NOTE N, p. 414.—*THE DWARF PRIEST.*

The contrivance of providing the terrible reality of Sir Francis Shalton, by presenting him with a booby, indicative of his descent from a fool, is borrowed from a German romance, by the celebrated Tick, called *Das Peter Mönch, &c. The Dwarf Priest*. The being who gives name to the tale, is the Berg-priest, or magic spectre, of a German family, whom he aids with his counsel, as he defends their castle by his supernatural power. But the Dwarf Priest is so unfortunate an adviser, that all his counsels, though producing success in the immediate results, are in the long attended with misery and with guilt. The youthful hero, the owner of the haunted castle, falls in love with a maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring count, a man of great pride, who refuses him the hand of the young lady, on account of his own superstitious descent. The lover, repulsed and affronted, returns to take counsel with the Dwarf Priest, how he may obtain the count's, and obtain the victory in the argument, the next time they meet

on the topic of pedigree. The dwarf gives his patron or pupil a home-dish, instructing him to give it to the count when he is next giving himself superior airs on the subject of his family. It has the effect accordingly. The count, understanding it as an allusion to a resemblance of one of his ancestors with the daughter of a blacksmith, is thrown into a dreadful passion with the young lover, the consequences of which are the seduction of the young lady, and the slaughter of her father.

If we suppose the dwarf to represent the corrupt part of human nature,—that “*low in our members which wars against the law of our minds*,”—the novel forms an ingenious allegory.

GALLINULE, a wild sort of turkey.
 GALT, very, Swedish.
 GAMBOL, a dog that bounds up the eye,
 a greyhound.
 GALT, property.
 GIVE UP, to cease, make, or leave.
 GIVE, the life.
 GIVE, short.
 GIVE UP, pretty little.
 GIVE, a choice.

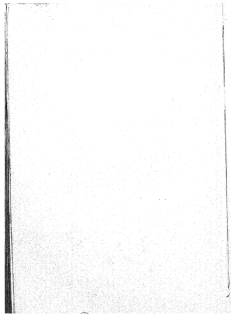
Toss, to turn or twist.
 Tosslehead, falling, ineptness.
 Tossus, drowsy.
 Toss, a loss.
 Tossure, whiffy with hot water and sugar.
 Tossure, a tosser.
 Tossure, doesn't get along.
 Tossle, a snuffle or snuffle.
 Toss, tossle.

Tossure, the tosser.
 Tossure, whiffy.

Toss, tossle.

Toss, tossle.
 Toss, tossle.
 Toss, toss.
 Toss, as tossed or tossed.
 Toss, a toss.
 Toss, to toss, toss, or toss.
 Toss, a toss.
 Toss, which.
 Tossure, a tosser or tosser.
 Tossure, tossed.
 Toss, tossed.
 Tossure, as tossed or tossed.

Toss, to toss or toss.
 Tossure, the tosser or tosser.



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